Google

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

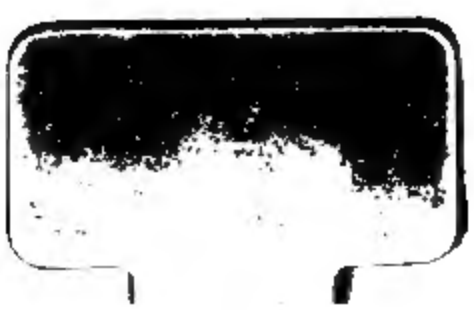
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

Vat. Stud. III B. 25



THE

ORLANDO

OF

ARIOSTO.

VOL. I.

THE

ORLANDO

OF

ARIOSTO,

REDUCED TO XXIV BOOKS;

THE NARRATIVE CONNECTED,

AND THE

STORIES DISPOSED IN A REGULAR SERIES.

By JOHN HOOLE,

TRANSLATOR OF THE ORIGINAL WORK
IN FORTY-SIX BOOKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.
M.DCC.XCI.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LIBRARY

PREFACE.

SINCE the first appearance of my translation of ARIOSTO in the year 1783, I have had frequent occasions to observe that, though the version has been honoured with the public approbation, yet the number of those who have perused the ORLANDO FURIOSO is few, compared to those who have perused the JERUSALEM DELIVERED. The truth is, that the bulk of Arioſto's work is no little discouragement to the generality of readers; a poem of forty-six books is not easily encountered. But a greater and more reasonable objection to Arioſto arises from

the desultory manner of his narrative, and from the frequent and perplexing interruptions in his stories.

Though many readers, from a predilection for works of imagination, will, notwithstanding every difficulty, travel with great delight through the pages of Ariosto, yet there are likewise others, who having been familiarized to the more regular composition of Tasso, will feel the above objection in its full force. However these may be captivated with the general variety of the poem, or may acknowledge the merit of the several parts, yet should they find their memory unpleasantly burthened, or their attention unnecessarily distracted, they may probably lay aside the book; for the mind that seeks only relaxation and amusement, will not often condescend to employ its powers in developing the intricacies of fiction.

On these principles it has been said by several, that they have repeatedly perused the

JERUSALEM,

JERUSALEM, but cannot get through the ORLANDO, and they are therefore naturally ſurpriſed at the extravagant praiſes beſtowed by many of the Italians on Arioſto, in preference to Taſſo. I remember that, while engaged in my tranſlation, I was once aſked whether it would not be poſſible to reduce the poem of Arioſto to ſuch method, or order, as might give a clear and comprehenſive view of his ſtory. At that time the propoſal ſtruck me as a matter extremely difficult, if not altogether impracticable, the ſeveral parts of his narrative and incidents appearing to be ſo ſtudiouſly blended, as not to be diſentangled; at leaſt without ſuch an arrangement as no licenſe of tranſlation could authorize.

It might, on this occaſion, be ſuggeſted by ſome, that a ſelection of paſſages from this poem would not be unacceptable to the public; and indeed, in an age abounding with collections of disjointed parts of authors, under the denomination of BEAUTIES, *disjecti membra*

ungrateful offering to every lover of Arioſto, and to every poetical reader: the firſt will not ſurely be diſpleaſed to find that poet, whom he has ſo long admired, ſet in a more ſtriking competition with the ſplendid writers of the ancient and modern epic; while the latter, perhaps too haſtily prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of the great ſuperiority of Taſſo, may be induced to commence acquaintance with a poem, which in point of intereſt, invention, and imagery, may often at leaſt contend with his favourite JERUSALEM. It has been ſaid by Dryden, that Taſſo's ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; and ſuch opinion may poſſibly appear not wholly without foundation, when the various and delightful fictions of Arioſto are linked in a more regular chain of connexion.

Conſidering myſelf emancipated from all reſtraint of a tranſlator, I have taken every liberty that ſeemed conducive to the end propoſed. I have omitted ſeveral of the tales, together

gether with the long and tedious panegyrics on the families of Eſtè, and other alluſions to Italian hiſtory. The occaſional licentiouſneſs of the original being too generally confeſſed, all the offenſive paſſages were ſoftened in my tranſlation, but in the following publication they are entirely rejected.

The reader will likewiſe obſerve that, in this edition, ſeveral lines of connexion are inſerted, and that ſome few liberties, which were deemed neceſſary upon the preſent plan, have been taken in the management and diſpoſition of the fable and incidents, particularly in the account of Angelica being carried off by the people of Ebuda, and in the adventure of Brandimart at Rodomont's bridge.

Having introduced this celebrated Italian to my countrymen, with all his native wildneſs and irregularity, which alone can give a full idea of his genius and character, let me hope that I ſhall not be thought reprehenſible by his warmeſt admirers, for having thus adopted

the

the only method that ſeemed wanting to make the powers of his poetry more univerſally felt and acknowledged.

In the proſecution of my deſign, I have experienced an additional ſatisfaction by the diſcharge of a new kind of duty to my author; as it is imagined that many readers may from the preſent book be led to a knowledge of the beauties of this wonderful poet, to which they might ever have remained ſtrangers in the original form of his poem.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 127, Ver. 62—At once of ring, of ſhield, of ſteed bereft,
Read
At once of ring and flying ſteed bereft.

Page 255, Ver. 51—Olinero, *read* Olivero.
— 429, — 193—knight, *read* night.

VOL. II.

Page 71, Ver. 428—to, *read* ſo.
— 320, — 565—Baliſardo *read* Baliſarda.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO, with Angelica, whom he had conducted from India, arrives at the camp of Charlemain. Angelica is taken from Orlando by the emperor, in order to put an end to the diſſention between Orlando and Rinaldo, and given to the charge of Namus. Angelica, on the defeat of the Chriſtians, flies from the camp: ſhe meets with Rinaldo and Ferrau: combat between theſe knights. Appearance of the ghoſt of Argalia. Meeting of Sacripant and Angelica. Sacripant is overthrown by a ſtrange knight. Combat of Rinaldo and Sacripant. Angelica flies. The rivals are parted by enchantment. Rinaldo ſent on an embaſſy to England, is caſt on the ſhore of Scotland; he delivers a lady from ruffians, and hears the ſtory of Geneura, the king's daughter,

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO.

DAMES, knights, and arms, and love! the
deeds that ſpring
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I ſing!
What time the Moors from Afric's hoſtile ſtrand
Croſt the wide ſeas to ravage Gallia's land,
By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led,
In deep reſentment for Troyano dead,
With threats on Charlemain t' avenge his fate,
Th' imperial guardian of the Roman ſtate.
Nor will I leſs Orlando's acts rehearſe,
A tale nor told in proſe, nor ſung in verſe;
Who once the flower of arms, and wiſdom's boaſt,
By fatal love his manly ſenſes loſt.
If ſhe, for whom like anguiſh wounds my heart,
To my weak ſkill her gracious aid impart,

The timorous bard ſhall needful ſuccour find,
To end the taſk long ponder'd in his mind.

Vouchſafe, great offspring of th' Herculean line,
In whom our age's grace and glory ſhine,
Hippolito, theſe humble lines to take,
The ſole return your poet e'er can make;
Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute ſmall;
'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all!

Here 'midſt the braveſt chiefs prepare to view,
(Thoſe honour'd chiefs to whom the lays are due)
Renown'd Rogero, from whoſe loins I trace
The ancient fountain of your glorious race:
So you awhile each weightier care ſuſpend,
And to my tale a pleas'd attention lend.

Orlando ſtill the powerful flame confeſs'd
Of love long cheriſh'd in his noble breaſt,
For fair Angelica, the peerleſs maid,
Whoſe ſire but late Albracca's ſceptre ſway'd;
Her, for whoſe ſake his arms ſuch wreaths obtain'd,
In Media, Tartary, and India gain'd.
Now to the weſt his royal charge he led,
Where Charlemain the tented legions ſpread,
And near Pyrene's hills his ſtandard rear'd,
Where France and Germany combin'd appear'd,

That

That Spain and Afric's monarchs, to their coſt,
Might rue their vain deſigns and empty boaſt:
This, ſummon'd all his ſubjects to the field,
Whoſe hand could lift the ſpear, or falchion wield;
That, once again impell'd the Spaniſh race
To conquer Gallia, and her realm deface.
And hither to the camp Orlando drew,
But ſoon, alas! his fatal error knew.
How oft the wiſeſt err! how ſhort the ſpan
Of judgment here beſtow'd on mortal man!
She, whom from diſtant regions ſafe he brought,
She, for whoſe ſake ſuch bloody fields he fought,
No ſword unſheath'd, no hoſtile force apply'd,
Amidſt his friends was raviſh'd from his ſide.
This Charles decreed, the diſcord to compoſe,
That 'twixt Orlando and Rinaldo roſe:
Each kindred chief the beauteous virgin claim'd;
Deep hatred hence each rival heart inflam'd:
The king, who griev'd to ſee the knights engage
With fatal enmity and jealous rage,
Remov'd th' unhappy cauſe, and to the care
Of great Bavaria's duke conſign'd the fair;
Yet promis'd HE ſhould bear the maid away,
His valour's prize, on that important day,

Whoſe arm could beſt the Pagan troops oppoſe,
And ſtrow the ſanguine plain with lifeleſs foes.
But Heaven diſpers'd theſe hopes in empty wind:
The Chriſtian bands th' inglorious field reſign'd;
The duke, with many a chief, was priſoner made,
The tents, abandon'd, to the foes betray'd.
The damſel, doom'd to yield her blooming charms,
A recompenſe to grace the victor's arms,
With terror ſeiz'd, her ready palfrey took,
And, by a ſpeedy flight, the camp forſook.
As through a narrow woodland path ſhe ſtray'd,
On foot a warrior chanc'd to meet the maid:
The ſhining cuiraſs, and the helm he wore,
His thigh the ſword, his arm the buckler bore;
While through the woods he ran with ſwifter pace
Than village ſwains half naked in the race.
Not with ſuch haſte the timorous maiden flies,
Who, unawares, a latent ſnake eſpies;
As, when Angelica beheld the knight,
She turn'd the reins, and headlong urg'd her flight.
This was the Paladin for valour known,
Lord of mount Alban, and duke Amon's ſon,
Rinaldo nam'd, who late, when fortune croſt
The Chriſtian hopes, his ſteed Bayardo loſt.

Soon

Soon as his eyes beheld th' approaching fair,
Full well he knew that ſoft enchanting air;
Full well he knew that face which caus'd his ſmart,
And held in love's ſtrong net his manly heart.
Meantime th' affrighted damſel threw the reins
Looſe on her courſer's neck, and ſcour'd the plains;
All pale and trembling, ſtruck with deep diſmay,
She let her flying palfrey chooſe the way;
Till on a river's bank Ferrau ſhe view'd,
Who left the fight, with duſt and ſweat bedew'd,
And here with cooling ſtreams his thirſt allay'd;
When lo! a ſudden chance the warrior ſtay'd:
For where the flood its circling eddies toſt,
His helmet, ſunk amidſt the ſands, was loſt.
Now to the ſtream the panting virgin flies,
And rends the air with ſupplicating cries;
The Pagan warrior, ſtartled at the ſound,
Leap'd from the ſhore, and caſt his eyes around;
Till, earneſt gazing, as ſhe nearer drew,
Though pale with dread, the trembling fair he knew;
Then, as a knight who courteous deeds profeſs'd,
And love, long ſince, enkindled in his breaſt;
Dauntleſs her perſon to defend he ſwore,
Though on his head no fencing helm he wore.

He graſp'd his ſword, and mov'd with haughty ſtride
To meet Rinaldo, who his force defy'd,
And oft had each the other's valour try'd.

And now, on foot, oppos'd, and man to man,
With ſwords unſheath'd, a dreadful fight began;
In vain did plate and mail their limbs encloſe,
Not maſſy anvils could reſiſt their blows.
While thus each gallant chief his proweſs tries,
Her palfrey's feet again the virgin plies,
At his full ſtretch ſhe drives him o'er the plain,
And ſeeks the ſhelter of the woods again.

Long had the knights contended in the field,
Nor either knight could make his rival yield;
When now Rinaldo miſs'd the royal maid,
And firſt his valorous arm from combat ſtay'd.

While thus on me your thoughtleſs rage you turn,
We both (he cry'd) have equal cauſe to mourn;
If yonder dame, the ſun of female charms,
Has fill'd your glowing breaſt with ſoft alarms,
What gain were yours, ſuppoſe me priſoner made,
Or breathleſs, by the chance of battle, laid?
How ſhall your arms enfold the lovely prize,
For while we here contend, behold ſhe flies!
Firſt wiſdom bids ſecure th' unrivall'd fair,
And let the ſword our title then declare.

Ferrau

Ferrau aſſenting heard; and either knight
Agreed awhile t' adjourn the bloody fight:
Nor yet the courteous pagan prince would view
Brave Amon's ſon on foot his way purſue,
But on his ſteed behind the warrior plac'd,
And by the track the flying damſel trac'd.

O noble minds, by knights of old poſſeſs'd!
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts profeſs'd;
Yet while their limbs the ſmarting anguiſh feel,
Of ſtrokes inflicted by the hoſtile ſteel,
Through winding paths, and lonely woods they go,
And no ſuſpicion their brave boſoms know.
At length the horſe, with double ſpurring, drew
To where two ſeveral ways appear'd in view;
When doubtful which to take, one gentle knight
For fortune took the left, and one the right.

Long through the devious wilds the Spaniard paſs'd,
And to the river's banks return'd at laſt:
The place again the wandering warrior view'd,
Where late he drop'd his caſque amidſt the flood:
A tall young poplar on the banks aroſe;
From this a branch he hew'd and lopt the boughs:
A ſtake thus faſhion'd with induſtrious art,
He rak'd the river round in every part:

When,

When, riſing from the troubled brook, was ſeen
A youth with features pale and ghaſtly mien:
Above the circling ſtream he rais'd his breaſt;
His head alone was bare, all arm'd the reſt;
His better hand the fatal helmet bore,
The helmet that in vain was ſought before:
Full on Ferrau he turn'd with threatening look,
And thus the ghoſt th' aſtoniſh'd knight beſpoke.

Wretch! does this helm perplex thy faithleſs mind,
A helm thou ſhould'ſt have long ere this reſign'd?
Remember fair Angelica, and view
In me her brother, whom thy weapon ſlew.
Didſt thou not vow, with all my arms, to hide
My caſque ere long beneath the whelming tide?
Though baſely thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word,
See juſter fortune has my own reſtor'd:
But if thou ſeek'ſt another helm to gain,
Seek one that may no more thy honour ſtain:
Seek one ſecur'd with ſtronger temper'd charms;
Such has Orlando, ſuch Rinaldo arms:
Mambrino, this; Almontes, that poſſeſs'd;
By one of theſe thy brows be nobler preſs'd.

The Saracen beholds with wild affright,
The ſtrange appearance of the phantom-knight;

His

His utterance fails, his hairs like briſtles riſe,
And from his cheek the healthful colour flies:
But when he hears Argalia, whom he ſlew,
(Argalia was the name the warrior knew)
Reproach his tainted faith and breach of fame,
He burns with rage, and glows with conſcious ſhame;
And by his mother's life, Lanfuſa, vows
To wear no fencing head-piece o'er his brows,
But that which fam'd in Aſpramont of yore,
From fierce Almontes' head Orlando tore.
Rinaldo, who a different path had try'd,
As fortune led, full ſoon before him ſpy'd
His gallant courſer bounding o'er the plain—
Stay, my Bayardo, ſtay—thy flight reſtrain:
Much has thy want to-day perplex'd thy lord.—
The ſteed, regardleſs of his maſter's word,
Through the thick foreſt fled with ſpeed renew'd,
While, fir'd with added rage, the knight purſu'd.
Still fair Angelica affrighted ſpeeds
O'er ſavage wilds, and unfrequented meads;
Starts at the leaves that ruſtle with the wind,
And thinks the knight purſues her cloſe behind.
So when a fawn or kid by chance eſpies
His hapleſs dam ſome furious leopard's prize,

Far from the dreadful ſight, with terror chac'd,
From grove to grove he flies with trembling haſte,
While every buſh he touches in his way,
He thinks the cruel ſavage gripes his prey,
Unconſcious where ſhe paſs'd, that day and night,
With half the next, the damſel urg'd her flight.
At length ſhe view'd a lovely ſylvan ſcene,
Where two clear rivulets fed th' eternal green;
Along the fields they roll their eaſy tide,
The ſtones, with murmuring noiſe, their paſſage chide.
Here lighting on the ground, ſhe loos'd the reins,
And gave her ſteed to graze th' enamell'd plains.
Not diſtant far, an arbour ſtruck her view,
Where flowery herbs and bluſhing roſes grew:
Cloſe by the bower the glaſſy mirror flow'd:
The bower within a cool retreat beſtow'd,
Where nature's hand ſo thick the branches wove,
No ſight, no ſun could pierce the duſky grove:
A riſing bank, with tender herbage ſpread,
Had form'd for ſoft repoſe a rural bed.
The lovely virgin here her limbs compos'd,
Till downy ſleep her weary eyelids clos'd.
Not long ſhe lay, for ſoon her ſlumber fled,
A trampling ſteed her ſudden terror bred:

When,

When, riſing ſilent, near the river's ſide,
A graceful warrior, ſheath'd in arms, ſhe ſpy'd.
Th' approaching ſtranger now his ſteed forſook,
And ſtretch'd his careleſs limbs beſide the brook,
His arm ſuſtain'd his head, and, loſt in thought,
He ſeem'd a ſtatue by the ſculptor wrought,
Till ſighs began to breathe and tears to flow,
That rocks and trees might ſoften at his woe.
Ah me! (he cry'd) whence comes this inward ſmart,
Theſe thoughts that burn at once and freeze my heart?
What to a tardy wretch, like me, remains?
With happier ſpeed the fruit another gains.
Since then I neither fruit nor flowers enjoy,
Why ſhould her love in vain my peace deſtroy?
Sweet blooms the virgin like the fragrant roſe
Which on its native ſtem unſully'd grows;
Where fencing walls the garden ſpot ſurround,
Nor ſwains, nor browzing cattle tread the ground:
The earth and ſtreams their mutual tribute lend,
Sóft breathe the gales, the pearly dews deſcend:
Fair youths and amorous damſels with delight,
Enjoy the grateful ſcent, and bleſs the ſight.
But if ſome hand the tender ſtalk invades,
Loſt is its beauty and its colour fades:

No more the care of heaven, or garden's boaſt,
And all its praiſe with youths and damſels loſt.
So when a maiden grants ſome favour'd ſwain,
The prize by many lovers ſought in vain,
Her empire fades; the power ſhe once poſſeſs'd,
She forfeits ſoon in every rival breaſt.
While others triumph in each fond deſire,
Relentleſs fortune! I with want expire.
Then ſhake this fatal beauty from thy mind,
And give thy fruitleſs paſſion to the wind—
Ah! no—this inſtant let my life depart,
Ere her dear form is baniſh'd from my heart.

If any ſeek to learn the warrior's name
Whoſe mournful tears increas'd the running ſtream,
'Twas Sacripant, to hapleſs love a prey,
Whoſe rule Circaſſia's ample realms obey:
For fair Angelica his courſe he bends
From eaſtern climes to where the ſun deſcends:
For, pierc'd with grief, he heard in India's land
With Brava's knight * ſhe ſought the Gallic ſtrand.
Himſelf that fatal conflict had beheld,
When Pagan arms the Chriſtian forces quell'd:
Since then through many a winding track he ſtray'd,
And ſought, with fruitleſs care, the wandering maid.

* Orlando.

While,

While, grieving thus, in doleful ſtate he lies,
The tears like fountains guſhing from his eyes,
Angelica attentive hears his moan,
Whoſe conſtant paſſion long the fair had known:
Yet, cold as marble, her obdurate breaſt
No kindly pity for his woes confeſs'd:
As one who treats mankind with like diſdain,
Whoſe wayward love no worth could e'er obtain:
But thus with perils clos'd on every ſide,
She thinks in him that Fortune might provide
A ſure defence, her champion and her guide.
Then, ſuddén iſſuing from the tufted wood,
Confeſs'd in open ſight the virgin ſtood;
As, on the ſcene, from cave or painted grove,
Appears Diana, or the queen of love.
Struck with the viſion, Sacripant amaz'd
On fair Angelica in rapture gaz'd:
Not with ſuch joy a mother views again
Her darling offſpring, deem'd in battle ſlain,
Who ſaw the troops without him home return'd,
And long his loſs with tears maternal mourn'd.
The lover now advanc'd with eager pace,
To claſp his fair one with a warm embrace:

While

While ſhe, far diſtant from her native ſeat,
Refus'd not thus her faithful knight to meet,
With whom ſhe hop'd ere long her ancient realms to greet.
Then all her ſtory ſhe at full expreſs'd,
Ev'n from the day, when urg'd by her requeſt,
He parted, ſuccours in the eaſt to gain
From fam'd Gradaſſo king of Sericane:
How great Orlando did her ſteps attend,
And ſafe from danger and miſchance defend;
While, as ſhe from her birth had kept unſtain'd
Her virgin fame, he ſtill that fame maintain'd.
Thus ſhe; when ſudden from the neighbouring grove,
A ruſtling noiſe diſturb'd the hour of love:
The knight his helmet on his head replac'd;
His other parts in ſhining ſteel were cas'd;
Again with curbing bit his ſteed he rein'd,
Remounted ſwiftly and his lance regain'd.
Now, iſſuing from the wood, a knight is ſeen
Of warlike ſemblance and commanding mien:
Of dazzling white the furniture he wears,
And in his caſque a ſnowy plume he bears.
But Sacripant beholds him from afar
With haughty looks, and eyes that menace war.

In

In threatening words the ſtranger makes return,
With equal confidence and equal ſcorn:
At once he ſpoke, and to the combat preſs'd,
His courſer ſpurr'd and plac'd his lance in reſt:
King Sacripant return'd with equal ſpeed;
And each on each impell'd his rapid ſteed.
Not bulls or lions thus the battle wage
With teeth and horns, in mutual blood and rage,
As fought theſe eager warriors in the field:
Each forceful javelin pierc'd the other's ſhield
With hideous craſh: the dreadful clangors riſe,
Swell from the vales, and echo to the ſkies!
Through either's breaſt had pierc'd the pointed wood,
But the well-temper'd plates the force withſtood.
The fiery courſers, long to battle bred,
Like butting rams encounter'd head to head.
The ſtranger's with the ſhock began to reel,
But ſoon recover'd with the goring ſteel;
While on the ground the Pagan's breathleſs fell,
A beaſt that, living, ſerv'd his maſter well.
The knight unknown, beholding on the mead
His foe lie cruſh'd beneath the ſlaughter'd ſteed,
Swift wheeling round, again purſu'd his way,
And left the fierce Circaſſian where he lay.

As when, the thunder o'er, the ether clears,
Slow riſing from the ſtroke the hind appears,
Where ſtretch'd he lay all ſenſeleſs on the plain,
While faſt beſide him lay his oxen ſlain;
And ſees the pine, that once had rais'd in air
Its ſtately branches, now of honours bare:
So roſe the Pagan from the fatal place,
His miſtreſs preſent at the dire diſgrace.
Then gently ſhe: Let not my lord bemoan
His courſer's fatal error, not his own;
For him had graſſy meads been fitter far,
Or ſtalls with grain ſurcharg'd, than feats of war!
Yet little praiſe awaits yon haughty knight,
Nor can he juſtly glory in his might;
For he, methinks, may well be ſaid to yield,
Who firſt forſakes the fight and flies the field.
With words like theſe the drooping king ſhe cheer'd,
When from the woods a meſſenger appear'd;
Tir'd with a length of way he ſeem'd to ride,
His crooked horn and wallet at his ſide:
And now, approaching to the Pagan knight,
He aſk'd if he had ſeen, with buckler white,
And ſnowy plumage o'er his creſt diſplay'd,
A warrior paſſing through the foreſt ſhade.

To whom thus Sacripant in brief again:
The knight you ſeek has ſtretch'd me on the plain:
But now he parted hence; to him I owe
My ſham'd defeat, nor yet my victor know.
I ſhall not, ſince you wiſh me to reveal,
(Reply'd the meſſenger) your foe conceal:
Know then, your fall was by a virgin-dame,
Of fame for deeds of arms, of greater fame
For beauteous form, and Bradamant her name.
He ſaid; and turn'd his courſer from the place:
The Saracen, o'erwhelm'd with new diſgrace,
All mute with conſcious ſhame, dejected ſtood,
While o'er his features fluſh'd the mantling blood;
Then to the damſel's ſteed the knight addreſs'd
His ſilent ſteps, and now the ſaddle preſs'd;
And plac'd the fair behind him on the ſeat,
To ſeek in ſafer groves a new retreat.
Ere far they rode, they heard a trampling ſound,
That all the foreſt ſeem'd to ſhake around:
They look, and ſoon a ſtately ſteed behold,
Whoſe coſtly trappings ſhine with burniſh'd gold;
He leaps the ſteepy mounds, and croſſing floods;
And bends before his way the craſhing woods.
Unleſs I err (exclaim'd the ſtartled maid)
I ſee Bayardo through yon breaking ſhade;

One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,
And fortune ſends him to relieve our care.
  She ſaid: The king, alighting on the plain,
Drew near, and thought ſecure to ſeize the rein;
But ſwift as lightnings flaſh along the ſky,
With ſpurning heels Bayardo made reply.
It chanc'd beſide him the Circaſſian ſtood,
Elſe had he mourn'd his raſh attempt in blood.
Then to Angelica with eaſy pace
He moves, and humbly views her well-known face:
A ſpaniel thus, domeſtic at the board,
Fawns after abſence, and ſurveys his lord.
Him well the damſel knew; and well the ſteed
Confeſs'd the hand that gave him oft to feed;
The hand that now embolden'd ſeiz'd the rein,
Strok'd his broad cheſt, and ſmooth'd his ruffled mane:
While conſcious he, with wondrous ſenſe indu'd,
Still as a lamb, beſide her gently ſtood,
The watchful Pagan leapt into the ſeat,
And curb'd, with ſtreighten'd reins, Bayardo's heat.
The palfrey to Angelica remain'd,
Who gladly thus her former place regain'd.
  Now as ſhe caſt her fearful eyes aſide,
A knight on foot in ſounding arms ſhe ſpy'd:

What

What ſudden terror on her face was ſhown,
Soon as the knight for Amon's ſon was known.
Long had he woo'd, but ſhe deteſts his love;
Not ſwifter from the falcon flies the dove.
He hated once, while ſhe with ardor burn'd;
And now behold their ſeveral fortunes turn'd.
This cauſe at firſt from two fair fountains came,
Their waters different, but their look the ſame:
Amidſt the ſhade of Arden's dreary wood,
Full in each other's view the fountains ſtood:
Who drinks of one, inflames with love his heart;
Who drinks the other ſtream contemns his dart:
Rinaldo taſted that, and inly burn'd;
The damſel this, and hate for love return'd.

Soon as Angelica beheld the knight,
A ſudden miſt o'erſpread her cheerful ſight;
While with a faltering voice and troubled look,
To Sacripant with ſuppliant tone ſhe ſpoke;
And begg'd him not th' approaching chief to meet,
But turn his courſer, and betimes retreat.

Does then my proweſs (Sacripant replies)
Appear ſo mean and worthleſs in your eyes,
That you too feeble deem this ſlighted hand,
The force of yonder champion to withſtand?

Not ſo (ſhe ſaid)—nor to reply ſhe knew;
As thus ſhe ſpoke Rinaldo nearer drew,
Who now began the Pagan king to threat,
Soon as his eyes the well-known courſer met,
And that lov'd face he view'd, whoſe charms had fir'd
His raviſh'd boſom, and his ſoul inſpir'd.
Rinaldo furious thus—Baſe thief! alight,
Forſake my courſer, and reſtore my right.
But more—yon damſel to my arms reſign;
'Twere far unmeet ſuch beauties ſhould be thine.
Wer't not a ſhame, that hence a thief ſhould bear
A ſteed ſo ſtately, and a maid ſo fair!
Thief! doſt thou ſay?—take back th' opprobrious lye—
(With equal rage the Pagan made reply).
This inſtant ſhall th' important ſtrife decide,
Who merits beſt the courſer, and the bride.
As when two angry maſtives meeting ſhow
Their threatening fangs, their glaring eye-balls glow;
At laſt with ſnarls the bitter fray they wage,
And bite and tear in mutual blood and rage.
So after piercing taunts and vengeful words,
The mighty warriors drew their ſhining ſwords.
One urg'd the conflict from the courſer's height,
One on his feet below maintain'd the fight:

But

But well, by nature taught, the faithful ſteed
Againſt his lord refus'd his ſtrength and ſpeed:
Nor could Circaſſia's prince, by ſkill or force,
With ſpur or bit direct the reſtiff horſe.
Now prone to earth his head Bayardo thruſt;
Now wheel'd around; now furious ſpurn'd the duſt:
When haughty Sacripant in vain had try'd
Each art to tame th' unruly courſer's pride,
His hand he laid upon the ſaddle-bow,
And ſwift alighted on the plain below.

The Pagan, thus eſcap'd Bayardo's might,
Between the chiefs enſu'd a dreadful fight.
Now high, now low, their rapid ſteel they ply;
While from their arms the fiery ſparkles fly!
Not ſwifter the repeated ſtrokes go round,
Which hollow Ætna's winding caves reſound,
When Vulcan bids the ponderous hammers move,
To forge the thunder and the bolts of Jove.
Sometimes they feign a ſtroke; ſometimes they ſtay;
Then aim the thruſt, as ſkilful in the play.
Sometimes they riſe; then ſtoop upon the field;
Now open lie; then crouch beneath the ſhield;
Now ward; then with a ſlip elude the blow;
Now forward ſtep; then backward from the foe;

Now round they move; and where the one gives
place
The other preſſes on with eager pace.
Brave Amon's ſon *, collecting all his might,
His weapon rais'd to ſtrike the Pagan knight;
When Sacripant, to meet the falchion, held,
Compos'd of bone and ſteel, his ample ſhield:
The ſword Fuſberta, ruſhing from on high,
Pierc'd the tough plates; the ſounding woods reply;
The bone and ſteel, like ice, in ſhivers broke;
His arm benumb'd confeſs'd the dreadful ſtroke.
This, when the fair and timorous damſel view'd,
A ſudden fear congeal'd her vital blood;
A death-like paleneſs chac'd her roſy bloom,
Like one who trembling waits his fatal doom.
She turn'd her palfrey to the woods in haſte,
And through a narrow thorny paſſage paſs'd;
While oft ſhe caſt behind her timorous ſight,
Or deem'd ſhe heard Albano's hateful knight *;
Not far ſhe fled, but where a valley lay,
She met an aged hermit on the way:
Who ſeem'd with years and frequent faſting worn,
And gently on a ſlow-pac'd aſs was borne:

* Rinaldo.

While

While all his form beſpoke a pious mind,
From the vain follies of the world refin'd:
Yet, when the fair and blooming maid appear'd,
So much her looks his drooping ſpirits cheer'd;
Though cold and feeble, as his age requir'd,
An unknown warmth his languid pulſe inſpir'd.
The hermit, vers'd in magic, gently ſtrove
The dame to comfort and her fears remove;
A wondrous book he read, when to their ſight,
In likeneſs of a page, appear'd a ſprite;
Who, by the force of ſtrong enchantment bound,
Went where the knights in cruel ſtrife he found;
And, when his eyes the furious fight eſpy'd,
Between them boldly ruſh'd, and loudly cry'd.
Tell me, ye warriors! what avails the ſtrife,
Though either ſhould deprive his foe of life,
If without ſword unſheath'd, without the fear
Of ſhatter'd armour, or the lifted ſpear,
Orlando now to Paris ſwift conveys
The maid, whoſe charms your fond contention raiſe?
And know, if Paris' walls they ſafely gain,
Henceforth your hopes to ſee your love are vain.
He ſaid: the gallant knights on either hand,
Struck with the news, abaſh'd and ſilent ſtand;

At length, a ſigh deep-iſſuing from his breaſt,
His ſteps Rinaldo to his ſteed addreſs'd;
Nor bade farewell, nor with a courteous mind,
He proffer'd once to take the knight behind.
Deem it not ſtrange Rinaldo ſeiz'd again
The generous courſer ſought ſo long in vain;
Who, fraught with human ſenſe, when firſt he view'd
The trembling damſel's flight, her track purſu'd.
Not idly from the Chriſtian camp he fled,
But to regain the maid his maſter led.
By him Rinaldo twice the fair o'ertook,
And twice the fair his eager ſight forſook:
For firſt Ferrau, as late my tale diſclos'd,
Then Sacripant his amorous hopes oppos'd.
Bayardo now, confiding in the ſprite,
Whoſe ſpecious falſehood had amus'd the knight,
Purſu'd his way, and patient of command,
Obey'd the ſpur, and anſwer'd to the hand.
Rinaldo, fir'd with love and ſtern diſdain,
To Paris flies, and gives up all the rein;
Nor ceas'd his eager journey morn or night,
Till the near city roſe before his ſight;
Where Charlemain, with his defeated crew,
Th' unhappy remnants of his ſtrength withdrew:

A ſiege

A ſiege expecting now, he bends his care,
Supplies of ſtores and forces to prepare:
He ſinks the trenches, fortifies the walls,
And every aid, in time of danger, calls;
Provides an embaſſy to England's ſhore,
With ſpeed auxiliar proweſs to implore;
Then ſends Rinaldo to the Britiſh clime,
Known by fair England's name in future time.

The knight, impatient to return again,
Againſt the counſels of the ſailor-train,
Tempts the black ſea, that wears a threatening form,
And, murmuring hoarſe, forbodes th' approaching ſtorm.
The ſkilful mariners, with buſy care,
Strike their broad ſails to meet the watery war;
At laſt upon the ſhore of Scotland light,
Where Caledonia's foreſt roſe to fight,
That 'midſt its ancient oaks was wont to hear
The riven target and the ſhiver'd ſpear.
Here Triſtram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
Galaſſo, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
Galvano brave; with more, that titles drew
Both from the ancient table, and the new;
Knights, who have left, to ſpeak their valiant mind,
More than one trophy of their worth behind.

Rinaldo arms, his ſteed Bayardo takes,
And landing on the ſhore, the ſea forſakes.
Without a ſquire the fearleſs knight pervades
The gloomy horror of thoſe dreary ſhades.
The firſt day brought him to an abbey fair,
Whoſe wealth was ſpent with hoſpitable care,
Beneath its roof reception to provide
For knights and dames that through the foreſt ride.
The monks and abbot, with a friendly grace,
Welcom'd the brave Rinaldo to the place;
Who now enquir'd (but not till grateful food
Had cheer'd his ſpirits and his ſtrength renew'd)
How in the compaſs of that ſavage ground,
Adventures ſtrange by wandering knights were found.
He might (they anſwer'd) 'midſt the woods eſſay
A thouſand perils in the lonely way;
But if (they cry'd) your honour you regard,
Then hear the nobleſt enterpriſe prepar'd,
That ever yet, in ancient times or new,
A courteous warrior could in arms purſue.
Our monarch's daughter needs a gallant knight,
In her defence to wage a ſingle fight
Againſt a lord (Lurcanio is his name)
Who ſeeks to ſpoil her of her life and fame.

He

He to her ſire has charg'd the royal maid
With lawleſs love and virgin truth betray'd.
Her crime in flames ſhe expiates by the laws,
Unleſs a champion riſes in her cauſe
Within a month (now haſtening to an end)
Her life againſt th' accuſer to defend.
The king, who for Geneura's ſafety fears,
(Such is the name his hapleſs daughter bears)
Proclaims that he, whoſe arm will prove the fight,
And bravely conquer in his daughter's right,
Shall for his bride the royal maid receive,
With ſuch a dower as fits a prince to give.
Rinaldo mus'd awhile, then thus reply'd:
Procure me now a ſafe and ſkilful guide;
And give me but th' accuſer's face to ſee,
I truſt, in heaven, to ſet Geneura free.
Soon as the roſy morn, with ſplendor bright,
Reveal'd the hemiſphere of riſing light,
Rinaldo arm'd, and mounted on his ſteed,
He took a truſty ſquire the way to lead;
Then left the abbey, and his courſe purſu'd
For many a mile along the gloomy wood;
When near at hand they hear a ſcreaming ſound,
The foreſt echoes to the noiſe around;

The knight Bayardo ſpurs, the ſquire his ſteed,
To reach the valley whence the cries proceed.
Betwixt two men a damſel there was ſeen,
Who diſtant ſeem'd of fair and comely mien;
On either ſide the ruffians ready ſtood
With naked ſwords to dye the ground with blood;
While ſhe with prayers, and many a flowing tear,
Did for a while the dreadful ſtroke defer.

Soon as the murderers ſaw th' approaching knight,
At once they turn'd their backs in ſudden flight;
The pitying warrior bade the ſquire to bear
Behind him, on their way, the weeping fair;
Then gently aſk'd what cruel turns of fate
Had ſo depreſt her to this wretched ſtate.

The damſel thus began: Prepare to hear
Such deeds of guile as never reach'd your ear:
In early youth, I held an honour'd place
At Scotland's court in fair Geneura's grace:
But cruel Love my ſtate with envy ſaw,
And ſoon, alas! ſubdu'd me to his law:
He made, of every youth and comely knight,
The duke of Albany my ſole delight.
We hear the ſpeech, we ſee the looks expreſt,
But who can view the ſecrets of the breaſt?

His love, avow'd, my boſom firſt inſpir'd
With tender thoughts, with gentle wiſhes fir'd:
So far at length my fond belief was led,
That I receiv'd him to my virgin bed.
Nor this alone; but that receſs I choſe
In which ſometimes the princeſs would repoſe;
There by a gall'ry to the window join'd,
A favour'd friend might eaſy entrance find.
By this I often introduc'd my love,
A ſilken ladder throwing from above.
'Twas thus I did th' enamour'd duke receive,
Whene'er Geneura's abſence gave me leave;
Who us'd to change her bed, ſometimes to fly
The burning heat, ſometimes the freezing ſky.
For many a month to all the court unknown,
In frequent joys our ſecret hours had flown:
So blind was I, I ne'er diſcover'd yet
That little truth was his, but much deceit;
Though the baſe treaſons of his faithleſs breaſt
Were plainly by a thouſand ſigns expreſt.
At length, without diſguiſe, he durſt confeſs
His cloſe deſign Geneura to poſſeſs:
Judge, in my boſom if he bore a part,
Or rather, if he rul'd not all my heart;

He own'd his purpos'd ſuit, nor bluſh'd with ſhame
To aſk my friendly aid to win the dame;
But vow'd his ardor feign'd, in hopes alone
To form a near alliance to the throne;
And promis'd, ſhould my counſel e'er enſure
His ſovereign's favour, and the bride ſecure;
The ſervice, ever preſent to his mind,
In ties of gratitude his ſoul ſhould bind:
That I alone, his wife, his friends above,
Should reign th' unrivall'd partner of his love.
I (that his happineſs endeavour'd ſtill,
Nor e'er in thought or deed control'd his will)
Took all occaſions that I ſaw to raiſe
In fair Geneura's ear my lover's praiſe.
Heaven knows how truly I employ'd my art
To ſerve him with a juſt and faithful heart!
But vain th' attempt—another love poſſeſs'd
The fair one's grace, and kindled all her breaſt;
A knight, who with his brother, left the port
Of diſtant Italy, for Scotland's court;
Where ſoon in arms ſuch vaſt renown he gain'd,
No ſon of Britain greater praiſe obtain'd:
The king eſteem'd him, and his favour ſhow'd,
By gifts of honour, and of wealth beſtow'd:

Caſtles

Caſtles and towns he gave to his command,
And rank'd him midſt the barons of the land.
This knight the name of Ariodantes bore,
The monarch lov'd him much, his daughter more:
The warrior's valiant deeds with warmth inſpir'd
Her gentle ſoul, but more the lover fir'd.
I ſooth'd his grief, and oft eſſay'd to make
Th' ambitious duke his fond deſign forſake.
In vain I ſooth'd: when Polineſſo heard
(Such was his name) what little hopes appear'd
T' obtain his wiſh, each thought of tender kind
Driven from his ſoul, his fierce revengeful mind,
Enrag'd to ſee another favour'd more,
To hate converted what was love before;
Between Geneura, and her favourite knight,
Reſolv'd to kindle rage and jealous ſpite.
Nor would he truſt with me his treacherous thought,
But counſel only from himſelf he ſought.
At laſt, he thus his ſpeech began to frame:
My dear Dalinda, (thus I'm known by name)
Thou ſee'ſt the tree, though often hewn, will ſhoot
Freſh branches from the new-divided root;
Thus nought can wholly my deſires ſuppreſs,
Though lopt ſo often by their ill ſucceſs;

Yet think not that I prize the haughty dame,
But baffled!—ſcorn'd—my ſoul rejects the ſhame!
Attend my wiſh: when next, by love inſpir'd,
We meet, the princeſs to her bed retir'd,
Take every garment that aſide ſhe throws,
And on yourſelf her ornaments diſpoſe:
Then wayward fancy ſhall my thoughts poſſeſs,
That you are her, your mien and garb confeſs:
Indulge but this—this momentary cheat,
To cure my vain deſire by ſuch deceit;
And every hour of future life ſhall prove
My faith unſhaken to Dalinda's love.
He ſaid; I yielded to his fond requeſt,
Nor ſaw the treaſon lurking in his breaſt.
His purpoſe thus ſecur'd, the wily duke
Aſide th' unwary Ariodantes took;
For once they liv'd in friendſhip's ſocial band
Ere fatal rivals for Geneura's hand.
With deep regret I find (he thus addreſs'd
The gentle knight) when ſingled from the reſt,
Amidſt my peers I ſhow'd you moſt regard,
You ſhould ſo ill my partial choice reward.
Behold me now preparing to demand
The maid in marriage from my ſovereign's hand.

Why will you then diſturb my rightful claim?
Why thus indulge a raſh and hopeleſs flame?
I ſwear, had Heaven revers'd our fates, to thee
My juſter choice had left the fair-one free.
  It moves me more to view your fruitleſs pain,
(Thus Ariodantes anſwer'd him again)
Since, ere your thoughts aſpir'd to win the dame,
My ſoul had nouriſh'd long the growing flame;
Why then reſpect not you our friendly band,
Or pay my vows the deference you demand?
Were you beheld with more propitious eyes,
Long ſince had I reſign'd the beauteous prize:
But well I hope the princely maid to wed,
Though your poſſeſſions may be wider ſpread:
Not leſs my deeds by Scotland's king approv'd,
And by his daughter am I more belov'd.
  O'erweening confidence (the duke rejoin'd)
Has but deceiv'd thy fond diſtemper'd mind.
Sincere the progreſs of thy love impart,
And, in return, will I diſcloſe my heart:
So he, who in ſucceſs appears to yield,
Shall to his happier rival quit the field.
Whate'er thou ſpeak'ſt, yon' Heaven I here atteſt,
The tale ſhall ſafe within this boſom reſt;

So ſhalt thou vow, thou never wilt diſcloſe
Whate'er my friendſhip may in thee repoſe.
This ſaid; each other's ſecrets to conceal
They ſwore; then Ariodant began to tell
His love's purſuit, and undiſguis'd diſplay'd
His tender contract with the royal maid.
Behold (he cry'd) the point my love has gain'd,
And none, I deem, has equal grace obtain'd.
I ſeek no other at Geneura's hand,
Till ſanctify'd by Hymen's holy band:
'Twere vain to aſk her more, whoſe virtuous mind
Leaves every maid in chaſtity behind.
When Ariodantes thus with truth declar'd
How far he deem'd his love might find reward,
Duke Polineſſo, who with guile devis'd
To make Geneura by her knight deſpis'd,
Thus fraudulent purſu'd—Now hear me tell,
How far my happier chance can thine excel.
With thee ſhe feigns, ſhe ſcorns thy hated name,
And feeds with airy hopes thy boaſted flame;
While every conſcious month beholds me led
Full many a night to ſhare her envy'd bed:
Judge, if thy favours can with mine compare:
Then yield to me, and ſeek ſome kinder fair,
Since love has crown'd my happier fortune there.

'Tis

'Tis falſe! (thus Ariodant incens'd replies)
Thou haſt profan'd her name with odious lies;
And haſt devis'd what thou haſt ſaid, to prove
If ſhallow tales can fright me from my love.
But ſince too much Geneura's fame they ſtain,
It fits, what thou haſt ſpoken, to maintain.
This inſtant will I brand thee, ere we part,
A liar and a traitor in thy heart.
'Twere weak indeed (the treacherous duke reply'd)
A ſtrife like this by combat to decide;
When here I offer, what theſe lips have told,
Thoſe eyes ſhall witneſs, and the truth behold.
Thus he: when Ariodantes' colour fled,
And ſcarce at length with faltering words he ſaid:
Whene'er theſe eyes Geneura's falſehood view,
(Attend me here.my ſacred oath renew)
Thenceforth I vow to leave her ever free,
So liberal found to you, ſo harſh to me!
This ſaid; my lover bade the rival knight,
Prepare that evening for th' unwelcome fight.
But Ariodantes now in thought divin'd
Some ſecret ſnare againſt his life deſign'd.
His brother was a knight of prudence ſound,
Of all the court in arms the moſt renown'd,

Lurcanio call'd, and leſs, with him, he fear'd,
Than if ten others on his ſide appear'd.
This gallant youth he bade his arms prepare,
And led th' adventure of the night to ſhare;
But the dear ſecrets of his heart conceal'd,
For theſe to him, nor none his lips reveal'd.
And now approach'd ſo near the deſtin'd place,
As from the hand a ſtone might fly the ſpace,
He ſtopt Lurcanio there, and thus he ſaid:
When need demands it, haſten to my aid;
And parting thence, th' appointed ſtation took,
And on the palace fix'd his anxious look.
Now, from a different part the traitor came,
So ready to pollute Geneura's fame;
The ſignal made (alas! I little thought
The cruel guile by Polineſſo wrought)
Sudden I iſſu'd forth, no more conceal'd,
But ſtood in borrow'd garb to fight reveal'd.
My veſt was white, and richly to behold,
Deck'd all around with coſtly fringe of gold;
A golden net deſcending from my head
With crimſon flowers, was o'er my habit ſpread,
And on my veſt the moon reſplendent play'd.
Then both the brethren, by the duke deceiv'd,
The well-concerted fraud for truth believ'd.

Judge

Judge at that time what cruel pangs poſſeſs'd
The wretched Ariodantes' tortur'd breaſt.
Now Polineſſo came, and from above,
Receiv'd the wonted paſſport to his love.
We met—embrac'd—meantime th' unhappy knight,
Who ſtood ſpectator of this hated ſight,
So deeply ſunk beneath the load of grief,
His ſoul reſolv'd from death to ſeek relief:
He drew the ſword, deſpairing, from his ſide,
And to his heart the fatal point apply'd.
Lurcanio (who ſurpris'd my lover view'd
Aſcend the gallery where diſguis'd I ſtood,
But knew not for the duke) advanc'd with ſpeed,
Soon as he ſaw his brother's frantic deed,
And ſeizing haſtily his furious hand,
From his raſh act the hapleſs knight reſtrain'd.
Ah wretched, ſenſeleſs brother! (thus he cry'd)
What rage has turn'd your better thoughts aſide?
Thus for a woman is your death deſign'd?
All falſe, as clouds that flit before the wind!
Since your own eyes have witneſs'd to her ſhame,
And ſeen how low ſhe proſtitutes her fame,
O! let thoſe arms, againſt yourſelf employ'd,
Before the king her ſire her guilt decide.

When Ariodantes ſees his brother nigh,
He ſeeks no longer on his ſword to die;
With ſeeming calm he veils his ſecret pains,
But ſtill his former purpoſe fix'd remains.
Departing thence, he with him bears the ſmart
That gives no eaſe to his diſtracted heart.
At early dawn the palace he forſook,
Nor leave of brother, or of friends he took:
Eight days elaps'd, at length a pilgrim came
With mournful tidings to the princely * dame,
That Ariodantes in the ſea had dy'd,
Self-plung'd deſpairing in the roaring tide.
Ere this laſt fatal act (the ſtranger ſaid)
He thus beſpoke me, there by fortune led:
" Draw near, my friend, and be Geneura told
" The hidden cauſe of what you now behold:
" Tell her 'tis this, theſe eyes too much have ſeen,
" Ah! happy, if theſe eyes had never been!"
By chance we then upon a mountain ſtood
That tow'rds Hibernia bellies o'er the flood,
Soon as he ceas'd to ſpeak, I ſaw him leap
From the high rock, and plunge into the deep.
Half dead with grief the news Geneura heard;
A ſudden paleneſs on her face appear'd,

* Geneura.

O Heaven!

O Heaven! what did ſhe, and what words ſhe ſaid,
When laid in private on her faithful bed!
She ſtrikes her boſom, and her garment tears,
She rends with cruel hands her golden hairs;
Repeating oft what, with his lateſt breath,
Sad Ariodantes nam'd his cauſe of death;
That the ſtrange iſſue of his fate was ſuch,
His eyes in hapleſs hour had ſeen too much!
Soon was the fame o'er all the kingdom ſpread,
Of Ariodantes thus untimely dead.
Not with dry eyes the king his loſs ſurvey'd;
While pious tears each knight and lady paid.
At theſe unhappy tidings, o'er the reſt
Heart-piercing anguiſh fill'd his brother's breaſt;
The peers aſſembled now, the time he took
T' addreſs the throne, and thus indignant ſpoke.
Attend, my lord! while I the cauſe relate
That urg'd my brother to his hapleſs fate.
He lov'd the princeſs; (why ſhould I conceal,
Or bluſh ſo pure a paſſion to reveal?)
And hop'd at length t' obtain her for his bride,
By numerous virtues, and by ſervice try'd.
But while the baſhful lover thus receives
The modeſt odour of the diſtant leaves,

He ſees another to the tree aſcend,
And from the boughs the blooming fruitage rend.
He ſaid, and inſtant to the king diſplay'd
The ſeeming crime, ſo late to ſight betray'd,
Atteſting that himſelf beheld the dame
Receive the ſecret partner of her ſhame;
Concluding, that he ſtood in fight prepar'd
To prove the truth of all his tongue declar'd.
Grief-ſtruck the father heard, for well he knew,
Unleſs to her defence ſome warrior drew
To give Lurcanio in the field the lye,
He muſt his deareſt child condemn to die.
As yet no champions in her cauſe appear,
Each views his fellow's face with marks of fear;
In arms ſo dreadful is Lurçanio's might,
That all, with terror, ſeem to ſhun the fight.
Her cruel fortune adds this ſorrow more,
Her abſent brother treads a foreign ſhore,
The brave Zerbino, who in field diſplays
Such deeds as merit ever-during praiſe:
But could he hear in time her dangerous ſtate,
How would he fly t' avert his ſiſter's fate!
That night, my home in private I forſook,
And ſought, with anxious fear, the wily duke:

Declar'd

Declar'd how much to both it might import
That I without delay ſhould quit the court.
He prais'd my prudence; promis'd to provide
A ſafe aſylum where I might reſide;
Appointing two, to guide me through the wood,
Where near, he ſaid, his lonely fortreſs ſtood.
But ſecretly he gave my guides command,
Soon as their ſteps had reach'd this foreſt-land,
To take my life—lo! how my faith was paid!
Too well his dire command had been obey'd,
Had not my cries ſo timely reach'd your ears:
Behold how Love his votaries prefers!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONCLUSION of Geneura's ſtory. The king of Scotland grants Rinaldo the ſuccours demanded. Rinaldo departs for England, and obtains the like ſuccours from the regent there. Bradamant, ſeeking her lover Rogero, meets with Pinabello, and hears a melancholy tale of his misfortunes. She promiſes him aſſiſtance, and afterwards, being deceived by him, falls into Merlin's cave, where ſhe meets with Meliſſa, an enchantreſs, who ſhows her in viſion all her deſcendants, and inſtructs her how to deliver Rogero from the caſtle where he was confined by Atlantes. Bradamant, following the advice of Meliſſa, defeats the magician and ſets his priſoners at liberty; but ſoon after loſes her lover Rogero, who is carried away in a wonderful manner, by the contrivance of Atlantes.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THUS to the Paladin Dalinda told
Her mournful tale, while ſtill their way they hold;
Then tow'rds St. Andrew's town with eager haſte
Rinaldo with the ſquire and damſel paſs'd;
The king and court were there; and there the ſtrife
Muſt ſoon decide his daughter's death or life.

As nearer to the neighbouring town they drew,
They found a ſquire who gave them tidings new;
That a ſtrange champion there in armour came,
Who undertook to clear Geneura's fame;
Unknown his cuiraſs, and unknown his ſhield,
His name and lineage from his ſquire conceal'd.
This heard, Rinaldo ſwift his way purſu'd,
And ſoon the guarded walls and gates he view'd.

But

But none the warrior's entrance here oppos'd,
The porter open'd, and the gate re-clos'd;
Through the void city paſs'd the fearleſs knight;
But, by the way, he made the dame alight;
And bade her wait the iſſue of the fight.

Impatient thence he haſtens to the field,
Where the two knights their wrathful weapons wield;
Who many blows had given on either part:
There fought Lurcanio with revengeful heart
Againſt Geneura; while the ſtranger's hand
With equal courage well her cauſe maintain'd.
With theſe, ſix warriors in the liſt appear
On foot; the cuiraſs on their breaſt they wear.

Albania's duke there holds his honour'd place,
And reins a mettled ſteed of generous race:
To him, as to high conſtable, they yield
To keep the order of the liſted field:
Fierce were his looks, exulting in his thought,
To ſee Geneura in ſuch danger brought.

Through the thick preſs Rinaldo forc'd his way;
No multitudes Bayardo's courſe could ſtay:
Thoſe, who the tempeſt of his coming found,
Were little ſlow to give the courſer ground.
Rinaldo, eminent above the reſt,
Appear'd the flower of chivalry confeſt:

Till,

Till, near the king arriv'd, he ſilence broke,
All liſtening round to hear the words he ſpoke.
My noble lord, (the champion thus began)
The hands of yonder combatants reſtrain.
Whoe'er ſhall periſh in the doubtful ſtrife,
Muſt undeſerv'd reſign a valu'd life.
One thinks himſelf by juſtice only led,
But treaſon o'er his ſenſe a miſt has ſpread:
The other knows not yet if wrong or right
Attend his cauſe, but iſſues to the fight,
The courteous proweſs of his arm to try,
Rather than let ſuch matchleſs beauty die.
Lo! here I come to give the guiltleſs aid,
Avenging on the traitor, the betray'd:
But firſt, command that each his rage forbear,
Then audience give to what I ſhall declare.
The king was mov'd with what Rinaldo ſaid,
Both by his words and noble preſence ſway'd;
Then, ſtretching out his hand, commands the peace,
And bids awhile the combatants to ceaſe:
When to the king, and barons of the land,
The knights, and populace on either hand,
Rinaldo all the ſubtle ſnare diſplay'd
By Polineſſo for Geneura laid.

Now Polineſſo, ſummon'd to the place,
Appear'd with deep confuſion in his face;
But boldly yet the guilty charge deny'd:
Soon ſhall we (ſaid Rinaldo) this decide.
Thus, ready arm'd, the liſt prepar'd in view,
They both, without delay, to combat drew.
Thrice ſounds the trump, and at the warning blaſt,
His lance in reſt the trembling traitor plac'd.
To him oppos'd Rinaldo came, and try'd
At one fierce courſe the conflict to decide.
Nor err'd the weapon from the knight's intent,
But through th' accuſer's panting boſom went:
Pierc'd through and through, he, by the dreadful force,
Was borne to earth ſix feet beyond his horſe.
Rinaldo ſwift diſmounts; and, as he lies,
His helmet from the helpleſs wretch unties.
But he, unable more to wage the war,
For mercy then prefers his humble prayer;
And to the king, and court on every ſide,
Confeſs'd the fraud for which he juſtly dy'd.
While yet with weak and faltering words he ſpoke,
His utterance fail'd, and life his limbs forſook.
The king rejoic'd his much-lov'd child to ſee
From threaten'd death, and ignominy free.

But

But when, his helmet rais'd, he knew the knight,
(A face before no ſtranger to his ſight)
With lifted hands his thanks to Heaven he paid,
That ſent ſo fam'd a champion to his aid.
The knight, who firſt t' aſſiſt Geneura came,
(Unknown to all his country and his name)
Who, arm'd in her defence, had fought the field,
Remain'd apart; and all that paſs'd, beheld.
But now the king deſir'd his name to know,
And begg'd him from his caſque his face to ſhow;
That as his generous purpoſe claim'd regard,
He might with royal gifts ſuch worth reward.
At length he lifted up the helm he wore,
Diſcloſing features oft diſclos'd before.
Behold (he cry'd) the knight, whom late miſled
By lying fame Geneura wept for dead:
Behold that Ariodantes, late the ſport
Of winds and waves, return'd to Scotland's court.
Sick with deſpair and loathing vital breath,
I ſought in whelming ſeas a welcome death:
But Heaven forbade—the tide my body bore,
And threw me ſenſeleſs on the rocky ſhore.
A pious hermit there my life retriev'd,
His counſel ſooth'd me and his cave receiv'd.

Geneura's danger ſoon my ſoul oppreſs'd,
And Love reſum'd his empire o'er my breaſt:
I heard Lurcanio, by reſentment ſway'd,
To Scotland's peers accus'd the hapleſs maid—
Ah! could I ſee my once-lov'd princeſs led
A wretched victim to the funeral bed!
Ah me! (I thought) can love like mine behold
The cruel flame her tender limbs enfold!
Friends—brothers—all forgot—the fatal ſtrife
This hand ſhall meet, and guard her threaten'd life.
Thus fix'd in my reſolves, I choſe with ſpeed
This ſable mail and rein'd an unknown ſteed;
And to the diſtant liſt my courſe purſu'd,
And thus in arms againſt a brother ſtood.

He ceas'd: the king with joy the knight receiv'd,
With joy he ſaw his child from fate repriev'd:
Urg'd by his court, and at Rinaldo's prayer,
He gave to Ariodant Geneura fair:
Albania's dukedom, which the king again
Receiv'd, the traitor Polineſſo ſlain,
Which ne'er could chance in more propitious hour,
The ſire decreed his daughter's nuptial dower.
Rinaldo then Delinda's cauſe embrac'd,
And pardon gain'd for all her errors paſt,

Who

Who weary'd with the world's unhappy ſtate,
Now vow'd to Heaven her mind to dedicate:
Forſaking Scotland ſhe to Dacia went,
And there her days in hallow'd cloiſters ſpent.
Rinaldo then his embaſſy diſplay'd,
To beg from Scotland and from England aid;
And ſhew'd, beſide his monarch's earneſt prayer,
How glory call'd them to ſupport the war.
To this the king reply'd without delay,
That to the furtheſt limit of his ſway,
His ſoul was ever ready to maintain
The empire's rights and weal of Charlemain.
The monarch ſpoke; and inſtant gave command
To levy horſe and foot throughout the land;
Equips a numerous fleet to ſtem the tides,
And various ſtores for every need provides.
Now brave Rinaldo, haſtening to depart
For England's realm, the king with grateful heart
To Berwick's town convey'd the valiant peer,
There, parting, ſhed for grief a tender tear.
The buſy mariners their anchors ſhip,
And plough ſecurely through the foamy deep
With rapid courſe, till ſilver Thames they gain,
Where firſt he mingles with the briny main.

Along the ſtream with oars and ſails they fly,
Till London's ſtately towers ſalute their eye.
  Rinaldo did from Charles and Otho bring
(Otho beſieg'd in Paris with the king)
Commiſſion to the prince, whoſe honour'd hand
By deputation rul'd the Engliſh land,
To raiſe ſupplies; and from fair Albion's coaſt
Embark for Calais' ſhore the friendly hoſt,
To Charlemain and France a welcome aid:
The prince, who then the regal ſceptre ſway'd
In Otho's ſtead, to brave Rinaldo's name
Such honours paid, as Otho's ſelf might claim;
Then, anſwering his demands, he ſummon'd all
The neighbouring forces that obey'd his call;
With thoſe that in the ſubject iſlands lay,
To meet together on a certain day.
  While theſe for France prepar'd their welcome aid,
Fair Bradamant to ſeek Rogero ſtray'd:
To her this gentle knight affection bore,
Who came with Agramant from Afric's ſhore;
And ſhe, nor nurs'd in wilds, nor ſavage born,
Receiv'd not love like his with maiden ſcorn.
Soon as her valiant arm to earth had caſt
Circaſſia's prince, a hill and wood ſhe paſs'd;

Then

Then reach'd a ſtream that trickling through the plain,
Gave cooling beverage to the drooping ſwain,
Where ancient trees enrich'd the peaceful ſcene,
And fenc'd from noon-tide heat the cheerful green.

Here, as the virgin turn'd her eyes aſide,
On the fair bank a comely youth ſhe ſpy'd:
Faſt by the margin of the flood he lay,
The margin with a thouſand colours gay.
Alone and ſilent in a penſive mood,
With ſteadfaſt gaze the cryſtal ſtream he view'd:
Not diſtant far a tree his courſer held,
Aloft were hung his helmet and his ſhield:
His eyes were moiſt with tears, his head declin'd,
Sad indications of a troubled mind.

Urg'd by deſire which prompts each generous heart
In others woes to bear a friendly part,
The virgin begs th' afflicted knight to ſhow
His ſecret ſtate, and whence his ſorrows flow.

Thus he—Know, gentle knight, a valiant crew
Of horſe and foot, in aid of Charles, I drew:
With me a damſel went, for whom my breaſt
Had long the powerful fire of love confeſs'd:
When, lo! we ſaw near Rhodan's rapid tide
A knight all-arm'd a flying ſteed beſtride.

Soon as the robber view'd my blooming fair,
Swift as a falcon through the yielding air,
He flew, and ſeiz'd her trembling with diſmay,
Then bore her ſudden in his arms away:
Wild with my fate, I rov'd with frantic mind,
Careleſs of life, and left my men behind:
Six tedious days, from morn to eve, I paſs'd
O'er many a pendent cliff and horrid waſte.
At length a wild and lonely vale I found,
With hills and dreadful caves encompaſs'd round.
Here, in the midſt, a wondrous rock I view'd,
On which a ſtrong and ſtately caſtle ſtood,
That ſeem'd afar to ſhine like glowing flame;
Nor harden'd earth, nor ſtone compos'd the frame.
This fort, the demons, from th' infernal plains
By fuming incenſe drawn and magic ſtrains,
Enclos'd with ſteel, to which the Stygian wave,
And Stygian fire eternal temper gave:
A dazzling poliſh brighten'd every tower,
Which ſpots could ne'er defile nor ruſt devour.
The robber ſcours the country day and night,
Then, with his prey, he thither bends his flight:
Thither my fair, my better part he bore,
And never, never muſt I view her more!

What

What hope remain'd! In vain with longing eyes,
I ſee the place where all my treaſure lies!
The rock ſo high and ſteep, who enters there,
Muſt learn to wing his paſſage through the air.
While in ſuſpenſe I ſtood, from far I ſpy'd
Two champions and a dwarf that ſeem'd their guide;
Theſe warriors both, and chiefs of mighty fame,
A monarch one, Gradaſſo was his name;
The other was a youth of courage prov'd,
Rogero, in Biſerta's court belov'd.
They come (declar'd the dwarf) to try their power
Againſt the lord of this enchanted tower.
Then I—Vouchſafe, O generous knights! to hear
A wretch's fond complaints with pitying ear;
And if in fight your arms victorious prove,
(As ſure I truſt they ſhall) reſtore my love.
Meanwhile the warriors to the rock drew nigh,
Diſputing who ſhould firſt th' adventure try.
At length Gradaſſo (whether lots deſign'd,
Or elſe Rogero to his will inclin'd)
Lifts to his mouth the horn: the cliffs around,
The rock and fortreſs to the noiſe reſound:
When, lo! the magic knight, with inſtant ſpeed,
Ruſh'd from the portal on the flying ſteed.

At firſt he ſeems by ſlow degrees to riſe:
Like cranes, prepar'd to ſail to foreign ſkies.
Then ere Gradaſſo can perceive his flight,
He feels the ſpear with dreadful ſtrength alight:
The ſpear breaks ſhort; Gradaſſo ſtrikes again;
But furious ſtrikes the yielding air in vain.
The ſtern magician fearleſs on the wind
Aſcending, leaves the champions far behind.
The good Alfana, with the force oppreſs'd,
Reclin'd on earth awhile the ſhock confeſs'd;
Alfana was the mare Gradaſſo rein'd,
The faireſt beaſt that ever knight ſuſtain'd.
And now the ſorc'rer mounts the ſtarry ſkies,
Then wheels around, and down again he flies;
Now on Rogero falls, who ſeeks to bring
His needful ſuccour to th' aſtoniſh'd king.
The ſwift aſſault diſturbs the youthful knight,
While ſcarce his horſe ſupports th' unequal fight;
And when he turns to ſtrike, he ſees the foe
Ride on the clouds and mock the fruſtrate blow.
Thus did theſe three the doubtful ſtrife maintain,
That high in air, theſe lowly on the plain;
Till riſing night her duſky veil diſplay'd,
And wrapt each object in ſurrounding ſhade.

On

On his left arm the foe was ſeen to wield,
Clos'd in a ſilken caſe, a mighty ſhield;
Whoſe poliſh'd orb, emitting magic light,
In death-like ſlumber ſeals the gazer's ſight.
Bright as Pyropus ſhines the buckler's blaze;
No mortal e'er beheld ſuch dazzling rays:
Full in their eyes the flaſhing ſplendor play'd,
And prone on earth each knight was ſenſeleſs laid.
Like theirs, a ſudden ſleep my ſenſes bound;
But when, at length, recovering from the ground
I roſe, and fought the knights and dwarf again;
Dark was the mount and deſolate the plain!
Th' unpitying foe had ſeiz'd the hapleſs pair,
And borne them to his caſtle through the air.
Thus by the light, that o'er their eyes he ſpread,
Their liberty is gone, my hopes are fled!
Now judge, what woes with mine can equal prove,
Of all the various woes that ſpring from love.

Thus ſaid the knight, and thus his fortune mourn'd,
Then penſive to his ſilent grief return'd:
This was that earl, whoſe birth Maganza claim'd,
Anſelmo's ſon, and Pinabello nam'd;
Who, like his race for wicked actions known,
Increas'd his kindred vices by his own.

When

When lov'd Rogero's name the virgin heard,
By turns a gladneſs in her looks appear'd;
By turns her boſom glow'd with anxious pain,
And oft ſhe begg'd to hear the tale again.
Then full inform'd: Sir knight (ſhe cry'd) give o'er,
This unavailing grief, and mourn no more:
Haſte; to the caſtle be our courſe addreſt,
Whoſe walls are with ſo rich a treaſure bleſt:
Nor ſhall we find in vain our labour ſpent,
If favouring fortune anſwer my intent.
And ſhall I, then, your luckleſs feet to guide,
Again thoſe mountains paſs? (the youth reply'd)
For me, indeed, but little were the ſmart
To toil my body, having loſt my heart,
Yet why ſhould you ſteep rocks and barren plains
Thus raſhly tread, to purchaſe ſlaviſh chains?
But, warn'd in time, if evil chance enſues,
Not me unjuſtly, but yourſelf accuſe.
Thus having ſaid, he mounts without delay
To lead the noble damſel on the way;
When lo! a meſſenger that ſwiftly rode,
Purſu'd them cloſe behind, and call'd aloud:
The ſame, who told king Sacripant the force
Of Bradamant had hurl'd him from his horſe;

Who

Who from Montpelier and Narbona came,
With ſudden tidings to the martial dame,
That all the land was kindled with alarms,
And all the coaſt of Acquamort in arms.
Theſe tidings heard, a doubtful pauſe enſu'd,
And undetermin'd for awhile ſhe ſtood:
On that ſide honour and her friends aſſail'd;
On this the ſtronger fires of love prevail'd.
At length reſolv'd to end the taſk deſign'd,
And free Rogero in the tower confin'd;
The damſel firſt excus'd a ſhort delay,
Then ſent the meſſenger well-pleas'd away.
Now, turning round, her former path ſhe took;
Her Pinabel purſu'd with alter'd look;
For anxious fears perplex'd his troubled mind,
Leſt ſhe ſhould know him of Maganza's kind.
An ancient feud between theſe houſes reign'd,
And oft their mutual blood the earth diſtain'd.
Then Pinabel beſpoke the virgin knight:
The weſtern ſun withdraws his fading light;
Beyond that hill, unleſs my mem'ry fail,
There ſtands a ſtately caſtle in the vale:
Here patient wait, while from yon height I try
T' explore the proſpect with a ſurer eye.

So

So ſaying, to the hill he bent his courſe,
And up the ſteepy ſummit ſpurr'd his horſe;
When ſudden here a monſtrous cave he found,
Hewn out with labour in the ſtony ground:
Full thirty cubits deep it ſeem'd in ſhow:
A fair and lofty gate appear'd below,
Which through the ſhade a glimmering brightneſs gave,
As of a torch that burnt within the cave.
While doubtful here he ſtood, a ſudden thought
Of treacherous purpoſe in his boſom wrought:
He makes the damſel from her ſteed alight,
And, pointing out the cavern to her ſight,
Tells her within its confines he had ſeen,
A dame of beauteous face and graceful mien;
Whoſe courtly looks and coſtly garments ſhow'd
Her birth deriv'd from no ignoble blood:
But from her eyes ſhe pour'd a tender ſhower,
And ſeem'd her loſt condition to deplore.
And when he thought t' attain a nearer view,
And learn the cauſe from which her grief ſhe drew,
One from the inner grot with fury came,
And ſeizing carry'd off the weeping dame.
The dauntleſs Bradamant, whoſe generous mind,
Unconſcious of the wile the wretch deſign'd,

With ardor glow'd to give the fair one aid,
Revolves how beſt ſhe may the cave invade;
When on a lofty elm ſhe caſt her eyes,
And midſt the boughs a mighty branch eſpies:
This with her ſword ſhe hews, and lops the leaves,
That done, the cavern's mouth the pole receives.
She prays her treacherous guide aloft to ſtand,
And graſp the end, tenacious, in his hand.
Now firſt within the cave her feet deſcend,
While as ſhe ſinks, her arms her weight ſuſpend:
When Pinabello, ſcoffing, aſk'd the maid
To leap below—then loos'd his graſp, and ſaid:
O! would that all thy race with thee were join'd,
That thus I might at once deſtroy the kind.
But happier fortune than the traitor meant,
All-gracious Heaven, to ſave the guiltleſs, ſent:
The pole firſt lighted on the ground below,
And inſtant ſhiver'd with the forceful blow.
The traitor deem'd her in the cavern dead,
And, with a viſage pale through guilty dread,
The place, polluted by his crime, forſook,
Then inſtant ſpeeding back, his courſer took:
That every action might his ſoul betray,
He with him bears the virgin's ſteed away.

Soon as the maid again from earth was rais'd,
With the hard ſhock and ſudden fall amaz'd,
She enter'd boldly through the gate, which gave
An entrance to the ſecond, larger cave.
The building, ſquare within, and ſpacious made,
A ſtately temple to the ſight diſplay'd.
Magnificent the ſumptuous pile appear'd,
On pillars fair of alabaſter rear'd.
An altar in the midſt; and kindled bright,
A lamp before, caſt round a trembling light.
Soon as the damſel view'd, with pious mind,
This ſacred place for holy rites deſign'd,
Devoutly on her knees the earth ſhe preſs'd,
And to the king of Heaven her prayers addreſs'd.
Meantime a ſudden jarring ſound was heard,
When from a narrow gate a dame appear'd,
Ungirt, with feet unſhod, with hair diſplay'd,
Who, by her name addreſs'd the warrior-maid.
And thus—O generous Bradamant! (ſhe ſaid)
Not without Heaven's appointment hither led:
Behold this ancient cave, by Merlin wrought,
Merlin in every art of magic taught:
Here, with bewitching looks and wiles prepar'd,
The lady of the lake his heart enſnar'd:

His

His ſepulchre is here, whoſe womb contains
The deathleſs ſpirit and decay'd remains:
To this he by her blandiſhments was led,
And what receiv'd alive, detains him dead.
His living ſoul muſt with his corſe repoſe,
Till the laſt trump the fatal angel blows.
His voice ſurvives, and oft is heard to come
In tuneful muſic from the marble tomb.
Meliſſa view, that long has here remain'd
For thee I travell'd from a diſtant land;
Since he, whoſe ſage predictions never ly'd,
This hour for thy arrival propheſy'd.
She ſaid; and Amon's daughter, while ſhe ſpoke,
With ſilence heard, amazement in her look;
When caſting on the ground her baſhful eyes,
She to the dame with modeſt grace replies.
Alas! what praiſe has my unworthy name,
That prophets my arrival ſhould proclaim?
Then rapt with joy at ſuch a bleſt event,
Silent ſhe follow'd where the matron went,
Slow leading to the tomb, in which detain'd
The ghoſt of Merlin with his bones remain'd.
Scarce o'er the threſhold paſs'd the warrior-dame,
And to the cavern's deep receſſes came,

When from the breathleſs clay in pleaſing ſtrain,
T' accoſt the fair the ſpirit thus began.
May fortune all thy juſt endeavours aid,
O ever chaſte, and ever honour'd maid!
From whoſe glad womb muſt ſpring the fruitful race
That Italy, and all the world ſhall grace!
Hence to fulfil what Heaven has long decreed,
For which 'tis doom'd thou ſhalt Rogero wed,
Boldly purſue the ardor of thy ſoul,
Nor think that aught can thy deſires control;
For he who keeps thy knight in captive bands,
Shall ſink oppreſt beneath thy conquering hands.
Here ceas'd the voice; the matron now prepares
To ſhow to Bradamant her deſtin'd heirs.
Then, in the temple, by her ſide ſhe plac'd
The warlike fair, but firſt a circle trac'd;
And, to defend her from the ſpirits, ſpread
A magic covering o'er the virgin's head:
She bade her ſilent ſtand, then op'd a book,
In which ſhe read, and with the demons ſpoke.
Lo! from the outward cave they ruſh'd to view,
And, thickening, round the ſacred circle drew;
But all attempts to enter fruitleſs found,
As if a foſſe or rampart ſtretch'd around.

Then

Then in the cavern, where the ſhining tomb
Contain'd the holy relicks in its womb,
The demons enter'd, when, in order due,
They thrice had circled round in fair review.
While, as they paſs'd, the ſage divining maid
Their names, their manners, and their deeds diſplay'd.
Soon as ſhe found the damſel thus diſpos'd,
Her magic book the learn'd enchantreſs clos'd:
At once the phantoms ſhrunk to viewleſs night,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the ſight.

Till morn the virgin in the cave remain'd,
With ſage diſcourſe by Merlin entertain'd,
But when the ſun his glowing beams diſplay'd,
She left the ſable ſubterranean ſhade;
And now, aſcending, reach'd a deſert place
With ſavage hills, untrod by human race.
The live-long-day, unreſting, they purſu'd
Their courſe, and many a rock and torrent view'd,
Still, as they went, endeavouring to allay
With ſweet diſcourſe the labours of the way.
But chief the propheteſs inſtructs the maid
What means may beſt th' impriſon'd champion aid.
T' oppoſe th' enchanter's arts on me rely,
Nor can the world an aid like this ſupply.

King Agramant a ring of great import
Has given Brunello of Biſerta's court,
This ring, that grac'd a royal virgin's hand,
Can every fraud of magic power withſtand.
Brunello, ſkill'd and crafty in deceit,
His monarch ſends to work a hardy feat,
That, by his cunning and enchanted ring,
He from the caſtle may Rogero bring,
Whom much the king eſteems—but ſhall he owe
His freedom to a Pagan, and our foe?
Three days your courſe along the ſhore purſue;
(The ſhore will ſoon appear before our view)
The third your ſteps will to the dwelling bring,
Where you ſhall meet the man that wears the ring.
His ſtature (keep the picture in your mind)
Is not ſix ſpans, his head to earth declin'd,
Dark is his tawny ſkin, and black his hairs;
On his pale face a buſhy beard he wears:
His eyes are ſwoln; his ſquinting looks aſide;
His eye-brows ſtaring, and his noſtrils wide:
His dreſs, which gives you all the man complete,
Is ſhort and ſtrait, and for a courier meet.
Go where he leads—and mark my words aright,
Soon as the rock appears before your ſight,

Your

Your fix'd reſolves let no entreaty ſhake,
But ſeize the wretch, his forfeit ring to take.
Thus ſpeaking; to the ſhore at length they drew,
Where Bourdeaux and Garonna roſe to view;
And here, but firſt ſome tender tears they ſhed,
They parted as their different purpoſe led.
Duke Amon's daughter, whoſe impatient breaſt
Rogero fill'd, her eager journey preſs'd,
Till at an inn at length ſhe ceas'd her way,
And ſaw Brunello there at cloſe of day.
Full well ſhe knew the man ſhe ſought to find,
So well his form was treaſur'd in her mind.
While watchful on his hands her eye ſhe bends,
And every look and every word attends,
She ſees the hoſt and all the houſhold nigh,
Gazing aloft, as when the vulgar ſpy
A dark eclipſe or comet in the ſky.
And now a wondrous ſight the virgin ſaw,
(A wondrous ſight ſurpaſſing nature's law!)
A courſer through the air direct his flight,
Who bore upon his back an armed knight.
Large were his wings, with different colours grac'd,
And in the midſt the magic knight was plac'd:
His ſhining arms of poliſh'd ſteel appear'd,
And tow'rds the weſtern ſkies his courſe he ſteer'd;

Till, ſinking, he behind the mountains flew:
Then thus the hoſt—Yon flying warrior view,
Who cuts through fields of air his rapid way,
And every beauteous damſel makes his prey.
High on a rock this lawleſs robber dwells,
Where ſtands a fort of ſteel, whoſe frame excels
Whate'er, of wondrous, old tradition tells,
Full many knights have fought the place in vain,
For none could boaſt they e'er return'd again.

Then thus the warrior-dame—Let one be found
Whoſe ſteps may guide me to this fatal ground:
For know I burn with rage to prove my might
On this magician in adventurous fight.
Thou ſhalt not want an aid (Brunello cry'd)
Behold myſelf I proffer for your guide.
Each maze and tangled wood I can diſplay,
With many ſecrets to beguile the way.
With grateful thanks I take you for my guide,
In hopes to gain the ring, the maid reply'd.
The hoſt a courſer brought the virgin-knight,
Apt for the road, and ſtrongly limb'd for fight;
On this ſhe mounted and her way purſu'd,
Soon as the riſing morn the day renew'd.
From ſteep to ſteep, from wood to wood they paſs'd,
Till fam'd Pyrene's hills they reach'd at laſt;

From

From whoſe high ſummit ſhow'd a rough deſcent,
That winding to the lower valley went;
Where, in the midſt, a rocky mountain ſtood
On which aloft the walls of ſteel they view'd.
Behold th' enchanter's tower (Brunello ſaid)
In which the knights and dames are priſoners made.

Hewn in four equal ſides, the mountain roſe
Above the plain; nor path nor ſtep it ſhows
T' aſſiſt the feet; but ſeem'd a place deſign'd
For ſome ſtrange animal of winged kind.
Here, while Brunello unſuſpecting paſs'd,
The wary virgin ſeiz'd, and bound him faſt
To a ſtrong trunk beneath the beech's ſhade;
But from his finger firſt the ring convey'd.
In vain his every art Brunello tries,
And begs his freedom with unmanly cries:
She leaves him; and, with ſteps ſecure and ſlow,
Forſakes the hill, and ſeeks the plain below;
Then winds her horn, that echoes to the ſkies,
And boldly to the field her foe defies.

Nor long ſhe ſtays, the fierce enchanter hears,
And, iſſuing from the caſtle-gate, appears:
But Bradamant beheld with ſecret joy,
Her foe no weapons in the field employ;

Nor lance, nor heavy mace, nor ſword he wore,
To bruiſe the armour, and the corſlet bore.
On his left arm was brac'd a myſtic ſhield,
Whoſe wondrous orb a crimſon veil conceal'd:
His right hand held a book, and while he read,
Illuſive phantoms round his foes he ſpread:
With ſpear or ſword he ſeem'd to urge the fight;
And oft had dazzled many a warrior's ſight.
But no illuſion was his flying ſteed;
A griffin and a mare the mingled breed
Compos'd; and like his ſire his feet before,
His head, his feathers, and his wings he wore;
(In all the reſt his mother-mare was ſhown)
And by the name of griffin-horſe was known.
Such, though but rarely, in thoſe hills appear,
Beyond where ocean feels the freezing year.
Thence had the enchanter drawn him by his ſkill,
And made him ſoon obedient to his will:
Againſt the virgin nought avail'd his art,
Such virtue could the ſacred ring impart.
And now ſhe ſeems enrag'd to ſtrike the wind;
Now darts before; then ſwiftly turns behind.
At laſt (for ſo Meliſſa's words requir'd,
To win the palm which moſt the maid deſir'd)

In

In fury from her ſteed ſhe ſeems to light,
And eager on her feet purſue the fight.
This ſeen, the necromancer from his ſhield
Removes the covering that the light conceal'd:
Soon as ſhe ſaw the magic beams expos'd,
She fell, each eye in ſeeming ſlumber clos'd.
Her wile ſucceeding, ſwiftly wheeling round,
The flying horſeman lighted on the ground:
On foot he leapt, and left his ſhield behind,
Ty'd to his ſaddle, in the veil confin'd,
Then haſten'd where th' expecting damſel lay;
(So waits a wolf to make the kid his prey;)
While, on the plain neglected, he forſook
(With which he wag'd the war) his magic book.
Now with a chain to bind his foe he thought,
A chain prepar'd, for ſuch a purpoſe brought;
But here an unexpected difference found;
The noble damſel hurl'd him to the ground;
He far unfit a ſtrife like this to wage;
She ſtrong in youth, and he unnerv'd with age.

Now Bradamant her conquering weapon ſpread,
And from his ſhoulders thought to part his head;
But pity pleading for her vanquiſh'd foe,
She mark'd his features worn with age and wo,

Who

Who by his ſilver locks and reverend mien,
Of many an annual ſun the courſe had ſeen.
Meantime a new deſire poſſeſs'd the dame,
To learn th' enchanter's country, and his name;
And what he by that rocky tower deſign'd,
Built in a wild, to ravage all mankind.
Alas! for no ill purpoſe (thus replies
The old enchanter, mingling tears and ſighs)
On yon ſteep rock I built my ſettled home,
Nor avarice makes me round the country roam;
But fond parental fears my ſoul incite,
To ſave from peril great a gentle knight,
Long threaten'd by his ſtars, in Gallia's land
To die a Chriſtian by a treacherous hand.
A youth like this, for looks and courage bold,
Ne'er did the ſun 'twixt either pole behold;
Rogero call'd: his infancy with care
I nurs'd: Atlantes is the name I bear.
Deſire of fame, but more his cruel chance,
With Agramant allur'd his ſtep to France;
While I, who love him with a parent's love,
Sought him from France and danger to remove:
For this alone I rais'd the ſtately tower,
To keep Rogero's life from fortune's power:

With gallant dames and knights I fill'd the place,
With many others of the nobleſt race;
That, though deny'd to leave this ſafe retreat,
Society might make his bondage ſweet.
Alas! if like your gentle looks, you bear
A gentle heart, in pity hear my prayer.
That buckler take, which I with joy reſign,
And take that flying ſteed which once was mine.
Nay, all my priſoners, if thou ſeek'ſt, receive,
So thou alone wilt my Rogero leave.
But if, alas! ev'n him thou would'ſt remove;
Before thou lead'ſt to France the youth I love,
Ah! let me by thy pitying ſword be ſlain,
And free this ſpirit from her houſe of pain.
To this the maid—Thy fruitleſs plaints give o'er,
For know I will the captive knight reſtore.
Is then Rogero here confin'd with care,
T' avoid the threatening influence of his ſtar!
O blind to fate! or, grant thou canſt foreſee,
What human power ſhall alter Heaven's decree?
But if thy preſent chance was ne'er foreſhown,
How ſhall another's chance by thee be known?
Requeſt not death from me; ſuch prayers are vain:
Or if ſincere thou ſeek'ſt to end thy pain;

Though

Though all the world denies, the noble mind
Can from itſelf its own diſmiſſion find,
But firſt ſet wide the caſtle gate with ſpeed,
And let thy priſoners all from bonds be freed.

Now near they came, where on the rocky ſide
A narrow cleft the watchful virgin ſpy'd,
By which the ſteps, in windings from the mead,
To the high ſummit of the mountain lead.

Atlantes from the threſhold mov'd a ſtone,
Where myſtic ſigns and characters were ſhown:
Beneath were veſſels, whence was ſeen expire
Sulphureous ſmoke that came from hidden fire.

All theſe the ſorc'rer broke; and ſudden grew
The country deſert, comfortleſs to view!
As oft from nets the thruſhes take their flight,
So ſwift the necromancer flew from ſight:
At once with him, diſſolv'd to empty air,
The vaniſh'd caſtle left the mountain bare.
Surpris'd, themſelves the knights and ladies found
From ſtately rooms remov'd to open ground:
While many view'd their preſent ſtate with pain,
And wiſh'd for pleaſing ſlavery again.
Gradaſſo, Sacripant were there to ſee:
The knight Praſildo too, from priſon free,

Who

Who with Rinaldo came from eaſtern lands:
Iroldo, join'd with him in friendly bands.
Here noble Bradamant with joy perceiv'd
Her lov'd Rogero, him for whom ſhe griev'd;
Who, when he ſaw the beauteous maid, expreſs'd
The grateful tranſports of an amorous breaſt.
From ſhameful bondage freed, the warriors came,
Where in the valley ſtood the conquering dame;
And where the wondrous courſer they beheld,
That bore the buckler in the veil conceal'd.
Rogero now to ſeize his reins eſſay'd,
And near the knight the gentle courſer ſtay'd.
This was Atlantes' work, whoſe aged breaſt
A thouſand anxious boding fears oppreſs'd.
The youth from good Frontino leaps with ſpeed,
(Frontino was the champion's generous ſteed)
And dares the ſtrong-plum'd courſer to beſtride,
And claps his goring rowels in his ſide:
He runs awhile, till riſing from the plain,
He ſpurns the ground beneath and ſoars amain.
So when the maſter gives the falcon way,
At once he ſhoots to ſeize the flying prey.
The maid, alarm'd, beheld with ſhuddering ſight,
Her dear Rogero in this dangerous plight:

His

His course she follows through the distant skies,
While yet his course she reaches with her eyes,
Even when the distance leaves her eyes behind,
She follows still and views him in her mind;
Then, while her bosom heaves with tender wo,
And down her cheeks the tears unbidden flow,
Departing, takes Frontino by the rein,
In hopes to give him to his lord again.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO is carried by the flying horſe to Alcina's iſland, where he finds a knight transformed to a myrtle, who gives him an account of his transformation. Rogero is oppoſed in his paſſage by a troop of monſters, and is afterwards accoſted by two ladies belonging to Alcina: he defeats the gianteſs Eriphila, arrives at the palace of Alcina, and is ſeduced by her allurements. Bradamant, being in great affliction for his abſence, Meliſſa comforts her, and undertakes to deliver him. Rogero eſcapes from Alcina, and travels towards the country of Logiſtilla, in ſpite of all the obſtacles raiſed to oppoſe him: beauties of Logiſtilla's habitation. Departure of Rogero on the griffin horſe; he returns to Europe, viſits England, and is preſent at a review of the forces raiſed to the aſſiſtance of Charlemain. He then paſſes near the iſland of Ebuda, where he ſees Angelica expoſed to be devoured by a ſea monſter.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO.

SWIFT flew the winged ſteed, nor knew the knight
To rule the reins, or check his rapid flight,
While low beneath him, ſtretch'd in wide ſurvey,
The varied earth's extended ſurface lay;
So far remote, that ſcarce his eye deſcries
Where the vales ſink, or where the mountains riſe:
The griffin ſteers to where in weſtern ſtreams
The ſun deſcends when Cancer feels his beams:
He now has left Europa's climes afar,
A mighty ſpace beyond that region, where
Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages paſt,
His boundary to wandering ſeamen plac'd.
At length he ſeems preparing, tir'd with flight,
In airy rings upon an iſle to light.

There cultur'd plains and graſſy hills appear,
Green meadows, flowery banks, and waters clear;
Delightful groves, where palms and laurels grew,
Cedars, and myrtles, pleaſing to the view:
With flowers and fruits the orange ſtands between;
All intermix'd, a various ſylvan ſcene!
Whoſe grateful ſhades afford a ſafe retreat
For ſhelter from the ſun's meridian heat.
Amid the boughs ſecure, with fluttering wing,
The nightingales with tuneful voices ſing;
While 'midſt the roſes red, and lilies fair,
For ever nurs'd by kindly Zephyr's care,
The nimble hares, in wanton mazes, play'd;
And ſtately ſtags with branching antlers ſtray'd:
Without the fear of hoſtile hands they ſtood
To crop, or ruminate, their graſſy food.

Soon as the earth ſo nigh Rogero found,
To reach with ſafety, on th' enamell'd ground
With gladſome heart he leaps, but ſtill detains
His flying courſer by the ſtraiten'd reins;
Till, 'twixt a laurel and a pine-tree plac'd,
He to a verdant myrtle ties him faſt.
Near this a cool and cryſtal fountain flows,
Which fruitful palms and cedars round encloſe.

His

His helm and buckler here aſide he threw;
And from his hands his warlike gauntlets drew.
Now to the hills he turn'd, and now the ſeas,
Receiving in his face the kindly breeze,
Which gently in the oaks and beeches play'd,
Whoſe waving tops a pleaſing murmur made.
Now in the limpid ſtream he bathes his lips;
And now his hands within the water dips,
To cool his throbbing pulſe, and veins that glow'd,
Oppreſt beneath his maſſy armour's load.
Meantime his courſer, ſtruck with ſudden fear,
As from ſome object in the covert near,
Drew ſtartled back—to looſe his bands he try'd,
And ſhook the myrtle where his reins were ty'd;
Shook with ſuch force, as made the leaves around
Fall from the boughs, and ſtrow in heaps the ground;
When writh'd with pain th' offended tree appear'd,
Till, groaning, from its bark theſe words were heard.

If pity in your breaſt can entrance find,
As ſure your looks proclaim a courteous mind,
From my torn trunk unbind this monſter's rein:
Enough my own afflictions give me pain!
Nor need, alas! external rage be ſhown
T' increaſe the woes I have already known.

Rogero ſtarted at the vocal ſound,
But when his ears the wondrous ſpeaker found,
Amaz'd he haſten'd and his ſteed unty'd,
His glowing face with flufhing colour dy'd.
Forgive my crime, whate'er thou art (he ſaid)
Or parted ghoſt, or goddeſs of the ſhade!
Yet, gracious ſtill, refuſe not to declare
Thy name that doſt ſo ſtrange a body wear,
In which enclos'd a living ſpirit lies;
So Heaven defend thee from inclement ſkies!
Rogero ceas'd; the trembling myrtle ſhook
From head to foot, and thus in anſwer ſpoke.
A Paladin of France was I, by name
Aſtolpho call'd, and not unknown to fame.
Orlando and Rinaldo (who ſhall grace
With mighty deeds the earth) partake my race;
And, at my father Otho's death, the land
Of England would have fall'n to my command.
So fair was I, that many a damſel ſought
My love, till I my own deſtruction wrought.
Returning from thoſe iſles, around whoſe ſhores,
Remote from hence, the Indian ocean roars;
Where good Rinaldo and myſelf, detain'd
With others, long in priſons dark remain'd:

There,

There, as our way and cruel fortune drew,
One morn we chanc'd a ſtately tower to view,
And iſſu'd thence Alcina we eſpy'd
Alone, and ſtanding by the ocean's ſide;
Where without hook or net, by magic power,
She drew unnumber'd fiſhes to the ſhore.
At her command, the dolphins left the ſtream;
With open mouths the mighty tunnies came;
The ſea-calves, riſing troubled from their ſleep,
Forſook their beds, and haſten'd from the deep:
The monſters of the ſeas, tremendous whales
Above the water ſhow'd their ample ſcales.
Now on my face ſhe caſt her eager ſight,
And ſeem'd to view my features with delight,
Then, near advancing, with a ſmiling look,
With courteous, ſoft deportment, thus ſhe ſpoke.
Sir knight! if you conſent awhile to ſtay,
And kindly here vouchſafe to paſs the day,
I'll ſhow you, in the progreſs of my ſport,
Of countleſs fiſhes every different ſort;
Or if you would a Syren view, whoſe voice
With tuneful muſic makes the waves rejoice,
Hence let us paſs, and reach yon neighbouring ſhore
To which ſhe comes at this accuſtom'd hour.

As thus ſhe ſaid, a monſtrous whale ſhe ſhow'd,
That ſeem'd a little iſland in the flood.
While I too raſhly (which I now lament)
Believ'd her words, and on the monſter went:
Rinaldo, Dudon, beckon'd, but in vain;
Not all their cares my raſh attempt reſtrain.
Alcina, with a ſmile, my ſteps purſu'd,
And left the two as on the ſtrand they ſtood.
The whale, inſtructed well in her deſign,
Began to move, and cleave the foamy brine:
Alcina ſooth'd my fear, as all the day,
And next enſuing night, we held our way
Amidſt the waves; at length this iſle we gain,
Where falſe Alcina holds uſurping reign,
And ſeeks to chace, with unremitting hate,
A blameleſs ſiſter from her rightful ſtate;
Fair Logiſtella, whoſe paternal lands
Had all been wreſted from her virtuous hands,
But that a gulph her kingdom here defends,
And there a mountain's ridgy height aſcends.
Alcina gave me nameleſs joys to taſte,
And all on me her ardent paſſion plac'd:
France I forgot, each dearer care beſide,
And love alone my amorous thoughts employ'd.

Her former lovers ſhe eſteem'd no more,
For many lovers ſhe poſſeſs'd before:
I was her joy, was with her night and day,
And all the reſt my high commands obey.——
But why recall thoſe happy hours, and know
That every former bliſs is turn'd to wo!
Too late, alas! I found her wavering mind
In love inconſtant as the changing wind!
Rejected ſoon, I join'd the baniſh'd herd
That loſt her love, as others were preferr'd.
Leſt theſe, o'er diſtant lands and nations ſpread,
Should e'er divulge the ſhameful life ſhe led,
Some here, ſome there, her potent charms reſtrain
In various forms impriſon'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd,
Or ſuch as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains ſome, and ſome in beaſts confin'd,
As ſuits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
On you, ſir knight, that in ill hour have found,
By ways uncommon, this enchanted ground,
Alcina every pleaſure ſhall beſtow
Of mortals loſt in ſenſual bliſs below;
But ſoon the general fate muſt be your own,
Chang'd to a beaſt, a fountain, tree, or ſtone.

Rogero, who Aſtolpho knew by fame
The valiant couſin to his beauteous dame,
Much for his ſtrange unheard-of fortune mourn'd,
Whoſe form was to a ſenſeleſs myrtle turn'd;
And for her ſake, whoſe love his boſom fir'd,
T' aſſiſt th' unhappy warrior much deſir'd:
But here his power no further aid affords
Than kind conſoling tears, and friendly words;
He can no more!—and now he ſeeks to know
If he to Logiſtilla's lands might go,
By any windings over hill or plain,
To ſhun the ſnares of falſe Alcina's reign.
A different path there lay (the myrtle ſaid)
Which through rough crags and thorny thickets led,
If to the hill he kept the better hand;
But hard the paſs, for there a numerous band
Of armed men were plac'd to guard the land.
His thanks Rogero to the myrtle paid,
Then bade adieu, and parted from the ſhade,
Inſtructed well: he takes the reins to lead,
But dares not mount again the flying ſteed.
Now, as he paſs'd along the ocean's ſide,
Alcina's ſtately city he deſcry'd;
Then left the plain and beaten path, that ſtraight
Led o'er the meadow to the lofty gate;

And to the right, that tow'rds the mountain lay,
The warrior more ſecurely took his way.
But ſoon an hideous crew oppos'd his courſe,
With ſavage fury, and with brutal force.
A crew ſo ſtrange was never ſeen before,
That ſuch deform'd and monſtrous figures wore.
Some from the neck below appear'd like men,
While heads of apes and cats above were ſeen;
Some, running, ſtamp'd with goatiſh feet the road,
And ſome the ſhape of nimble centaurs ſhow'd.
Laſcivious youths were there, and old men mad;
Some naked, ſome in hairy veſtments clad.
One, without reins, a ſpeedy courſer rides;
This, a ſlow aſs; and that, an ox beſtrides:
Some on a centaur's back their ſeat maintain;
Some preſs the oſtrich, eagle, or the crane.
The captain of the band was there beheld,
His face was bloated, and his paunch was ſwell'd;
Upon a tortoiſe heavily he ſate,
And mov'd along the field in tardy ſtate;
His limbs ſupported as he paſs'd along;
Drowſy with wine his heavy eye-lids hung.
All theſe the knight on every ſide enclos'd,
All theſe in growing ſwarms his courſe oppos'd:

In vain with dauntleſs heart his ſword he drew,
In vain he ſought to force th' ungodly crew;
When ſudden from the gate appear'd in ſight
(Where ſhone the walls with golden ſplendor bright)
Two lovely dames, whoſe air and habit ſhow'd
That not to lineage mean their birth they ow'd;
Nor ſeem'd brought up in humble cottage ſtate,
But bred in rich apartments of the great.
Each on a beauteous unicorn was plac'd,
Whoſe ſnowy hue the ermin's white defac'd.
At once on every ſide diſperſe the bands:
The ladies to the knight preſent their hands,
Who now, with glowing cheeks, at their requeſt,
To ſeek the golden gate his courſe addreſs'd.
The ornaments that o'er the portal riſe,
And jutting forward ſeem to meet the eyes,
On every ſide are richly cover'd round
With jewels, that in eaſtern climes abound.
Huge ſtately columns, by a maſter-hand
Of di'mond fram'd, the ſolid weight ſuſtain'd.
So fair a ſtructure ne'er before was ſeen
To ſate the raviſh'd eyes of mortal men!
Before the threſhold wanton damſels wait,
Or ſport between the pillars of the gate:

But

But beauty more had brighten'd in their face,
Had modeſty attemper'd every grace.
In veſtures green each damſel ſwept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
Theſe, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this ſweet paradiſe of ſoft delight;
Where feſtive pleaſures every day employ,
Where every moment paſſes wing'd with joy.
No thoughts of hoary age depreſs the mind,
Nor care, nor want, can here an entrance find;
While, with her horn, obſequious Plenty ſtands,
To pour her riches forth from willing hands;
And with a ſmiling front, for ever clear,
Inviting April revels through the year.
Enamour'd youths, and tender damſels, ſeem
To chant their loves beſide a purling ſtream.
Some, by a branching tree, or mountain's ſhade,
In ſports and dances preſs the downy glade;
While one diſcloſes to his friend, apart,
The ſecret tranſports of his amorous heart.
High o'er the beech and oak, with fluttering plume,
High o'er the lofty pine and laurel-gloom,
The little loves in ſportive circles fly,
And view their triumphs with exulting eye:

One at a lover's breaſt his weapon aims;
With fraudful art his net another frames:
Here in the ſtream they temper ſhafts, and there
On circling ſtone their blunted points repair.
A ſtately courſer now was given the knight,
Of colour bay, and gallant in the fight;
His coſtly trappings, glorious to behold,
Were all with jewels deck'd, and ſhone with gold.
The old magician's ſteed, of winged kind,
A youth receiv'd, and ſlowly led behind.
The damſels who ſo late diſpers'd the band
That durſt Rogero's purpos'd courſe withſtand,
Thus to the knight their gentle ſpeech addreſs'd:
My lord! your valorous heart, this day confeſs'd,
Has rais'd our courage from your hand to claim
A taſk that well befits your matchleſs fame.
Soon ſhall we come, where in our way there glides
A flood, that in two parts the plain divides:
A cruel wretch, we Eriphila name,
Defends the bridge and paſſage of the ſtream:
On all that tempt the paſs ſhe furious flies;
Dreadful ſhe looks, a gianteſs in ſize!
Poiſonous her bite, long tuſhes arm her jaws;
And like a bear's her nails and ſhaggy paws:

Know,

Know, that the monſtrous crew, whoſe fury late
Oppos'd your courſe without the golden gate,
Her offspring are; like her for prey they luſt,
And like their dam are cruel and unjuſt.
Rogero then: Not one alone demand,
But aſk a hundred battles at my hand.
Whate'er defence my proweſs can afford,
Is yours—command my perſon and my ſword:
'Tis hence, theſe ſhining arms my limbs enfold,
Not lands to conquer, or to purchaſe gold,
But to diſplay to all my guardian care,
Much more to dames ſo courteous and ſo fair.
The dames return'd him thanks with grateful heart,
In words that equall'd well his great deſert.
In converſe thus they paſs'd, till near they drew,
Where both the bridge and ſtream appear'd in view:
There they the guardian of the paſs behold
With jewels blazing rich on arms of gold:
The ruby red, the chryſolite was ſeen,
The yellow topaz, and the emerald green.
Her giant bulk no common ſteed beſtrode;
A mighty wolf ſuſtain'd her ponderous load:
A wolf ſhe rode; and o'er the river croſt,
With ſtately trappings of no vulgar coſt.

Rais'd

Rais'd on her creſt, and in her targe ſhe held
A pictur'd toad with loathſome poiſon ſwell'd.
The damſels ſhow'd her to th' expecting knight,
Where, from the bridge, ſhe ſtood prepar'd for fight:
She bade Rogero turn: he nought reply'd,
But graſp'd his ſpear, and her to fight defy'd:
Nor leſs the gianteſs, with active heat,
Spurr'd her huge wolf, and fix'd her in the ſeat;
And, as ſhe ran, her ſpear in reſt ſhe took,
While trembling earth beneath her fury ſhook:
But ſoon o'erthrown, ſupine her limbs were ſpread;
So ſtrong Rogero ſtruck beneath her head,
That, forc'd before the dreadful lance to yield,
Six feet beyond ſhe tumbled on the field.
Then ſwift he drew his falchion from his ſide,
Her head from her huge body to divide;
But here the ladies cry'd—Enough, ſir knight!
No further urge the vengeance of the fight:
Behold her quell'd—then ſheath your conquering ſword,
Let us our way reſume, and paſs the ford.
This ſaid; they for a while their courſe purſu'd
Amidſt the covert of a mazy wood,
Thence through a narrow craggy path they went,
And reach'd at length the hill, with ſteep aſcent;

Where,

Where, on a ſpacious plain, the youth beheld
A ſumptuous pile that every pile excell'd.
Here firſt of all her court Alcina preſs'd,
Impatient to receive the ſtranger gueſt.
Fair is the dome; but fairer are the train
Whoſe angel forms its ſtately walls contain!
Alcina yet excels the reſt by far,
As Phœbus' rays obſcure each feeble ſtar.
Her matchleſs perſon every charm combin'd,
Form'd in th' idea of a painter's mind.
Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets roll'd
Down her ſoft neck, and ſeem'd like waving gold.
Her cheeks with lilies mix the bluſhing roſe;
Her forehead high like poliſh'd ivory ſhows.
Beneath two arching brows with ſplendor ſhone
Her ſparkling eyes, each eye a radiant ſun!
Here artful glances, winning looks appear,
And wanton Cupid lies in ambuſh here:
'Tis hence he bends his bow, he points his dart,
'Tis hence he ſteals th' unwary gazer's heart.
Her noſe ſo truly ſhap'd, the faultleſs frame
Not envy can deface, nor art can blame.
Her lips beneath, with pure vermilion bright,
Preſent two rows of orient pearl to ſight:

Here

Here thoſe ſoft words are form'd, whoſe power detains
Th' obdurate ſoul in love's alluring chains;
And here the ſmiles receive their infant birth,
Whoſe ſweets reveal a paradiſe on earth.
Her arms well turn'd, and of a dazzling hue,
With perfect beauty gratify'd the view.
Her taper fingers long and fair to ſee,
From every riſing vein and ſwelling free;
And from her veſt below, with new delight,
Her ſlender foot attracts the lover's ſight.
In all ſhe did, her ready ſnares were hung,
Whether ſhe ſpoke, or mov'd, or laugh'd, or ſung.
No more Rogero can the myrtle truſt,
No more believe her cruel and unjuſt.

Now, while they feaſt, the lute and tuneful lyre
Th' enraptur'd ſoul with harmony inſpire:
Through the wide dome the trembling muſic floats,
And undulating air conveys the notes.
One with ſoft lays would tender boſoms move,
And paints the paſſions and the joys of love;
Or ſweetly bids inventive fancy riſe,
That brings poetic viſions to the eyes.
Not all the feſtivals in ſtory told,
By Syrian luxury prepar'd of old;

Not that which Cleopatra's royal board
With pomp diſplay'd before her Latian lord;
Could with this ſumptuous banquet claim regard,
Which for the knight th' enamour'd dame prepar'd:
Not ſuch is ſeen, when Ganymede above
His ſervice miniſters to mighty Jove!

Whate'er can charm the heart, or lure the ſenſe
To full delight, theſe happy feats diſpenſe:
The feaſt, the game, the race, their joys enhance,
The ſcene, the bath, the tilting, and the dance.
Now by clear ſtreams, with grateful ſhade o'ercaſt,
They read the amorous lays of ages paſt;
Now 'midſt deep vales or ſmiling hills prepare
To hunt the mazes of the fearful hare;
Now with ſagacious dogs the buſh they beat,
To rouſe the whirring pheaſants from their ſeat;
Now for the thruſh fallacious ſpringes ſet;
Now the ſweet juniper with birdlime wet:
Now with barb'd hook or meſhy net they try
From quiet floods to drag the ſcaly fry.

While thus Rogero lives a joyous gueſt,
A thouſand fears diſturb'd his fair one's breaſt;
But that enchantreſs, whoſe benignant mind
Reveal'd to Bradamant her race deſign'd,

Who loſt in ſhameful peace the warrior ſees,
In wanton feaſting and luxurious eaſe,
Reſolves through irkſome ways of toil and pain,
To bring the youth to virtue's path again:
For old Atlantes ſought from dangerous ſtrife,
To guard in ſeats remote Rogero's life;
And rather wiſh'd him thus to lead his days,
Than change a year of ſhame for endleſs praiſe.
He ſent him to Alcina's iſle afar,
There to forget the ſound of arms and war;
And, as a ſage well vers'd in magic art,
He bound in chains ſo firm the fairy's heart,
She ne'er again her love ſhould diſengage,
Though good Rogero liv'd to Neſtor's age.

From realm to realm Meliſſa thoughtful paſt,
And wandering Amon's daughter met at laſt;
When, ſtruck with grief, th' unhappy virgin heard
Her lover priſoner, and his mind enſnar'd
With pleaſure's poiſon'd bait: but ſoon to calm
Her breaſt, th' enchantreſs pours the healing balm.
Give me (ſhe cry'd) the ring, whoſe powerful charm
The wearer ſhields from every magic harm:
Soon will I put Alcina's arts to flight,
Who now detains your lover from your ſight.

Meliſſa

Meliſſa ſpoke; and to the liſtening dame
Her purpoſe told; to draw the youth from ſhame;
And ſend him back once more to France and fame.

Then from her hand the noble damſel gave
The wondrous ring; nor this alone to ſave
The knight had given, but with an equal mind
Had ſent her heart, and life itſelf reſign'd.
She gives the ring, and to her care commends
Herſelf, her lover more; to him ſhe ſends
A thouſand greetings that her truth diſplay,
And, parting, to Provence directs her way.
A different path the ſage Meliſſa paſs'd;
And ſoon as evening-ſhade the ſkies o'ercaſt,
She rais'd a palfrey by her magic art,
With one foot red, but black each other part:
On this ſhe mounted; both her feet were bare,
Ungirt her gown, and looſe her flowing hair.
And thence ſo ſwift through yielding clouds ſhe flew,
Next morn Alcina's iſle appear'd in view.
Arriv'd, a ſtrange illuſion to the ſight!
She adds a foot of ſtature to her height;
While every limb enlarg'd like his appears,
Who nurs'd Rogero in his infant years:
A hoary beard ſhe fixes on her chin,
And fills with wrinkles all her wither'd ſkin:

So well ſhe feigns his ſpeech, his voice, his air,
It ſeems as if Atlantes' ſelf was there.
Now, to her wiſh, ſhe found the youth retir'd
To taſte the freſhneſs which the morn inſpir'd,
Beſide a ſtream, that from the hill's deſcent
To a clear lake with gentle murmur went.
His garments, with effeminacy made,
Luxurious ſloth and indolence diſplay'd;
Wrought by Alcina's hands of ſilk and gold,
Mingled with art, and coſtly to behold.
A ſtring of jewels from his neck he wore,
That, to his breaſt deſcending, hung before;
And either warlike arm, that once could wield
The heavieſt weapons in the dreadful field,
A bracelet bound; in either ear he hung
A ring of golden wire, to which was ſtrung
A coſtly pearl, whoſe price by far excell'd
What India or Arabia e'er beheld:
His curling locks, in niceſt order ſet,
Wav'd round his head with liquid odours wet.
In old Atlantes' form th' enchantreſs ſtood
Before the youth, that form he oft had view'd;
With that ſtern eye, and countenance ſevere,
Which, when a child, he us'd ſo much to fear.

Then

Then thus—Are theſe the glorious fruits at laſt
Of all my cares, of all my labours paſt?
Was it for this thy infancy I bred,
With marrow of the bears and lions fed?
Taught thee in gloomy caves, or foreſt lands,
To ſtrangle ſerpents with thy tender hands?
Panthers and tigers of their claws deprive,
And tear their tuſhes from the boars alive,
That, after all, thou ſhouldſt at length appear
Alcina's Atys or Adonis here?
'Twas promis'd from thy birth, when thou hadſt gain'd
The ripening years which now thou haſt attain'd,
That not a chief ſhould match thy boundleſs praiſe—
And wouldſt thou thus thy boaſted trophies raiſe! 486
Thus wouldſt thou rival Alexander's name,
Thus gain a Cæſar's or a Scipio's fame?
If, for thyſelf, ſhame cannot move thy mind,
Nor the great deeds that Heaven for thee deſign'd,
No longer from thy godlike race withhold
The future good my lips have oft foretold;
A race (ſo fate decrees) to mortal eyes
More dear than Phœbus' light that gilds the ſkies!
Nor blaſt the promis'd palms, which virtue yields
In peaceful councils or triumphant fields,

By which thy ſons, and each ſucceeding name,
Shall give to Italy her former fame.
How has this queen thy fond affections won,
But thouſands, like herſelf, the ſame had done?
Of all the numbers that her arts believ'd,
Thou know'ſt what recompenſe their loves receiv'd.
But that thou may'ſt Alcina's faith behold,
I will her frauds and each diſguiſe unfold.
This ring receive, and to the dame repair;
Then mark if ſhe deſerves the name of fair.

She ceas'd; nor aught abaſh'd Rogero ſaid,
But ſilent hung to earth his drooping head.
Soon as the wondrous ring his finger preſs'd,
Such deep remorſe his conſcious ſoul confeſs'd,
He wiſh'd that yawning earth would open wide,
His viſage from the face of man to hide.

Her taſk perform'd, aſide th' enchantreſs threw
Her borrow'd form, and ſtood diſclos'd to view.
That maid, ſhe cry'd, whoſe fond affections burn
For thee, and merit well a kind return;
To whom reflect what gratitude demands,
For freedom late recover'd at her hands;
This ring, a ſafe defence from magic art,
Here ſends by me, and would have ſent her heart,

If aught her heart avail'd to give thee aid:
The love of Bradamant ſhe then diſplay'd,
And, with her other noble virtues join'd,
Extoll'd the courage of her dauntleſs mind.
As when a child, who ripen'd fruit has ſtor'd,
In time forgetful of his former hoard,
By fortune to the place again convey'd,
Where many days before his truſt was laid,
Beholds th' unthought-of change with vaſt ſurprize,
Obſcene and putrid, hateful to his eyes!
Rogero thus, by ſage Meliſſa ſent,
When to Alcina's ſight again he went,
For that fair dame, the faireſt of the fair,
Whom late he left, now, wondrous to declare,
A ſhape ſo loathſome ſaw, that ſearch around,
One more deform'd and old could ne'er be found.
Her face was wrinkled, ſharp, and pale of hue,
Her hair was turn'd to grey, and thinly grew;
Six ſpans in ſtature could ſhe ſcarcely boaſt,
And every tooth her gums, diſarm'd, had loſt;
As if her life more length of years had ſeen
Than Cuma's propheteſs, or Priam's queen.
Yet, by Meliſſa warn'd, he ſtill ſuppreſs'd
The ſecret purpoſe of his wary breaſt:

At length his arms he ſeiz'd, that long had laid
Neglected, and his manly limbs array'd:
But firſt, each light ſuſpicion to remove,
He told Alcina he deſir'd to prove
If, living thus a recreant from the field,
His hands could yet their wonted weapons wield.
Then Baliſarda girding to his ſide,
So was his falchion nam'd, of temper try'd,
He took the buckler, whoſe enchanted blaze
Diſtracts the fainting eyes of all that gaze;
And with the ſilken covering o'er it hung,
The maſſy weight acroſs his ſhoulders flung.
Then to the ſtall he went, and bade with ſpeed
To fit the reins and ſaddle on a ſteed
Of coal-black hue: Meliſſa choſe the horſe;
For well ſhe knew his ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Him Rabicano nam'd, and once the right
Of fam'd Aſtolpho, with that hapleſs knight
Who late was fix'd a myrtle on the ſhore,
The watry monſter to this iſland bore,
Rogero all the maid's advice purſu'd,
Who, ſtill inviſible, beſide him ſtood;
Then from the fatal palace ſwift he rode,
That ancient harlot's infamous abode;

And with impatience to the portal fled,
That tow'rds the realms of Logiſtilla led.
The fatal tidings ſoon Alcina heard,
Rogero had eſcap'd and forc'd the guard;
At this ſuch grief was o'er her ſenſes ſpread,
That, for a time, her inmoſt ſoul was dead:
She tore her garments, and her face ſhe bruis'd,
And oft of mad neglect herſelf accus'd.
Then ſwift to arms ſhe ſummon'd all her crew,
When ſoon around her gather'd forces drew:
Of theſe two bands ſhe fram'd, while one ſhe ſent
T' explore the path her lov'd Rogero went;
The other to the harbour took their way,
And there, with ſpeed embarking, put to ſea:
Their ſails, unnumber'd, all the ſtream o'ercaſt:
With theſe the deſolate Alcina paſs'd;
And ſo Rogero had poſſeſs'd her mind,
Her palace left without a guard behind.
This gave Meliſſa, plac'd in ſecret there,
An ample time her miſchiefs to repair;
To free the wretches who had long remain'd
In hapleſs ſtate, in cruel thraldom chain'd.
Around the palace, ſearching every part,
She ſaw the ſpells of her malicious art;

The magic ſeals from many a place ſhe took;
A thouſand myſtic forms and figures broke.
Then o'er each field ſhe paſs'd, each mead or grove;
Where the ſad victims of Alcina's love,
That hid in fountains, trees, or beaſts, deplor'd
Their hopeleſs change, ſhe to their ſhapes reſtor'd:
Theſe, when they once their forms recover'd view'd,
The brave Rogero's ſteps in haſte purſu'd
To Logiſtilla, parting thence in peace
To Scythia, Perſia, India, and to Greece.
Aſtolpho then each manly grace regain'd,
And, by Meliſſa's means, his arms obtain'd,
With that fam'd lance of gold, which forc'd to yield
The ſtrongeſt warrior in the venturous field.
This done, ſhe mounts the horſe that cuts the wind,
Then ſeats Aſtolpho on the ſteed behind,
And thence to purer ſeats directs her way,
Where Logiſtilla rules with virtuous ſway.

Meanwhile Rogero pac'd along the ſtrand
Beſide the ſea o'er tracts of burning ſand:
The ſun upon his arms its beams impreſs'd,
And his hot cuiraſs glow'd upon his breaſt.
The ſilent birds were hid in ſhades profound,
The graſshopper alone, with tedious ſound,

While

While in the leafy ſhade conceal'd he lies,
Deafens the hills, the vales, the ſeas and ſkies.
At length, reclin'd beneath an ancient tower,
He ſaw three damſels landed on the ſhore;
That late Alcina's ſumptuous palace grac'd:
On Alexandrian carpets vaſes plac'd,
With wines and coſtly cates allur'd the taſte.
Their bark attending at the ſtrand was ty'd,
Where the calm waters gently lav'd its ſide,
In expectation till the ſleeping gales
Should riſe again to fill the flagging ſails.
When near Rogero drew, whoſe lips appear'd
All parch'd with thirſt, his face with duſt beſmear'd,
In courteous words the dames addreſs'd the knight,
And begg'd him from his courſer to alight,
With them awhile, in ſweet retirement laid,
To reſt his weary limbs beneath the ſhade.
And now prepar'd a ſmiling damſel ſtands
To hold his ſtirrup with officious hands;
Another lifts on high the ſparkling bowl,
And with a fiercer thirſt inflames his ſoul.
But he, who knew the time forbade delay,
Regardleſs of their wiles, ſtill held his way.
Thou art not (loud the dame indignant cry'd)
A knight, nor yet to gentle blood ally'd:

The arms thou wear'ſt, thy theft alone could gain;
Thy theft alone that generous ſteed obtain:
Soon ſhall I ſee thee yield thy daſtard breath
By caitiff hands, and by a ſhameful death:
Thy worthleſs aſhes ſcatter'd to the wind—
Ingrate and proud! the ſcandal of thy kind!

Theſe words and more, from paſſions ſwelling high,
Rogero heard, but deign'd not to reply.
Then, with her ſiſters, where their veſſel lay,
She went on board, and through the watery way
Urg'd all her ſpeed, and haſtening every oar,
Purſu'd his courſe along the winding ſhore;
While her foul lips, accuſtom'd well to rail,
With every keen reproach his ears aſſail.

Now view'd Rogero, with a glad ſurvey,
Where croſs the narrow ſeas his paſſage lay
To Logiſtilla; whence he ſoon eſpy'd
An ancient ſire, that from the adverſe ſide
Unmoor'd his bark: the bark Rogero takes,
And iſſuing to the ſea the ſtrand forſakes;
Still as he paſs'd diſcourſing with the ſage,
By long experience taught and wiſe with age.

The pilot much extoll'd the youthful knight,
Who timely from Alcina took his flight,

T' eſcape her ſnares; and now with purer thought
The virtuous domes of Logiſtilla ſought;
Whoſe everlaſting joys ſuch ſweets diſpenſe,
As feed the ſoul, yet never cloy the ſenſe.
She will to nobler feats your thoughts advance,
Than ſinging, bathing, tilting, and the dance;
Teach how th' expanded ſoul can mount on high,
Beyond the cloudy vapours of the ſky;
And how on earth the mortal part may prove
A taſte of peace that crowns the bleſt above.

Thus ſpeaking, through the flood the pilot ſteer'd,
While diſtant yet the ſafer ſhore appear'd:
When lo! a numerous ſail of ſhips they 'ſpy'd,
That with ſpread canvas ſkimm'd along the tide.
So ſwift their daſhing oars the ſeamen ply,
To either land the frothy waters fly:
Reſound the ſeas; reſounds each crooked ſhore,
And Echo, from her caves, returns the roar.

Now, now, thy magic ſhield, Rogero, ſhow,
Or yield thy life, or freedom to the foe!

Thus Logiſtilla's pilot eager cry'd,
And, at the word, he threw the veil aſide,
Reveal'd the dazzling light, whoſe beams expos'd,
In darkneſs every hoſtile eye-lid clos'd;

Some

Some headlong quit the prow; while others fall
From the high poop: one ſleep o'erwhelms them all!
A centinel, that on the watch-tower ſtood,
Beheld Alcina's veſſels in the flood:
The bell then gave th' alarm—a warrior band
Pour'd from the fort and crowded all the ſtrand;
Th' artillery from the walls its rage employ'd,
Which, like a ſtorm, Rogero's foes annoy'd;
And thus from every part aſſiſtance came,
To ſave his life, his liberty, and fame.
Of beauteous form, four virgins trod the ſhore,
Whom Logiſtilla timely ſent before:
Fair Andronica, firſt in valour plac'd,
The wiſe Phroneſia, and Dicilla chaſte,
With pure Sophroſyne, who ever preſs'd
In ſacred virtue's cauſe above the reſt.
Beneath the caſtle, in the ſheltering bay,
A numerous fleet of ready veſſels lay:
Thus either force once more to combat drew,
And both by land and ſea the war renew.
Alcina, anxious to prevent his flight,
Not only loſt her lover and her knight,
But from that fleet, whoſe countleſs ſails diſplay'd,
Caſt o'er the ſubject ſeas a dreadful ſhade,

While on the reſt the flames reſiſtleſs fed,
Scarce with one bark, alone, eſcaping fled.
Rogero, diſembarking, trod the ſhore
With grateful thanks to Heaven's protecting power,
And with impatient ſteps his way purſu'd
To where the fairy's ſtately palace ſtood.
Thick ſet with ſtones that dart their mingled rays,
The walls, with more than mortal luſtre, blaze!
Not ſo the diamond ſhifts its trembling beam;
Not ſo the ruby flames with ruddy gleam.
On theſe immortal gems who turns his eyes,
Beholds the mind in all her colours riſe;
Each fault, each virtue views; nor flattery's dreſs
Can blind his ſoul, nor envy's tongue depreſs.
Here rais'd aloft, on ſumptuous arches high,
That ſeem'd the vaſt ſupporters of the ſky,
Were ſpacious gardens, which for beauteous ſhow
Might vanquiſh others ſtretch'd on plains below.
Amidſt the ſhining battlements were ſeen
The trees, of odorous ſcent, with branches green,
Where the fruit ripens, and the bloſſom blows,
Through every ſeaſon that the ſun beſtows.
No plants like theſe in earthly ſoils ariſe,
Nor autumn there ſuch grateful ſhade ſupplies;

Like theſe no violets or lilies bloom,
No roſes breathe like theſe a rich perfume;
Here never-fading verdure clothes the ground,
And with perpetual ſweets the flowers are crown'd.
Not that benignant Nature ſo ordains,
Or with a kindlier power their life ſuſtains,
But Logiſtilla, by her ſkilful care,
Without the help of ſuns or genial air,
What to a vulgar thought may ſtrange appear,
Maintains eternal ſpring throughout the year.
The fairy-dame her pleaſure teſtify'd
To ſee with her ſo brave a knight reſide:
While every one by her example ſtrove
To ſhow the warrior greateſt marks of love.
Aſtolpho, who ere this her palace gain'd,
With friendly looks Rogero entertain'd;
Soon came the reſt, who, in a happy hour,
Regain'd their ſhapes by ſage Meliſſa's power.
Rogero and Aſtolpho now addreſs
The dame with grateful thanks, and humbly preſs
Their fair diſmiſſion thence: Meliſſa joins
The juſt requeſt, and ſeconds their deſigns.
Then with herſelf the fairy counſel took
How beſt t' aſſiſt Rogero and the duke;

At length reſolv'd the horſe that ſoar'd in air,
To Aquitanian ſhores the firſt ſhould bear.
She now prepar'd a bit, with curbing rein,
To rule the courſer and his ſpeed reſtrain;
This done, with care ſhe next inſtructs the knight
To guide with fearleſs hand his wondrous flight.
Then brave Rogero haſten'd to depart,
But firſt his leave he took with grateful heart,
And flying, left her pleaſing feats behind,
Her goodneſs ever treaſur'd in his mind.
O'er ſpacious Quinſai he directs his way,
Thence viewing Mongiana and Cathay;
And now o'er Imaüs his courſe he takes,
Then Sericana to the left forſakes:
Still more declining from the Scythian cold,
To where th' Hircanian ſea his billows roll'd;
At length Sarmatia's ample realm he found,
And, leaving Aſia, entered Europe's bound;
Till many a wide-extended region croſt,
He came at length to England's diſtant coaſt.
One morn he reach'd fair London's ſtately towers,
And ſtay'd his courſe by Thames' far winding ſhores,
Whoſe neighbouring meads diſplay'd a mighty force
Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horſe,

That to the martial fife and trumpet's ſound
In beauteous order ſtretch'd their ranks around.
The good Rinaldo theſe to battle led,
The firſt of knights, and of a hoſt the head.
Rogero wheeling round, with ſwift deſcent,
Now aſk'd a warrior what the concourſe meant.
To him the courteous ſtranger thus reply'd:
Theſe troops, whoſe banners all the country hide,
From Scotland, Ireland, and from England's ſoil
Arrive, and ſome from every neighbouring iſle:
The ready veſſels in the harbour ſtand,
To waft them ſafely to the Gallic land.
The powers of France, beſieg'd by Pagan force,
In theſe ſupplies have plac'd their laſt reſource:
All theſe that ſtretch along the eaſtern lands,
Compoſe the numbers of the Engliſh bands.
Now view the weſt, and forty thouſand there
Of hardy Scotchmen wave their ſigns in air.
Yon lion, plac'd two unicorns between,
That rampant with a ſilver ſword is ſeen,
Is for the king of Scotland's banner known;
Zerbino there encamps, his gallant ſon!
No form ſo graceful can your eyes behold,
For Nature made him, and deſtroy'd her mould.

The title of the duke of Roſs he bears,
No chief with him for dauntleſs mind compares.
While thus Rogero ſees the bands, and hears
The names and titles of the Britiſh peers,
Firſt one, and then another with ſurpriſe
Approaching views his beaſt with ſteadfaſt eyes,
Amaz'd at ſuch a ſtrange unuſual ſight,
And ſoon the circle thickens round the knight.
He, ſwiftly mounting, ſoars upon the wind,
And leaves the gazing multitude behind;
Then, having paſt the ſoil of England o'er
From ſide to ſide, he reach'd Hibernia's ſhore,
And thence he rein'd his courſer o'er the waves,
Where the rough tide the weſtern border laves,
When, looking down, a doleful ſight he ſpy'd,
The fair Angelica in fetters ty'd.
In thoſe lone ſeas, beneath the diſtant ſkies,
Beyond th' Hibernian coaſt an iſland lies,
Eubuda call'd, on whoſe ill-fated ground
Th' inhabitants are now but thinly found.
This iſland's prince a daughter once poſſeſs'd,
With every grace and every virtue bleſt,
Whom ſea-born Proteus to his love compreſs'd.
Moſt hateful to her ſire was this to hear,
Above all others impious and ſevere;

To nature deaf, his unrelenting breath
Condemn'd his hapleſs child to cruel death.
Proteus, to whom is given in charge to keep
The flocks of Neptune, ruler of the deep,
Indignant ſent on ſhore his ſavage train,
The Phocæ, orcs, and monſters of the main,
That not alone their rage on herds employ'd,
But villages and huſbandmen deſtroy'd.
To end this plague the oracle was ſought,
And thence the deputies their anſwer brought.
" That Heaven requir'd them with unwearied care
" To ſeek a damſel, like the former, fair;
" A deſtin'd offering by the roaring tide,
" T' appeaſe the God for her that guiltleſs died."
O! wretched females! in a luckleſs hour
By fortune caſt on this ill-omen'd ſhore,
Where by the waves in cruel watch they ſtand
To ſeize on ſtrangers with an impious hand:
To every port their veſſels ſcour the main,
New victims for the ſacrifice to gain.
A pinnace ſailing ſwift from land to land,
One morn approach'd a ſolitary ſtrand
Where, fearleſs of ſurpriſe, the lovely maid
Unbleſt Angelica aſleep was laid;

Who

Who lately fled Rinaldo's hated ſight,
And on an aged hermit chanc'd to light,
Whoſe magic charms broke off the rivals' fight;
Near the ſalt flood her lonely path ſhe held,
Where on the Gaſcon ſhore the billows ſwell'd,
Till ſpent with toil, beneath a cavern'd ſhade,
The wandering dame her weary palfrey ſtay'd,
Where heavy ſlumber ſoon her eyes oppreſs'd,
And every ſenſe was lock'd in death-like reſt.

Their anchor caſt, the ſeamen ſtopp'd to bring
Wood from the grove, and water from the ſpring;
They ſeiz'd the ſleeping fair, and with their prey
Back to the ſtrand again reſum'd their way:
To the high maſt the bellying canvas ſtrain'd,
The veſſel ſoon the mournful iſland gain'd.
That morn the damſel on the rock was plac'd,
To glut the monſter of the watery waſte,
And on the ſhore her tender frame expos'd,
As nature firſt her naked limbs diſclos'd.

Rogero diſtant view'd, and viewing, thought
Some lovely form, of alabaſter wrought,
Or pureſt marble, by the ſculptor's hand
Was fix'd with art to grace the deſert ſtrand;
But ſoon perceiv'd midſt animated ſnow,
And roſes red, the dewy ſorrows flow,

Which trickling down her panting boſom ſtray'd,
While in her golden hair the zephyrs play'd.
Pity and love, by turns, his ſoul detain,
And ſcarce his kindly tears their courſe reſtrain:
He firſt his winged courſer's ſpeed repreſs'd,
Then gently thus the weeping maid addreſs'd:
O damſel! worthy only of the chains
With which his captives conquering Love reſtrains;
Unworthy this, or any wo to find:
What wretch ſo harden'd, with obdurate mind
Could by the rugged force of iron bands
Compreſs the ſoftneſs of thoſe tender hands?
While yet he ſpoke, her riſing bluſhes ſpread,
So poliſh'd ivory ſhows when ſtain'd with red:
Her face had from her hands concealment found,
But to the flinty rock her hands were bound.
Yet (all ſhe could) a ſhower of tears ſhe ſhed,
And ſtrove to earth to bend her drooping head.
While mingled ſobs and plaints her fate bewail,
A ſudden noiſe prevents her mournful tale.
For, lo! the monſter ploughs the watery field,
Half rais'd above the waves, and half conceal'd.
As fearing Boreas' rage or Auſter's force,
The veſſel to the harbour ſteers her courſe:

So haſtening to his welcome prey is ſeen
The ravenous orc, and ſmall the ſpace between.
Rogero ſaw, but fearleſs at the ſight,
Swift wheeling round began the dreadful fight.
The orc, who ſaw the winged courſer's ſhade,
That here and there upon the waters play'd,
Forſook the certain helpleſs prey in view,
And raging at the empty ſhadow flew;
While, as he turn'd, Rogero ſunk below,
And watchful ply'd with ſtrokes his furious foe.
As when an eagle darting from the ſkies,
Amidſt the graſs a wandering ſerpent ſpies,
Or ſees him on the ſunny bank unfold
His azure glories and his ſcales of gold;
Eager to ſeize, yet cautious ſtill, he fears
Where from his mouth the hiſſing tongue appears,
At length he gripes the prize, then ſpreads his wing,
Nor dreads the terrors of the forky ſting.
Rogero thus, with ſword and ſpear, purſues
Not where his teeth and threatening tuſks he views;
But 'twixt his ears the forceful blow deſcends;
Now on his back, now where his tail extends.
Yet all in vain! his labour nought avails,
No ſteel can pierce th' impenetrable ſcales.

He now reſolves the buckler to diſplay,
And ſtrike his ſenſes with th' enchanted ray;
Then flies to ſhore, and firſt to ſcreen the maid
(Whoſe naked limbs were on the rock diſplay'd)
From the fierce light, he fixes on her hand
The ring that could the magic power withſtand;
The ring, which noble Bradamant before
To ſave her lover from Brunello bore;
And next, to free him from Alcina's bands,
By ſage Meliſſa ſent to Indian lands:
This, with foreſeeing care, he gave the dame
To ſcreen her from his buckler's blazing flame;
And ſave thoſe lovely eyes, whoſe ſoft regard
Already had his amorous heart enſnar'd.
Then ſwift he turns to where the monſter preſs'd
One half the ſea beneath his ample breaſt;
And, ſtanding on the ſhore, the veil he rears,
When lo! another ſun on earth appears!
As, when the ſkies with ſultry vapours glow,
The panting fiſhes faint and ſink below;
So, midſt the billows of the deep, is ſhown
The hideous monſter, horribly o'erthrown!
Rogero then no reſt, no pauſe allows,
But plies him cloſe with unavailing blows.

Ah!

Ah! turn (the damſel cry'd) and looſe my chains,
Before the cruel orc his ſenſe regains.
Ah! rather whelm me in the gaping flood,
Ere theſe poor limbs be made his trembling food.
Rogero, pitying heard, her chains he broke,
And from the cliff the trembling mourner took,
Then plac'd behind him on his ſteed he bore
The maid in ſafety from that cruel ſhore;
While with his fearleſs lord and lovely prize
The rapid courſer cuts the yielding ſkies.
No more his voyage fills Rogero's mind,
He ſeeks no more the Spaniſh coaſt to find;
But to the neighbouring land his flight he guides,
Where leſſer Britain breaks the briny tides;
Where branching oaks a peaceful covert ſcreen,
And Philomela warbles through the ſcene.
Along the meadow pours a purling rill,
On either hand appears a lonely hill.
Th' enamour'd warrior here repreſs'd his ſpeed,
And ſoft deſcended on the verdant mead;
His griffin's wings he now reſtrain'd from flight,
Thoſe wings that never more muſt bear the knight!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ANGELICA, being ſaved from the monſter, leaves Rogero by the help of her enchanted ring. Rogero loſes his flying horſe, and afterwards, being deceived by a magical appearance, is decoyed to the caſtle of Atlantes. Bradamant is once more inſtructed by Meliſſa to deliver him; and, being conducted by her to the place, is deceived, and detained in the ſame caſtle. Orlando, diſturbed with a dream, quits the city of Paris, then beſieged by Agramant, and goes out diſguiſed in ſearch of Angelica: he hears of the cruel cuſtom of the people of Ebuda, and reſolves to go againſt thoſe iſlanders, but, being caſt aſhore by a tempeſt on the coaſt of Flanders, meets with Olympia, who relates her misfortunes. Orlando undertakes to recover her poſſeſſions, and revenge her on her enemy.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

NOW caſting down by chance her baſhful eyes,
Angelica upon her finger ſpies
The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
Brunello ſtole, with which to France ſhe came,
When firſt the Chriſtian camp her brother gain'd,
And with his golden lance ſuch fame obtain'd.
From her Brunello ſtole the wondrous ring,
Urg'd by command of Agramant the king.
Soon as ſhe view'd, and view'd with raviſh'd eyes,
The ring long loſt, o'erwhelm'd with glad ſurpriſe,
She fears ſome empty dream her ſenſe deceives,
And ſcarce, by ſight or touch, the truth believes:
Then from her hand ſhe took with eager haſte,
And 'twixt her lips the ſhining circlet plac'd,

And

And inſtant vaniſh'd from Rogero's ſight,
Like Phœbus, when a cloud obſcures his light.
The youth, abandon'd thus, with looks amaz'd
Around the mead awhile in ſilence gaz'd;
But when remembrance to his thoughts return'd
The magic ring, too late his loſs he mourn'd,
Too late the chance bewail'd—Ungrateful maid!
Are thus (he cry'd) my ſervices repaid?
So ſaying, by the fountain's ſide in haſte
He ſearch'd around, and oft in hope embrac'd
Her beauteous form, but when his arms would find
The fleeting fair, he claſp'd th' impaſſive wind.
Meantime Angelica at diſtance paſs'd,
Till to a ſpacious cave ſhe came at laſt,
In this his life an aged herdſman led,
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed:
Along the vales, in paſtures green, they play'd,
By cryſtal ſtreams that through the herbage ſtray'd:
Around the cave were ſtalls, to which they run
T' avoid the fervour of the mid-day ſun.
Her dwelling here, unſeen, the virgin choſe,
Till day declin'd, and ſhadowy night aroſe;
Then, cheer'd with reſt and food, no longer ſtay'd,
But her fair limbs in humble veſts array'd;

Veſts

Veſts far unmeet for her, who once could boaſt
The richeſt garments wrought with ſkilful coſt:
Yet through her lowly ſemblance beauty ſhin'd,
And grace that ſpoke her of no vulgar kind.
Let ancient bards no longer tune the verſe,
Neæra's charms or Phyllis to rehearſe;
The ſweets of Amaryllis to recite,
Or Galatea, lovely in her flight;
Let Maro's ſhepherds ceaſe their boaſting ſtrains,
Since India's queen without a rival reigns.
Around the vales the damſel caſt a look,
And from the grazing mares the faireſt took;
For now a ſudden thought inſpir'd her breaſt,
Alone to travel tow'rds her native eaſt.
Awhile Rogero ſtay'd, in hope to view
The royal fair, that from his ſight withdrew,
Again return; but, ah! in vain he ſtay'd,
Nor reach'd his fond complaints the abſent maid.
Once more he purpos'd thence to ſteer his courſe,
And turn'd to where he left his winged horſe;
When there he found, ſo ill his fortune ſped,
The reins were broken, and the courſer fled;
Loſs heap'd on loſs! forlorn and wretched left,
At once of ring, of ſhield, of ſteed bereft;

Thus

Thus puniſh'd for his faith ſo late betray'd,
And love forgotten to the Dordan * maid;
But moſt to loſe his wondrous ring he griev'd,
The wondrous ring from Bradamant receiv'd,
Which leſs he valued for its ſecret power,
Than for her ſake whoſe hand the token wore.
With heavy heart he brac'd his armour on;
His radiant targe behind his ſhoulder thrown;
He leaves the ſea, and through the verdant meads,
All penſive, to a ſpacious vale proceeds;
Then takes a path that 'midſt the foreſt leads.
Not far he paſs'd, ere, echoing from the right,
Where thickeſt trees perplex'd the doubtful ſight,
A dreadful claſh of arms he hears; he flies,
And through the gloom two combatants eſpies
With fury clos'd: a giant one is ſeen,
A knight the other, and of fearleſs mien.
This ſeems to dare the fight with ſword and ſhield,
And with undaunted ſkill maintain the field,
Beſide him lies his horſe depriv'd of life;
Rogero ſtands ſpectator of the ſtrife:
The knight he favours; but his noble mind
Awaits to ſee how Fortune's lot inclin'd,

* Bradamant.

In

In ſilent gaze: at length a dreadful blow
The monſter aims to cruſh th' unwary foe:
The club his helmet ſtrikes; on earth he lies;
To end his life the cruel giant flies,
His helm uncloſes, and reveals to ſight
What to Rogero, in the proſtrate knight,
Appears the roſeate bloom, the golden hair;
And well-known features of the martial fair;
His Bradamant belov'd, that ſeems to lie
A victim by the giant doom'd to die:
At once the champion darts around his eyes;
And to the fight the furious foe defies:
But he, who ſeeks not to renew the fray,
Takes from the ground his ſenſeleſs conquer'd prey,
And in his arms the prize reſiſtleſs bears:
So with a wolf the lamb unpity'd fares;
So the fierce eagle, while he ſoars above;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the helpleſs dove.
Swift flew the giant, ſwift Rogero flew,
But ſcarce retain'd the monſtrous foe in view.
At length they came, where midſt a plain appear'd
A ſtately pile of gold and marble rear'd.
Within the gate the towering giant paſs'd:
Behind Rogero preſs'd with headlong haſte;

The portal entering (wondrous to the knight)
The maid and giant vaniſh'd from his ſight.
While thus, by force of potent ſpells deceiv'd,
The generous youth theſe lying forms believ'd,
His faithful Bradamant in anxious wo
Still near Marſeilles annoys the Pagan foe,
That wide o'er hill and dale with plundering bands
O'er-run Provence and all the neighbouring lands,
Where the bright maid a great example gave
Of prudent leader, as of warrior brave.
Long has the time elaps'd that to her ſight
Should once again reſtore her deareſt knight:
One day, of many a day, retir'd to mourn,
She ſees the dame without her lord return;
The dame, whoſe wondrous ring the med'cine bore,
To heal the heart that felt Alcina's power.
Swift from her cheek the fading roſes fly,
And ſcarce her trembling knees their aid ſupply.
Soon as th' enchantreſs ſees the virgin's fear,
She haſtes to meet her with reviving chear;
Where every look ſuch ſpeaking comfort wears,
As his are wont who happy tidings bears.
Let no vain doubts (ſhe cry'd) thy boſom ſhake,
Rogero lives, and lives but for thy ſake;

Yet

Yet lives, compell'd his freedom to forego,
Again the priſoner to thy conſtant foe.
Now would'ſt thou ſeek him, mount thy ready ſteed
Without delay, and follow where I lead:
Soon ſhalt thou, virgin, well-inſtructed, ſee
The means to ſet thy lov'd Rogero free.
This ſaid; ſhe all the magic guile declar'd
Which for the knight Atlantes' arts prepar'd,
Who Bradamant's reſembling features wore,
The ſeeming captive in a giant's power.
Soon as thy feet (ſhe cries) ſhall reach the land
Where, near, the wondrous pile is ſeen to ſtand,
Th' enchanter ſhalt thou meet, who to thy ſight
Will ſeem thy love, oppreſt by ſtronger might:
But left, by magic guile, thou here ſhould'ſt fall
In ſnares, that till this hour have fetter'd all,
Diſtruſt thy ſenſe, and when thou ſee'ſt him nigh,
Unſheath thy ſword, and bid the traitor die.
Nor think of life Rogero to deprive,
But him from whom thy woes their ſource derive.
Hard muſt it prove to aim the mortal blow
On him whoſe looks thy knight's reſemblance ſhow:
Yet ne'er to thee ſhall Fate Rogero give,
If through thy weakneſs now thy foe ſhould live.

The warlike virgin, with determin'd will
To free her lover and the ſorcerer kill,
Appears in arms, impatient to purſue
Her guiding courſe whoſe truth ſo well ſhe knew.
Meliſſa leads her thence, with eager haſte,
O'er many a cultur'd land and dreary waſte,
Thro' wood and lawn; while ſage diſcourſe beguiles
The tedious journey and relieves their toils.
O friend approv'd! O ever prudent guide!
(Thus to the propheteſs the virgin cry'd)
Whoſe knowledge many a famous chief foretold,
My unborn ſons, when years on years have roll'd:
Vouchſafe to ſpeak of ſome illuſtrious dame
(If ſuch my line may boaſt) whoſe future fame
Among the virtuous and the fair may riſe:
She ceas'd—the matron mildly thus replies.
Great dames from thee deſcend, of whom ſhall ſpring
The potent emperor and ſceptred king;
All theſe, in ſweeping veſt, have equal praiſe
With creſted knights that bright in armour blaze:
For wiſdom, piety, and courage crown'd
With fame, but moſt for chaſtity renown'd.
Hard taſk to name, where many ſtand ſo high,
Not one I ſee to paſs in ſilence by.

O!

O! had'ſt thou in the cave thy thoughts diſplay'd,
Thine eyes had then each paſſing form ſurvey'd.
Then to the liſtening maid the dame reveal'd
Names yet in Time's remoteſt womb conceal'd:
At length arriving where Atlantes made
His near abode, her courſe Meliſſa ſtay'd;
Once more ſhe warn'd the dame, and urg'd once more
Her preſſing counſel, urg'd ſo oft before,
And bade adieu—the martial maid alone
Purſu'd a narrow track her guide had ſhown.
Not far ſhe rode, when, lo! before her ſight
Appear'd the likeneſs of her much-lov'd knight,
Her dear Rogero, clos'd in fight between
Two mighty giants, who with dreadful mien
Wield their huge weapons, while he pants for breath,
And ſeems juſt ſinking in the jaws of death.
Soon as the virgin ſees, ſo ſorely preſt,
One in whoſe form Rogero ſtands confeſt,
Her faith is vaniſh'd, new ſuſpicion wakes,
And every late reſolve her breaſt forſakes.
Is that Rogero (to herſelf ſhe cries)
Still at my heart—and ſure before my eyes?
And ſhall I (every certain ſenſe deny'd)
Too blindly in another's faith confide?

Unſeen my ſympathizing heart can tell;
If near or abſent he I love ſo well.
While thus ſhe thinks, ſhe hears or ſeems to hear
Rogero's well-known voice aſſail her ear;
She ſees him fly, and each gigantic foe
As ſwift purſue: nor was the virgin ſlow
To mark their courſe, but urges all her ſpeed,
And through the magic gate impels her ſteed;
There heedleſs enters, where Atlantes wile
Involves ſo many in one common guile.
Meantime was Paris cloſe beſieg'd around
By king Troyano's ſon in arms renown'd:
And had not Heaven fulfill'd the Chriſtian prayer,
And pour'd a deluge through the darken'd air,
That day had ſunk before the Pagan lance,
The ſacred empire, and the fame of France.
The great Creator turn'd his eyes, and heard
The juſt complaint by aged Charles preferr'd,
And ſudden, where all human help was vain,
The fire extinguiſh'd with tempeſtuous rain.
The wiſe will ever to th' Almighty bend,
Whoſe aid can beſt the falling ſtate defend.
The pious monarch own'd, in grateful thought,
The hand divine whoſe power his ſafety wrought.

At night Orlando, on his reſtleſs bed,
Revolves diſtreſsful fancies in his head;
While here and there his thoughts each other chace,
And never long maintain their flitting place.
So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the ſilver queen of night,
Along the ſpacious rooms with ſplendor plays,
Now high, now low, and ſhifts a thouſand ways.
Angelica returns, his careful theme,
His waking object, and his nightly dream:
He feels with double force the pains increaſe,
That ſeem'd awhile by day compos'd to peace.
My life's beſt joy! how have I err'd! (he ſaid)
Why have I thus ſo fair a nymph betray'd?
When on thy charms each day to feed my ſight,
On thy dear converſe dwell with fond delight,
Thy goodneſs yielded—then—O! fatal hour!
I tamely gave thee into Namus' power.
Far dearer than the blood that bathes my heart;
How ill have I perform'd a lover's part!
Ah! whither now, without my aid, alone,
Whither, ſo young and beauteous, art thou gone?
As when the ſun withdraws his evening rays,
A lamb, forſaken, midſt the foreſt ſtrays

With tender bleats, in hopes the ſhepherd's ear
At length may chance the plaintive notes to hear;
Till from afar the wolf the ſound receives,
And for his loſs the hapleſs ſhepherd grieves.

Now loſt in ſleep the whole creation lay,
And cheer'd their ſpirits from the toils of day.
Some ſunk in down; and ſome the herbage preſs'd;
While ſome on rocks, on oaks, or myrtles reſt.
Yet thou, Orlando, ſeek'ſt in vain to cloſe
Thy wakeful lids, eſtrang'd from ſweet repoſe:
Or if a moment ſeals thy weary eyes,
In thy ſhort ſlumber painful viſions riſe.

Orlando dreamt, that on a river's ſide,
With odorous flowers and ſhrubs diverſify'd,
He gaz'd tranſported on that heavenly face,
Which Love himſelf had ting'd with roſy grace;
On thoſe bright ſtars, whoſe glances food ſupply
To ſouls that in his nets entangled lie;
On that dear virgin, whoſe all-conquering eyes
Could in his breaſt his amorous heart ſurpriſe.

While thus he ſeem'd poſſeſt of every joy
That can a happy lover's thoughts employ,
A ſudden ſtorm the chearful day o'ercaſt,
The tender flowerets wither'd in the blaſt;

The

The foreſt ſhook, as when, in wintry ſkies,
South, eaſt, and weſt with mingled fury riſe.
Now while he ſhelter ſought, the mournful knight
Seem'd in the gloom to loſe the damſel's ſight.
But while a thouſand fears his ſoul diſmay'd,
He heard her well-known voice imploring aid;
When to his ears this dreadful warning came,
" Ne'er hope on earth again to ſee the dame!"
The lover, waking, found the viſion fled,
And ſaw his falling tears bedew the bed.
Unmindful now that dreams are empty ſhade,
By fancy form'd, he deem'd his deareſt maid
With danger preſt, and from his couch he flew,
And o'er his limbs his plated armour drew;
Then Brigliadoro took without delay,
But not a ſquire attendant on his way.
He wore not thoſe known arms, and ample ſhield
With red and white diſtinguiſh'd in the field;
But arms of ſable hue, whoſe darkneſs ſhows
A juſt reſemblance to his inward woes.
Now midſt the ſilence of the midnight hour,
He left his ſovereign Charles; the Chriſtian power
He left; nor bade adieu to Brandimart,
Once his lov'd friend and partner of his heart.

But

But when with golden treſſes round her head,
The morn aroſe from rich Tithonus' bed,
And from earth's face the humid curtains drew,
Orlando's flight, incens'd, the monarch knew:
With deep concern his nephew's loſs he heard,
When honour call'd him now, where danger rear'd
Her dreadful front, to guard from hoſtile hands
His king, his country, and his ſocial bands.

But noble Brandimart, whoſe faith well try'd,
No chance could ſhake, whom nothing could divide
From his lov'd friend; who inly hop'd once more
Orlando to his fellows to reſtore;
Swift from the hoſt with zeal impatient goes,
Nor would to Flordelis his thoughts diſcloſe,
Leſt her fond love ſhould his deſign oppoſe.
His wedded dame was ſhe, his ſoul's delight,
Scarce was he ever abſent from her ſight:
The charms of beauty in her perſon ſhin'd,
And every prudent grace adorn'd her mind.
A tedious month his conſort ſtay'd in vain,
In hopes to ſee her Brandimart again;
Till fear and love her breaſt ſo ſtrongly rend,
She quits the walls without a guide or friend.

Orlando to the portal's nightly guard,
In a low voice his mighty name declar'd:

Soon

Soon at the word, he let the draw-bridge down,
When ſwift the champion iſſu'd from the town:
He ſaw the troops of Africa and Spain
Encamp'd unnumber'd o'er the ſpacious plain:
Deep ſunk in ſleep was every weary band,
Theſe ſtretch'd on earth, thoſe leaning on the hand.
Then might the earl have ſlain a numerous [illegible],
Nor yet his Durindana once he drew.
Too noble was Orlando's ſoul, to ſhow
Inglorious hatred on a ſlumbering foe.

What time November ſtrips the flowery field,
And bids the earth her verdant covering yield
To hoary froſt; when trees diſhonour'd ſtand,
And birds in cluſters ſeek a foreign land;
His friends he left; nor yet his labours ceas'd
With wintry ſkies; nor ſpring his cares releas'd.
While thus the knight his eager ſearch purſu'd,
He came one day to where a ſtream he view'd
That ſlowly to the ſeas was wont to glide,
And Britanny from Normandy divide.
But now the waters, ſwell'd with heavy rains
And melted ſnows, had delug'd all the plains;
And loudly foaming, with reſiſtleſs force,
Bore down the bridge before them in their courſe.

Orlando,

Orlando, pauſing here, awhile explor'd
Each neighbouring part to croſs th' oppoſing ford:
As thus he linger'd, 'midſt the flood appear'd
A ſlender bark, whoſe helm a damſel ſteer'd:
The Paladin beſought her from the land
To give him paſſage to the further ſtrand.
This bark (ſhe anſwer'd) ne'er receives a knight
Unleſs he firſt his ſacred promiſe plight,
At my requeſt, the nobleſt war to wage,
That ever can a champion's arms engage.
If here, ſir knight, you ſeek the further ſhore,
Swear with Hibernia's king to join your power
The fatal iſle Ebuda to confound,
The moſt inhuman which the ſeas ſurround.
Know that afar, 'midſt many a neighbouring iſle,
Ebuda lies beyond the Iriſh ſoil;
That, by an ancient law, to foreign lands
Sends many veſſels fill'd with warlike bands,
To ſeize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd for a dreadful monſter's living prey:
There, on the ſtrand, each day a female dies;
Think then what numbers fall a ſacrifice!
Scarce had ſhe ended, when th' impatient knight
Vow'd to be foremoſt in ſo juſt a fight:

He

He fears leſt thither by ill fate betray'd,
That iſland crew had ſeiz'd his lovely maid.
Then, ere the ſun deſcended to the deep,
He reach'd St. Malo, where a friendly ſhip
Receiv'd the chief—they catch'd the driving blaſt,
And in the night Saint Michael's mountain paſs'd;
Then ſteer directly tow'rd the chalky ſhore,
Whence England once the name of Albion bore.
But ſoon the ſouthern breeze begins to fail,
And adverſe winds from weſt and north prevail:
The ſails are furl'd to ſhun the furious force,
That drives the veſſel from its deſtin'd courſe.
Four days in vain they plough the foamy ſea,
In one they meaſure back their former way;
At length the wind, that o'er the ſtormy main
Four days had driv'n them, chang'd its courſe again;
And let the ſhatter'd bark ſecurely ride
Where Antwerp's river ſeeks the briny tide.

Soon as the crew, reliev'd from care and toil,
Had ſafely anchor'd on the friendly ſoil,
Lo! from the right, before them, came in view
An ancient ſire, with locks of ſilver hue;
Who, firſt to each his courteous greeting paid,
Beſpoke Orlando whom he deem'd their head;

And,

And, in his miſtreſs' name, beſought the knight
To glad her ſorrows with his welcome ſight;
Who not alone the prize of beauty held,
But all her kind in virtuous gifts excell'd;
For never warrior yet, by tempeſts toſt,
Or led by land to that unhappy coaſt,
Refus'd to hear the dame her tale relate,
And give her counſel in her woeful ſtate.

The gallant chief, whoſe pitying aid to gain
Misfortune never ſu'd, and ſu'd in vain,
Conſents to quit the veſſel, and purſue
The ſage's ſteps, till near a pile they drew
Of ſtately frame, but fill'd with mournful gloom,
Where funeral black was hung in every room.
Orlando here beheld a damſel fair,
Whoſe looks and geſture ſpoke her deep deſpair:
With gentle welcome ſhe receiv'd the knight,
Then thus began her ſorrows to recite.

Know firſt, my lord, the hapleſs wretch you view
From Holland's earl her birth diſaſtrous drew:
Two brothers did with me the bleſſing prove,
Which children find in fond paternal love.
While thus domeſtic peace each hour endear'd,
The duke of Zealand at our court appear'd;

Who went a war againſt the Moors to wage,
In flower of beauty and in blooming age:
His perſon pleas'd, but more his paſſion gain'd,
And ſoon my eaſy heart in fetters chain'd.
While adverſe winds forbade his purpos'd way,
Our mutual love beguil'd his lingering ſtay;
And oft we vows exchang'd to join our hands,
At his return, in ſolemn nuptial bands.
Scarce from our country was Bireno gone,
(The name by which my faithful love was known)
When Friza's king, who long with artful mind
To wed me to his only ſon deſign'd,
Arbantes nam'd, diſpatch'd a courtly train
My hand in marriage of my ſire to gain:
But I, who ne'er could change my conſtant love,
Or ſo ungrateful to Bireno prove,
T' evade this evil, tears and prayers employ'd:
My loving ſire the union ſought deny'd:
Diſmiſs'd from court th' embaſſadors return'd;
With vengeful rage the king of Friza burn'd:
Our lands he enter'd, and with carnage fill'd,
In which, alas! my kindred all were kill'd.
Beſides his mighty ſtrength in arms beheld,
That few his vigour, in our age, excell'd;

He weapons us'd, to former times unknown;
And, in the preſent, us'd by him alone.
An iron tube he bore, whoſe womb enclos'd
A ball and nitrous grain, with art diſpos'd:
When to a vent, ſcarce obvious to the ſight,
Behind the barrel he directs a light;
With lightning flaſhes and with thunder's ſound,
The bullet flies and ſpreads deſtruction round.
With this device our bands he twice o'erthrew
In open field, and both my brethren ſlew.
The elder firſt was doom'd the ſtroke to feel,
His heart tranſpierc'd through plates of jointed ſteel:
In vain the ſecond ſtrove from fate to fly;
He, like his brother, was condemn'd to die.
Sent from afar, the ball its force impreſs'd
Full at his back and iſſu'd at his breaſt.
One only caſtle to my ſire remain'd,
Each other part the cruel king had gain'd.
This while he ſought to guard with fruitleſs care,
He fell the laſt ſad victim of the war.
The traitor mark'd him as he walk'd the round,
And pierc'd his forehead with a mortal wound.
My ſire and brethren ſlaughter'd, I remain'd
The hapleſs heireſs of my father's land.

When Friza's king propos'd the war to ceaſe,
And grant to me and mine a laſting peace,
Would I conſent to what I late deny'd,
And yield to be his ſon Arbantes' bride.
But this I ſtill refus'd—my ſteadfaſt mind
Deteſted juſtly him and all his kind.
By him my ſire and brethren's death I mourn'd,
My country waſted, and my cities burn'd.
To ſhake my ſtern reſolves my people try,
And every art of prayers and threats employ:
When all their prayers and threats they found in vain,
But ſaw me ſtill my purpoſe firm maintain,
The terms with him agreed, themſelves to ſave,
Me and the fort into his hands they gave.
The king receiv'd me mildly, and aſſur'd
My life and lands alike ſhould reſt ſecur'd,
Would I my ſtubborn purpoſe yet forſake,
And, for my ſpouſe, his ſon Arbantes take.
Then finding, when I every thought had weigh'd,
Diſſembling could alone my purpoſe aid;
To aſk forgiveneſs for the paſt I feign'd,
And gave conſent to take Arbantes' hand.
Two brethren in my father's court were bred
Of loyal heart and of inventive head:

My thoughts to theſe diſclos'd, they vow'd to join
Their mutual aid to ſecond my deſign.
One, to ſecure my flight, a ſhip retain'd;
One, near my perſon, at the court remain'd.
While ſtrangers now and natives all were led
T' attend the nuptial rites, a rumour ſpread
That, in Biſcaia rais'd, a naval power
My lover brought t' invade the Holland ſhore:
For when in luckleſs fight our army fail'd,
In which I firſt a brother's death bewail'd,
With ſpeed I ſent to let Bireno know
The fatal inroad of our barbarous foe:
Meanwhile the ruthleſs king his courſe purſu'd,
Till every part his conquering arms ſubdu'd.
Bireno now, who heard not all was loſt,
Had loos'd his veſſels from Biſcaia's coaſt:
Theſe tidings to the king of Friza known,
He left th' approaching nuptials to his ſon;
And ſailing with his fleet, engag'd the duke,
His ſhips deſtroy'd, and him a priſoner took.
Now had the youth my hand receiv'd, and led
At night impatient to the nuptial bed.
Soon as my faithful friend, who ſtood beſide
Conceal'd, the bridegroom drawing near eſpy'd,

Behind

Behind him with an axe ſo fierce he ſtruck,
That life and ſpeech at once the wretch forſook:
As ſinks the ſlaughter'd ox beſmear'd with gore,
So fell Arbantes, born in luckleſs hour!
Spite of Cymoſco, doom'd his death to find,
So call the king, the baſeſt of mankind;
By whom my ſire and brethren found their fate,
Who now, t' enſure poſſeſſion of my ſtate,
Eſpous'd me to his ſon—ſome future day
To take perhaps my wretched life away.
My choiceſt treaſures then ſecur'd, I flew
The hated place, and with my guide withdrew,
Whoſe truſty care my haſty ſteps convey'd
To where his brother with the veſſel ſtay'd.
We court the winds, our oars divide the main,
Till Heaven decrees us ſafe this land to gain.
'Twere hard to tell which bore a greater part
Or grief, or rage, in fell Cymoſco's heart;
Grief for his hapleſs ſon depriv'd of breath,
Or rage againſt the author of his death.
He, with his joyful fleet, the land regain'd,
Elate with conqueſt, and Bireno chain'd.
He came prepar'd a nuptial feaſt to ſhare,
And view'd his triumph chang'd to black deſpair.

Nor day, nor night, he found a moment's reſt,
Revenge and ſorrow rankling in his breaſt:
The tyrant doubtleſs had Bireno ſlain,
The greateſt woe he knew I could ſuſtain;
But, while he ſpar'd his life, he ſurely thought
He held a net by which I might be caught.
Before the youth he ſets theſe terms ſevere:
His fate he reſpites for a ſingle year,
But death denounces then, with lingering pain,
Unleſs he firſt, by fraud or force, attain,
By any means, my perſon to ſecure,
And ſacrificing mine, his life enſure.
Six caſtles have I ſince in Flanders ſold,
And part employ'd in ſecret ſums of gold
To bribe his guards; and part employ'd t' excite
German and Engliſh powers to do me right.
And now the fatal time is nearly clos'd,
The period to Bireno's life propos'd.
When force or gold will come too late to ſave
My plighted conſort from th' untimely grave.
For him my all is loſt!—and nought remains
But now to yield theſe hands to cruel chains—
Yet, ah! could this redeem the youth I love,
My boſom dares the ſtern condition prove.

But

But when th' uſurper has my perſon gain'd,
When I have all his vengeful wrath ſuſtain'd,
I fear he ne'er will ſet Bireno free,
To owe his freedom and his life to me.
For this to you my fortune I unfold,
And thus with many a warrior counſel hold,
In hopes that ſome their ſuccour may engage,
That when I'm yielded to the tyrant's rage,
He may not ſtill in bonds my love detain,
Or, when I'm dead, command him to be ſlain.
But to this hour I ne'er have found a knight
Who durſt the ſacred faith of knighthood plight,
To guard me from the tyrant's vengeful power,
Should he refuſe Bireno to reſtore:
So much his fatal arms their courage quell'd,
Whoſe force no temper'd cuiraſs e'er repell'd.
Now, if your valour not unlike is ſeen
To your fierce ſemblance and Herculean mien;
Vouchſafe with me to ſeek the Holland ſtrand,
And there reſign me to Cymoſco's hand;
So may I firmly on your aid rely,
That, though I fall, my lover ſhall not die.
The damſel here her mournful ſtory clos'd,
While oft her ſighs and tears were interpos'd.

Orlando then no time in ſpeech affords,
As one by nature little us'd to words;
But inſtant vows, by generous pity fir'd,
To grant that aid her hapleſs ſtate requir'd:
Nor means ſhe ſhall, to ſave Bireno, go
A willing priſoner to her cruel foe;
But thinks them both in ſafety to reſtore,
If ſtill his ſword retain its wonted power.

Now tow'rds the port they bend their eager way,
The proſperous winds their veſſel ſwift convey:
The third auſpicious morn the coaſt they gain'd;
The champion landed, but the dame remain'd;
Orlando will'd her, ere ſhe trod the ſhore,
To hear her foe Cymoſco was no more.
Himſelf deſcends the deck with ready ſpeed,
And ſheath'd in armour, mounts a dappled ſteed,
In Flanders nouriſh'd, and of Daniſh race,
More ſtrong and bold than active in the chace:
For when to croſs the ſtream the bark he took,
In Britanny his courſer * he forſook.

Orlando now the guarded fortreſs view'd,
Where ready arm'd the hoſtile ſquadron ſtood
T' oppoſe invading force: for fame declar'd,
A kinſman to th' impriſon'd lord prepar'd,

* Brigliadoro.

From

From Zealand, with a fleet and numerous hoſt,
To make a bold incurſion on the coaſt.
Orlando, fearleſs, one of theſe requir'd
To tell the king, a wandering knight deſir'd
With ſword or pointed ſpear to prove his might,
And wage, on terms like theſe, the doubtful fight:
The king, if he the challenger o'erthrew,
Should have the lady that Arbantes ſlew:
But on the other part the king ſhould ſwear,
That if himſelf were vanquiſh'd in the war,
He would Bireno from his chains releaſe,
And give the youth to leave the realm in peace.
The ſoldier ſwift the bold defiance bore:
But he, who ne'er was train'd to virtuous lore,
Whoſe churliſh ſoul nō courteous deeds could bind,
To fraudful arts apply'd his treacherous mind,
In hopes, if firſt his arms the knight detain,
The hated damſel in his power to gain.
Now from the gate he ſends a choſen force,
That wheeling round the plain with ſilent courſe,
Cut off the foe's retreat; while vainly there
Orlando waits to wage an equal war.
The king deludes him ſtill with fraudful lies,
Till he the foot and cavalry eſpies

Rang'd at the deſtin'd place; and then in view
Himſelf with others from the portal drew.
Thus all his guile to ſeize alive the knight,
With care providing to prevent his flight,
Cymoſco proves; and thinks the deed to find
So certain, that he leaves his tube behind:
Nor would he now thoſe thundering arms employ,
When here he meant t' impriſon, not deſtroy.

The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his ſpear,
Where cloſely preſs'd the men and arms appear:
Firſt one, and then another, helpleſs dies;
Through ſix at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the ſeventh inflicts ſo deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeleſs to the ground.
His fatal ſword unſheath'd, the ſtreaming blood
Stains their gay armour with a crimſon flood.
Cymoſco wiſhes ſoon his tube and fire,
Where preſent dangers moſt their aid require;
He bids them ſtraight be brought, but bids in vain;
Who once a ſhelter in the walls can gain,
Returns no more: when thus their fears he view'd,
The king, with equal fear, their ſteps purſu'd:
Swift through the gate he bent his eager flight,
And bade the bridge be rais'd t' oppoſe the knight;

But,

But, cloſe behind, the knight with equal haſte
Has gain'd the bridge and thro' the portal paſt.
Orlando little heeds th' ignoble crowd,
His vengeance only on the traitor vow'd;
But far beyond the king impels his ſpeed,
Bleſt in th' excelling ſwiftneſs of his ſteed,
Yet ſoon with other arms returns to fight,
And lies in ſecret ambuſh for the knight.
The huntſman thus with dogs and ſylvan war
Expects the boar deſcending from afar,
Whoſe rage upturns the ſoil, the trees deſtroys,
While all the wood rebellows to the noiſe.
Soon as the king the warrior near eſpies,
He fires the tube and ſwift the bullet flies:
At once the lightning flaſhes, ſhakes the ground,
The trembling bulwarks echo to the ſound.
The peſt, that never ſpends in vain its force,
But ſhatters all that dares oppoſe its courſe,
Whizzing impetuous flies along the wind,
Yet miſs'd the fatal mark the wretch deſign'd:
Beneath the knight the ball reſiſtleſs flew,
And, through the belly pierc'd, the courſer ſlew.
Both horſe and horſeman fell with claſhing ſound;
One preſs'd, the other ſcarcely touch'd the ground;

As

As once Antæus, on the Lybian ſtrand,
More fierce recover'd when he reach'd the ſand:
So ſeem'd to riſe again with added might,
Soon as he felt the earth, the Chriſtian knight.
Whoe'er has ſeen the winged lightning fly,
By Jove in thunder brandiſh'd from the ſky,
And penetrate ſome ſecret cavern ſtor'd
With nitrous powder and a ſulphurous hoard,
At once inflam'd, with vaſt exploſion driven,
The ruin ſeems to mingle earth and heaven;
The burſting fires the walls and buildings rend,
And to the ſtars the ſhatter'd ſtones aſcend:
Reſiſtleſs thus th' indignant chief appear'd,
When from the plain his mighty limbs he rear'd;
And with ſuch rage to inſtant vengeance flew,
That Mars had trembled at the dreadful view.
The Frizeland monarch, ſtruck with pale affright,
Wheel'd round his horſe to urge his eager flight:
With eager ſpeed his feet Orlando plies;
Leſs ſwift an arrow from the bowſtring flies;
And where before his heavier courſer fail'd,
(Wondrous to ſee!) his lighter feet prevail'd.
Full ſoon th' impatient knight o'ertook the foe,
Then at his helmet aim'd a deadly blow:

Deep

Deep in his head the ſword a paſſage found,
And ſent the body lifeleſs to the ground.
Within the bulwarks now was heard afar
A different clamour and alarm of war:
Bireno's kinſman, who had gain'd the coaſt,
And found the guards deſerted from their poſt,
The portal enter'd with his eager band,
And ſcour'd the city round on every hand:
While none attempt his purpoſe to moleſt,
Such dread Orlando on their minds impreſs'd.
Nor leſs the Holland troops confeſs their fear,
Unconſcious whence or why theſe foes appear:
But when they noted, by their ſpeech and dreſs,
Theſe came from Zealand's iſle, they ſu'd for peace;
And proffer'd to the chief their willing aid
'Gainſt thoſe who had their lord in priſon laid.
This people ever to the Frizeland power,
And to their king, a ſettled hatred bore;
Urg'd by his avarice, cruelty, and pride,
By whom their lov'd, their hapleſs ſovereign died.
Orlando, friend to either, interpos'd;
And ſoon in laſting peace the parties clos'd;
The priſon gates they from their hinges broke,
And threw to earth: Bireno now forſook

His

His dreary cell; and gave, for life reſtor'd,
His grateful praiſes to Anglante's lord.
Then, with a numerous train, he ſought the ſtrand
Where fair Olympia in the ſhip remain'd:
So was the virgin nam'd, whoſe rightful ſway
The Holland realms ſhould by deſcent obey.
The people honour her with duteous zeal;
What fond endearments paſs'd, were long to tell;
How oft with joy the tender pair careſs'd;
Or to the valiant earl their thanks expreſs'd.
Her ſubjects then, their vow'd allegiance paid,
To her paternal ſeat reſtor'd the maid;
While ſhe conſign'd to lov'd Bireno's hand
Herſelf, her people, and recover'd land.
He, other thoughts revolving in his mind,
The earldom to his couſin's care reſign'd;
To Zealand thence he purpos'd to remove
With her, the deareſt object of his love;
To tempt his fortune next on Friza's ſhore,
For which in hand a precious pledge he bore;
A daughter to the king deceas'd, whom there
A captive found, he took beneath his care,
And to his brother meant to wed the blooming fair.

The day Bireno left his dreary cell,
Orlando bade the joyful train farewel;

But

But nothing would the champion bear away
From all the ſpoils of that victorious day,
Save that device, whoſe unreſiſted force
Reſembled thunder in its rapid courſe:
Reſolv'd the murdering engine to remove,
Where man might never more its fury prove.

Soon as he ſaw the ſhip forſake the coaſt,
When to the ſight the leſſening land was loſt;
When nought appear'd but waves on every ſide;
He held the murderous tube, and thus he cry'd.

That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,
Or daſtard cowards, by thy help in war,
With baſe advantage meet a nobler foe,
Here lie for ever in th' abyſs below.
O curſt device! baſe implement of death!
Fram'd in the black Tartarean realms beneath;
By Beelzebub's malicious art deſign'd
Againſt the hapleſs race of human-kind;
Hence, to thy native ſeat—He ſaid, and gave
The ponderous engine to the greedy wave.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the ſtory of Olympia. Orlando, in purſuit of Angelica, arrives at the iſland of Ebuda, where he kills the monſter and delivers a lady. The ſtory of Olympia concluded. Orlando departs to continue the ſearch of Angelica, and is decoyed to the enchanted caſtle of Atlantes. Arrival of Angelica, who by the virtue of her ring delivers Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau, from the power of the magician. Battle between Orlando and Ferrau. Angelica leaves the combatants, and Sacripant purſues her. Orlando defeats two bands of Pagans, and finds Iſabella in a cave of outlaws.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

BIRENO, 'midſt the female captives gain'd,
Cymoſco's daughter in his power detain'd.
Scarce fifteen ſummers had the virgin ſeen,
Sweet were her looks, her geſture and her mien.
So infant roſes from the bud diſplay
Their opening beauties to the genial ray.
When firſt he view'd the pious ſorrows ſtain
Her lovely cheeks to weep a father ſlain,
What ſudden warmth poſſeſs'd his beating heart!
Not half ſo ſwift the flames their rage impart,
Where hoſtile force, or envious hands conſpire
To give the ripen'd corn to waſting fire.

But if perchance, by ſudden impulſe ſway'd,
Unguarded he careſs'd the Frizeland maid,
None cenſur'd what they ſaw, while each inclin'd
T' aſcribe it to a good and pious mind:
Our praiſe to every generous deed we owe,
That raiſes thoſe whom fortune whirls below;
That ſooths the anguiſh of a heart diſtreſs'd;
Much more an orphan with her woes oppreſs'd.

O! gracious Heaven! how oft do clouds abuſe
Weak mortals' eyes, and bound their partial views!
Bireno's foul and impious deeds appear
The pious tokens of a ſoul ſincere.

Now ſeize the ready mariners their oars,
And, launching in the waves, forſake the ſhores.
At length o'ertaken by a devious blaſt,
Three days uncertain o'er the billows caſt,
The third they ſaw, as near the evening drew,
A wild and deſert iſland riſe to view.
Soon as the veſſel to a creek they bore,
Bireno with Olympia went on ſhore:
Beneath a tent the ſlaves their cates prepar'd;
The unſuſpecting dame the banquet ſhar'd,
Then to the couch, for gentle ſlumber dreſt,
Contented, with her lord retir'd to reſt;

While

While to their bark the weary crew retreat,
And, ſunk in ſleep, their former toils forget.
In ſweet oblivion loſt, Olympia lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the watery way:
In her calm breaſt no irkſome fears aroſe;
Such fears as once had baniſh'd her repoſe.
Herſelf ſhe view'd in ſafety on the ſhore,
'Midſt the deep ſilence of the midnight hour,
Her huſband at her ſide: but ſlumber fled
His eyes, whoſe waking thoughts deep treaſon bred.
Soon as he ſees her wrapt in ſleep, he takes
With ſpeed his veſture, and the bed forſakes:
Silent he wakes his mates, and gives command
To launch into the deep and quit the land.
Unbleſt Olympia on the ſhore remain'd,
Whom long the pleaſing bands of ſleep reſtrain'd,
Till from her golden wheels Aurora threw,
On verdant meads, the drops of ſparkling dew;
And, on the margin of the wavy flood,
Alcyone her ancient plaints renew'd.
When now, nor ſcarce aſleep, nor yet awake,
She thought Bireno in her arms to take:
At length, diſpell'd by fear, her ſlumber fled;
She looks, and looking ſees th' abandon'd bed.

Her griefs increaſing, as her fears augment,
She quits the couch and iſſues from the tent;
The favouring moon her trembling beam ſupplies,
Yet nought but ſea and deſert land ſhe ſpies:
She calls Bireno's name; the caves around
With pity to Bireno's name reſound.
A rock beſide the ocean's limits ſtood,
That, worn by ſurges, belly'd o'er the flood:
Thence from afar ſhe ſaw the parting ſails
Of falſe Bireno drive before the gales:
Trembling ſhe falls: a chilly ſweat invades
Her alter'd viſage, and her colour fades.
But, when recover'd, with her fruitleſs cries
She calls the veſſel, while the veſſel flies;
And where her lips refuſe their accents weak,
Her claſping hands and frantic geſtures ſpeak.
O whither fly'ſt thou? treacherous and unkind!
Thy bark has left her deareſt freight behind—
Return—return—and ſince thou bear'ſt away
My better part, O take this lifeleſs clay!
While thus ſhe ſpoke, her garments in her hand
She wav'd, to lure the veſſel back to land.
But the ſame winds that through the billows bear
His ſwelling ſails, diſperſe her plaints in air.

Thrice,

Thrice, cruel to herſelf, ſhe thought to throw
Her wretched body in the ſeas below.
At length ſhe ceas'd to view the ſhores in vain,
And ſought, with feeble ſteps, the tent again.
  Her face reclining on the conſcious bed,
She pour'd a ſhower of plenteous tears, and ſaid.
  Laſt night in thee, alas! two lovers lay;
Why did not two together riſe to-day?
Forſworn Bireno!—fatal was the birth,
That gave accurſt Olympia to the earth!
Where ſhall I turn?—all hopeleſs of relief,
Not one to hear my plaints, or ſoothe my grief?
No bark t' eſcape—while hunger ſeals my doom,
Without the ſhelter of a friendly tomb;
Or ſavage wolves, that howl in every cave,
Shall in their wombs afford a dreadful grave!
But ah! what death ſo dire can theſe beſtow,
As thou, ungrateful author of my wo!
What if ſome pilot, wandering o'er the deep,
Should take me hence in ſafety to his ſhip;
Shall I to Holland fly, where thy command
Defends the harbour, and forbids to land?
Or ſhall I ſeek again my natal ſhore,
When thou, by fraud, haſt made it mine no more?

How ready did thy troops their poſt maintain,
To take poſſeſſion of their new-found reign!
Shall I to Flanders turn? for thee the reſt
I ſold, the little that I there poſſeſs'd:
All was employ'd, ingrate! to ſet thee free—
What clime will now receive unhappy me?
Shall I the realm of Friza ſeek to gain,
Where once for thee I ſcorn'd a queen to reign,
And hence my brethren and my ſire were ſlain?
And claims a love like mine no more regard,
Is this, unjuſt Bireno, my reward?
While thus ſhe ſpoke, her frantic hands ſhe ſpread
And tore the golden treſſes from her head;
Again ſhe ſought the beach in wild deſpair,
Looſe to the breezes flow'd her ſcatter'd hair,
There ſeated on a rock, in doleful mood,
She ſeem'd a ſtatue hanging o'er the flood.
Meantime Orlando to the ſeas conſign'd
Cymoſco's peſt, in pity to mankind;
But little this avail'd—th' infernal foe
Who fram'd ſuch engine in the ſhades below,
In future hapleſs times, to ſecond birth
Th' invention drew to plague the ſons of earth.
O! wretched ſoldier! now your armour bright
Forſake, and only gird your ſword in fight;

But this dread weapon on your ſhoulder bear,
Or never hope the victor's wreaths to ſhare.
  Againſt Orlando now the wind prevails;
Now on the poop it blows in gentle gales;
And now by turns a ſudden calm ſucceeds;
That little on her courſe the veſſel ſpeeds.
For Heaven's high will forbade the crew to land
Before th' Hibernian king had reach'd the ſtrand,
To forward that event, which ſince befel,
And which, in order due, the muſe ſhall tell.
  Now near the coaſt the prow the billows broke,
When thus Orlando to his pilot ſpoke:
Haſte! launch the boat, and here the ſhip detain,
While to yon rock I haſten through the main:
The largeſt cable to my hand conſign;
The largeſt anchor to the cable join;
And mark my purpoſe, when in dangerous fight,
I dare with yonder monſter prove my might.
  This ſaid; with anchor and with cable ſtow'd,
The boat they launch'd amid the daſhing flood:
Then all his arms, except his ſword, he leaves,
And tow'rds the rock, alone, the billows cleaves:
Cloſe to his breaſt he draws the ſturdy oars,
And turns his back upon the deſtin'd ſhores.

Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And to the ſun her golden treſſes ſpread;
Half ſeen above the waves, and half conceal'd,
To old Tithonus' jealous eyes reveal'd;
When to the barren rock approach'd ſo nigh,
As from the vigorous hand a ſtone might fly;
He heard, and yet he ſcarcely ſeem'd to hear,
A tender, plaintive voice aſſault his ear:
Sudden he view'd againſt the rock's ſteep ſide
A lovely dame in cruel fetters ty'd:
Naked ſhe ſtands above the briny wave,
While her fair feet intruding waters lave.
He ſees, but vainly ſtrives from far to trace
The downcaſt features of her baſhful face;
Then plies for nearer view his eager oar—
When, hark! the ſeas, the woods, the caverns roar!
The billows ſwell; and, from the depths below,
In open view appears his monſtrous foe.
As from the humid vale black clouds aſcend,
When gathering ſtorms their pregnant wombs diſtend:
So through the liquid brine the monſter preſs'd
With furious courſe; beneath his hideous breaſt
Vex'd ocean groans—Orlando, void of fear,
Nor chang'd his colour, nor his wonted cheer:

Firm

Firm in himſelf, to guard the dame diſmay'd,
And her dire foe with powerful arm invade,
Between the land and orc his courſe he ply'd,
But kept undrawn the falchion at his ſide.
Soon as the monſter, that to ſhore purſu'd
His deathful way, the boat and champion view'd,
He op'd his greedy throat that might enhume
A horſe and horſeman in its living tomb.
Near and more near Orlando dauntleſs rows,
Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws,
Whoſe width forbids the horrid jaws to cloſe.
So miners, while they urge their darkling toil,
With heedful props ſupport the crumbling ſoil.
His teeth ſeeur'd, Orlando with a bound
Leap'd in the yawning gulph; and whirling round
His trenchant blade, the dark retreat explor'd,
And with repeated wounds the monſter gor'd.
Mad with the pain, he riſes o'er the tides,
And ſhows his jointed back and ſcaly ſides;
Then downward plunging in the bottom laves,
And throws the troubled ſands above the waves.
The Paladin, who felt the ruſhing ſtreams,
Forſook the orc, and oar'd with nervous limbs
The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore
The anchor's cable till he reach'd the ſhore:

There firmly fix'd, upon the rock he ſtood,
And ſtrain'd each nerve, while ſtruggling through the flood
The monſter follow'd, by that arm compell'd
Whoſe ſtrength the ſtrength of mortal man excell'd.
As when a bull at unawares has found
With ſtraiten'd cords his horns encompaſs'd round,
Furious he leaps, he bounds from ſide to ſide,
The haulſers all his fruitleſs pains deride:
So far'd the orc, while from his mouth he ſhed
A tide, that dyes the ocean ſtill with red:
Laſh'd by his tail with many a ſounding blow,
The parting ſea reveals th' abyſs below:
Now daſh'd aloft the briny waves are thrown,
Pollute the day, and blot the golden ſun.
The neighbouring foreſts, and the mountains hoar,
The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.
Rous'd at the tumult, from his pearly bed,
Old Proteus o'er the waters rais'd his head:
Soon as his eyes beheld ſo ſtrange a fight
Between the monſter and the Chriſtian knight,
He left his flock and urg'd his fearful flight.
Ev'n Neptune on his car (ſuch terror ſpread)
With dolphins rein'd to Æthiopia fled.

Ino,

Ino, whoſe breaſt her Melicerta bears;
The ſea-green ſiſters, with diſhevell'd hairs;
Glaucus and Triton; all the watery train,
In diverſe parts, fly ſcatter'd o'er the main.
Anglantes' warrior * now, the conflict o'er,
Had drawn the dreadful monſter to the ſhore;
Which ſcarce he reach'd, when ſpent with toil, and ſpread
Along the ſand, his ſhapeleſs bulk lay dead.
Soon ſwarming o'er the coaſt the iſland crew
Came haſtening down the wondrous ſight to view;
And loudly cry'd, that mighty Proteus' rage
Would once again his ſavage herds engage
To waſte the land, unleſs with humble prayer
They mov'd the God, themſelves and race to ſpare;
And, as an offering for his monſter ſlain,
They whelm'd th' offending champion in the main.
As ſpreads from torch to torch th' increaſing light,
Till all the region with the blaze is bright:
So through the madding vulgar ſwiftly ran
The fierce contagion, caught from man to man.
One whirl'd a ſling, a bow another took;
This drew a ſword, and that a javelin ſhook.
The generous Paladin ſurpris'd beheld
Th' ungrateful throng with hoſtile thoughts impell'd:

* Orlando.

But

But as a bear, for public paſtime bred,
In Ruſſia or in Lithuania led,
Contemns the yelping cur; with like diſdain
Orlando near beholds the daſtard train,
Againſt him leagu'd, with ſtupid anger wield
Their idle weapons to diſpute the field.
Soon Durindana from the ſheath he drew,
And 'midſt his foes with noble fury flew,
Who hop'd with eaſe t' oppreſs a ſingle knight,
Nor fenc'd with ſhield, nor cas'd in armour bright.
At ten fierce ſtrokes, beneath his conquering hand
Full thirty fell, and ſoon he clear'd the ſtrand.

While thus th' unequal ſtrife the knight maintain'd,
Hibernia's troops the fatal iſland gain'd,
And diſembark'd where none t' oppoſe they view'd;
A dreadful ſlaughter through the land enſu'd:
Their goods were pillag'd by the Iriſh train,
The houſes ſet on fire, the people ſlain:
The walls were raz'd, and ſcarce remain'd behind
A man alive of this devoted kind.

Orlando haſtens now the dame to free,
Prepar'd for death beſide the roaring ſea:
Near and more near he draws, and thinks he ſpies
Features but late familiar to his eyes.

Lo!

Lo! imag'd to his thought Olympia's face,
She, moſt unhappy of the female race;
She, whom forſaken on the deſert ſtrand,
By falſe Bireno late the pirate band
Convey'd their victim to Ebuda's land.
Full well the damſel knew th' approaching knight,
But from his look ſhe turn'd her baſhful ſight;
Confus'd and mute ſhe hung her drooping head,
While burning bluſhes on her cheeks were ſpread.
The warrior then enquir'd what envious power
Had led her ſtep to that inhuman ſhore,
From where he left her crown'd with joy and peace,
Partaking with her conſort every bliſs.
Alas! I know not (ſhe began to ſay)
If for my life I grateful thanks ſhould pay,
Or rather mourn the day again muſt cloſe,
And not behold a period to my woes.
She ſaid; and ſobbing deep her ſorrows ſpoke,
How her falſe lord his faith and honour broke.
While this ſhe told, ſhe turn'd, and bluſhing ſhow'd
A form like Dian, pictur'd in the flood
With naked beauties, when incens'd ſhe threw
On raſh Actæon's brows the ſprinkling dew.
Orlando pacing on the ſhelly ſtrand,
Awaits his ſhip to anchor near the land;

That

That thence with veſtures he may clothe the dame.
While this his thought employ'd, Oberto came,
Hibernia's king, who heard the monſter ſlain
There lay extended by the daſhing main;
That, ſwimming through the ſeas, a knight unknown
Had in his jaws a ponderous anchor thrown,
And drawn him to the beach, as barks, ſecur'd
With twiſted cables, on the ground are moor'd.

Soon as th' Hibernian king Orlando view'd,
Tho' drench'd with water and deform'd with blood,
Him well he knew, with him in Gallia bred,
At Charles' high court his infant years were led,
Which late he left to ſeek his native land,
(His father dead) the ſceptre to command.

His helmet rais'd, he ran with eager pace
To hold Orlando in a ſtrict embrace;
Nor leſs Orlando felt, the king to view,
And round his neck his friendly arms he threw.

Orlando to Oberto then diſplay'd
The cruel ſufferings of the fair betray'd;
What proofs Bireno of her love could boaſt;
For him her kindred ſlain, her country loſt;
For him prepar'd her deareſt life to yield:
All this he knew, and part himſelf beheld.

While

While thus he ſpeaks, the guſhing ſorrows riſe,
And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes:
Like vernal ſkies her lovely viſage ſhow'd,
When gentle ſhowers deſcending from a cloud,
Frequent and ſoft, the ſun with chearing gleams
Darts thro' the watery veil his trembling beams:
As then in foliage wet with gliſtening dews,
Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews;
So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears,
And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears.
His golden ſhaft he kindles in the flame,
That from her piercing eyes like lightning came,
And tempers in the cryſtal ſtream that flows
Between the lily fair and bluſhing roſe.
His arrow now prepar'd, the bow he bends,
And at th' unguarded king his weapon ſends;
For whoſe defence nor plated arms avail,
Nor trebled ſhield, nor twiſted coat of mail:
While rapt in gaze he ſtands, he feels the dart,
With ſudden force, infix'd within his heart.

Oberto, fir'd with love, no more ſuppreſs'd
The paſſion ſtruggling in his amorous breaſt.
He bade th' afflicted fair no longer mourn,
But hope her ſorrow ſoon to joy might turn;

With vows t' attend her ſteps to Holland's ſhore,
And there replace her in the ſovereign power;
Nor ceaſe till on her treacherous ſpouſe he gain'd
A juſt revenge for all her wrongs ſuſtain'd.
And now he ſends fair female robes to find;
Nor long they ſought for robes of various kind,
Since every day the veſtment there was ſtor'd
Of ſome loſt damſel by the orc devour'd.
From theſe the king Olympia's limbs attir'd,
But could not clothe her as his ſoul deſir'd:
For ſhould the choiceſt ſilks from far be brought,
With every coſt of art and genius wrought;
Should ev'n Minerva all her ſkill unfold,
And Lemnos' god ſupply the pureſt gold;
Yet to th' enamour'd prince 'twould ſcarce appear
A covering worthy for the dame to wear.
Next morn the king, the dame, and friendly crew,
Embarking, from the cruel port withdrew:
With theſe Orlando to Hibernia went,
And thence to France his ſpeedy voyage meant.
Scarce on the iſland he remain'd a day;
Not all their friendly prayers could bribe his ſtay:
Cupid, the wandering lover's conſtant guide,
No longer there permits him to reſide;

But

But ere he parted, to Oberto's care
He gave in charge to avenge the injur'd fair.
The king, already by her quarrel fir'd,
In zeal exceeded what the earl requir'd:
A league with England and with Scotland made,
He rais'd a force the traitor to invade;
Drove him, an outcaſt, from the Belgic ſhore,
And next in Friza ruin'd all his power.
He rous'd his native Zealand to rebel,
Nor ceas'd, till in the war Bireno fell:
He fell; yet ſcarce his wretched life could prove
A forfeit equal to his breach of love.
Olympia ſoon Oberto's bride is ſeen,
A counteſs late, and now a powerful queen.
Again Orlando ploughs the briny tides,
Again in port ſecure his veſſel rides:
He leaps on ſhore, and Brigliadoro takes;
All arm'd he mounts, and wind and ſea forſakes.
Ere winter's months in due ſucceſſion roll'd,
Full many an action worthy to be told
The knight achiev'd; but blame not here the bard,
If worth conceal'd ſhould paſs without regard:
Far readier was the Paladin to court
From deeds true glory, than thoſe deeds report;

And never yet, without ſome witneſs near,
His great exploits had reach'd the general ear.
On hill, on plain, on champaign, field, and ſhore,
A tedious tract of land he journies o'er:
When entering now a foreſt's gloomy ſhade,
Diſtreſsful cries his ſtartled ears invade:
He ſpurr'd his ſteed, and ſoon before him ſpy'd
A knight upon a big-limb'd courſer ride,
Who bore by force acroſs his ſaddle-bow
A female form, with every mark of wo:
She ſtruggled in his arms, ſhe wept, ſhe pray'd,
And call'd Anglante's valiant prince * to aid.
Now on the dame Orlando bent his view,
And well the features of her face he knew:
At leaſt it ſeem'd Angelica the fair,
Whom long he ſought with unavailing care.
When he, in ſemblance of a maid diſtreſs'd,
Beheld her image that his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He call'd aloud, and thundering on his ſteed,
Let looſe the reins to Brigliadoro's ſpeed.
The felon nought reply'd, nor deign'd to ſtay,
But all intent upon his lovely prey,
Through the thick foreſt held ſo ſwift a pace,
The wind had lagg'd behind him in the race.

Thus

* Orlando.

Thus flying, one purſuing, one purſu'd,
While ſhrill complainings echo'd thro' the wood,
They reach'd a mead, and view'd a building rais'd
With coſtly art, where gold and ſilver blaz'd:
Here paſs'd the ſtranger through the lofty door,
Who in his arms the ſeeming virgin bore,
And ſoon the entrance Brigliadoro gain'd,
That fierce Orlando on his back ſuſtain'd.
With fury fir'd, alighting from his ſteed,
He ruſhes through the dome with eager ſpeed:
Of ſilk and gold he ſees each ſtately bed,
Rich figur'd hangings on the walls are ſpread,
And for the floor the feet on tap'ſtry tread.
Above, below, unwearied ſeeks the knight,
Yet finds not what alone can glad his ſight,
Nor ſees Angelica, nor him eſpies
Who ſnatch'd her beauties from his longing eyes.
Here various champions, kept in thraldom, dwell,
Ferrau, Gradaſſo, own the potent ſpell:
This Sacripant and Brandimart detains,
Rogero here with Bradamant remains;
The gentle pair, whom magic's powerful wile
Allur'd ſo late to this enchanted pile,
When both their lover's ſeeming danger view'd,
And both the viſionary foe purſu'd.

Here this diſcourteous hoſt his gueſts abus'd,
By each of daring wrongs or theſts accus'd;
One for his courſer ſtol'n indignant burn'd,
Another for his raviſh'd miſtreſs mourn'd.
Friend met with friend—but here they met in vain,
Since like deception binds the fated train,
Not one (ſo ſtrange th' illuſion of the place)
While here detain'd could in his mind retrace
The leaſt remembrance of another's face.
Here night and day the ponderous mail they wore,
And conſtant on their arm the buckler bore:
In ſtalls at hand their harneſs'd courſers ſtood,
By plenteous racks ſurcharg'd with generous food.
This new device (the like unſeen before)
By old Atlantes of Carena's lore
Was fram'd, to keep Rogero ſafe from war,
Till paſt the influence of his evil ſtar.
Among the reſt that to this caſtle came,
Chance thither led Albracca's beauteous * dame,
Who, ſcap'd from death on dire Ebuda's ſtrand,
Now hop'd once more to view her native land,
Fair India's realms—and gladly would ſhe take
King Sacripant, or brave Orlando make

* Angelica.

Guide

Guide of her way; though neither knight ſhe priz'd,
But both their amorous ſuits alike deſpis'd.
Yet bending eaſtward her adventurous courſe,
By towns and caſtles girt with hoſtile force,
Some guard ſhe wiſh'd, that danger could defy;
And well their valour might her want ſupply:
Them long in cities, towns, and woods ſhe ſought,
Till chance at length the wandering virgin brought,
Where Sacripant and where Orlando bound
By fated ſpells, where join'd with theſe ſhe found
Gradaſſo ſtern, Rogero, and Ferrau;
And many more in abject ſtate ſhe ſaw.

The gate ſhe fearleſs paſs'd, to none reveal'd,
Even from Atlantes by her ring conceal'd.
Orlando here and Sacripant ſhe view'd,
Who through the dome their fruitleſs ſearch purſu'd.
She knew Atlantes, by her likeneſs feign'd,
Orlando and king Sacripant detain'd
With covert wiles; of theſe ſhe long revolv'd
The doubtful choice, and ſcarce at length reſolv'd.
Full well ſhe knew Orlando's dauntleſs might
Could beſt defend her in the day of fight;
Yet knew not how hereafter to diſplace
The lover thus exalted in her grace;

But let her raiſe Circaſſia to the ſkies,
Again ſubmiſſive at her foot he lies,
Should ſhe command; and hence each reaſon weigh'd
Inclin'd to him the long debating maid;
Then ſudden from her mouth the ring ſhe took,
And, lo! the miſt king Sacripant forſook:
But while ſhe meant from Sacripant to draw
The obſcuring veil, Orlando and Ferrau
She near him view'd, who both had long explor'd
The magic roof for her their ſouls ador'd.

Around the princeſs throng'd th' impatient three,
No more deny'd their lov'd-one's charms to ſee.
No longer could Atlantes' baffled power
Detain the champions captive in his tower;
Who, lightly leaping on their ſteeds, withdrew,
In haſte the roſy damſel to purſue,
The black-ey'd virgin, bright with golden hair,
Who ſwift to flight impell'd her gentle mare:
When theſe ſo far were led, ſhe fear'd no more
Th' enchanter's arts could work their baleful power;
The ring, in danger ever prov'd her ſhield,
The fair between her ruby lips conceal'd;
That done, ſhe vaniſh'd from their longing ſight,
And mute with wonder left each gazing knight.

The

The wayward fair now other thoughts purſu'd,
And both the chiefs alike diſdainful view'd,
Reſolv'd to neither's arm that aid to owe,
Which, in their ſtead, her ring might well beſtow.
Meantime the lovers, who deluded ſtood
On either ſide amid the gloomy wood,
Alternate gaz'd: like hounds that loſe the trace
Of hare or fox, which long they held in chace.
Herſelf inviſible, the ſcornful maid
With ſecret ſmiles their baffled plight ſurvey'd.
One only path amid the foreſt led,
That ſeem'd to point the way by which ſhe fled.
Orlando and Ferrau with eager ſpeed
The ſearch purſu'd, and Sacripant his ſteed
As ſwiftly ſpurr'd, while left behind, the dame
Her bridle check'd, and ſoftly pacing came.
But, branching now in tangled brakes, was loſt
The winding way, that through the woodland croſt:
Ferrau, of kings the proudeſt 'midſt the proud,
Thus, turning tow'rds the two, exclaim'd aloud:
Say—Whither would ye go?—your courſe reſtrain—
Unleſs you breathleſs mean to preſs the plain.
Think not in love a rival will I view,
Or let another her I love purſue.

Then to Circaſſia's king Orlando ſpoke:
Who dares our wrath unpuniſh'd thus provoke,
Muſt deem us, ſure, a vile and abject pair,
More fit the diſtaff than the lance to bear.
Thou wretch! (indignant, to Ferrau he ſaid)
But that I view no helm defends thy head,
This arm ſhould teach thee to repent the wrong,
And curſe th' ungovern'd licenſe of thy tongue.
To whom the Pagan—Lo! I ſtand prepar'd,
Nor think my head defenceleſs I regard:
Though here without a helm, I truſt full well
This hand your force united can repel.
Then thus Orlando Sacripant addreſs'd:
Lend him awhile your helm at my requeſt,
Till with this weapon I chaſtiſe in fight
The unequall'd folly of yon boaſting knight.
Great were my weakneſs then (the monarch cry'd);
But if thou ſeek'ſt to have his wants ſupply'd,
Thy own beſtow—nor deem me leſs prepar'd
Than thee, to give a fool his juſt reward.
Ferrau rejoin'd—Inſenſate both! for know,
Did I a helmet ſeek to meet the foe,
Yourſelves had prov'd my proweſs to your coſt,
And each had now his caſque in combat loſt.

Bare-

Bare-headed thus, and bound by ſolemn vows,
Learn, never covering muſt ſurround my brows
But what Orlando wears—that glorious prize
I ſeek to gain—With ſmiles the earl replies:
Wilt thou, ſecure, with head defenceleſs, dare
Aſſail the Paladin in equal war,
To win from him ſuch honour as he won
In Aſpramont from Agolantes' ſon?
To whom the Spaniſh boaſter thus reply'd:
Full oft this arm Orlando's force has try'd;
When I at pleaſure, not his helm alone,
But all his armour might have made my own;
Then little priz'd—though now I ſeek to gain
The temper'd helm, and truſt ſhall ſoon obtain.
His patience loſt, enrag'd Orlando cries:
Thou infidel! artificer of lies!
When was the time, and where the fatal coaſt
That ſaw thy arms o'er mine the conqueſt boaſt?
Behold that champion (little thought ſo near)
Behold in me the Paladin is here!
Nor ſeek I any vantage.—Thus he ſaid,
And ſwift the caſque unlacing from his head,
He hung it on a tree in open view,
And Durindana from the ſcabbard drew.

No leſs Ferrau was ſeen his ſword to wield,
While o'er his head he rais'd the fencing ſhield:
They rein their ſteeds, they ſtrike, they ward by turns;
Their fury kindles as the combat burns.
Where beſt their force can plate or joint invade,
They ſpeed the thruſt, or whirl the beamy blade.
Not all the world a fearleſs knight can ſhow
Like each of theſe to meet a fearleſs foe.
For courage both, for prowefs both renown'd,
And both alike incapable of wound:
Thus leſs for need to avoid impending harms
Than pomp of ſhow, they went array'd in arms.
There ſtood Angelica, conceal'd from ſight,
The ſingle witneſs of ſo fierce a fight.
For Sacripant, who deem'd the royal maid
Not far remote amid the foreſt ſtray'd,
Soon as Orlando and Ferrau he view'd
Engag'd in ſtrife, her fancy'd courſe purſu'd.
Angelica awhile in equal ſcales
The conflict ſees, where neither ſide prevails:
Then in a ſportive mood the caſque ſhe took,
And ſoon unſeen the combatants forſook.
Ferrau firſt turning to Orlando ſaid,
Lo! how our late companion has betray'd

The

The faith of knights! What prize for us remains,
When he, by fraud, the victor's meed obtains?
Then on the tree Orlando bent his view;
The helm he miſs'd, and fierce his anger grew;
And like Ferrau he deem'd that this, in ſcorn
Of either's claim, Circaſſia thence had borne.
The earl his Brigliadoro through the wood
Impatient urg'd; as ſwift Ferrau purſu'd;
Till different tracks of horſes' feet they found,
Left by the knight and damſel on the ground.
Here to the left his courſe Orlando bore,
The courſe Circaſſia's king had held before:
Ferrau, by chance, more near the mountain ſtray'd,
Through late worn traces of the flying maid.

Meantime the virgin to a fountain drew,
Where verdant bowers, with leaves o'erſhading, grew;
Where pilgrims, ſhelter'd from the ſultry beam,
With draughts refreſhing from the limpid ſtream
Allay'd their thirſt: here, fearleſs of ſurpriſe,
Angelica (who on her ring relies
In every danger) to the bank deſcends,
And on a bough the glittering helm ſuſpends;
Then ſeeks a place where, ty'd at eaſe, her beaſt
Might crop from flowery meads the verdant feaſt.

Ferrau,

Ferrau, who cloſe purſu'd the flying dame,
By varióus windings to the fountain came,
Not unobſerv'd, for inſtant from his ſight
She vaniſh'd, and prepar'd for ſpeedy flight;
But vainly ſtrove the helmet to regain,
That roll'd to diſtance bounded on the plain.
When firſt the Pagan prince with raptur'd eyes
Beholds Angelica—he haſtes, he flies
To meet the fair-one, who his hope deceives,
As ſome light form the awaken'd dreamer leaves.
He ſeeks her round in covert, ſhade, and bower,
But ſeeks in vain—blaſpheming every power,
With Trevigant and Mahomet, ador'd
By Pagan votaries, as Gods implor'd,
And every name his ſect repeats with awe,
The prieſts and teachers of his impious law.
Now near the fount again the warrior drew,
And, caſt on earth, Orlando's helmet knew,
By characters that round its edge explain'd
When, and from whom, the precious prize was gain'd:
His vow complete, he ſeiz'd with eager haſte,
And on his head the long-wiſh'd helmet plac'd;
Then, having ſought in vain the damſel loſt,
Return'd, deſponding, to the Spaniſh hoſt.

Now,

Now, faithful muſe, the noble deeds record,
The fruitleſs ſearch of Brava's generous lord *.
Another helm his head-piece loſt ſupply'd,
But nor the temper, nor the ſteel he try'd.
He ſought alone from every prying ſight
To hide the features of Anglante's knight.
As Phœbus from the fields of Ocean drew
His ſmooth-hair'd courſers wet with briny dew;
What time the moon her ruddy beams diſplay'd,
And ſtars yet glimmer'd through the lingering ſhade;
Not far remote from Paris' regal town,
Orlando gain'd new laurels of renown.
Two bands he met; one Manilardo led,
A Pagan reverenc'd for his hoary head,
Of Norway king; once gallant in the field,
But better now in arts of council ſkill'd.
To lead the ſecond, with his ſtandard came
The king of Tremizen, of mighty fame
In Afric, and Alzirdo was his name.
When now, unchain'd from winter's icy cold,
Within their beds the murmuring currents roll'd;
When the glad meads reſum'd their vivid green,
And budding leaves to deck the trees were ſeen;

* Orlando.

Then

Then gave king Agramant his wide command,
To muſter all his forces, band by band:
For this the king of Tremizen in haſte,
And king of Norway, o'er the country paſs'd,
To lead their ſquadrons, where the army drew
To paſs before their chiefs in juſt review.
When now Alzirdo view'd the earl from far,
Whoſe limbs and mien proclaim'd the god of war,
He deem'd him firſt of every martial band,
And raſhly long'd to meet him hand to hand.
Young was Alzirdo, and of lofty pride,
Of daring courage, and of vigour try'd.
His ſocial ranks, in evil hour, he left,
And ſpurr'd his ſteed, of better ſenſe bereft,
The valiant foe's prevailing force to feel,
And ſink tranſpierc'd by great Orlando's ſteel.
The courſer flies affrighted o'er the plains,
No maſter on his back to guide the reins.
Now roſe a dreadful tumult, when they view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood:
Some couch'd their ſpears, and ſome their falchions drew,
And on the knight with headlong fury flew:
While ſome with darts and arrows gall'd from far
The flower of champions in a miſſive war.

A thouſand

A thouſand darts, and ſpears, and ſwords rebound
From his broad ſhield, or on his cuiraſs ſound.
But he, who ne'er a thought of fear allow'd,
With careleſs eye beheld th' ignoble crowd.
Thus, leaping o'er the fence in nightly folds,
A wolf the number of the ſheep beholds.
No quilted veſt, nor fencing turban, roll'd
Around the head in many a winding fold,
Nor plated ſhield, nor temper'd caſque defends,
Where Durindana's trenchant edge deſcends.
Loud groans and cries the dying ſoldiers yield,
And heads and arms are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
Death ſtalks amidſt the crimſon ranks of fight,
In various forms, all horrible to ſight;
Yon weapon in Orlando's hand (he cries)
With my fell ſcythe in copious ſlaughter vies!
Regardleſs of the way, with fearful ſpeed
This plies his feet, that ſpurs his rapid ſteed.
Lo! Virtue bears her mirror in the field,
Which every blemiſh of the ſoul reveal'd:
None look'd therein, except a hoary ſire;
Age ſhrunk his nerves, but could not damp his fire.
He ſaw 'twas nobler far in fight to die,
Than with diſhonour turn his back to fly.

This

This ſage was Norway's king, who graſp'd his lance,
And fearleſs met the matchleſs peer of France.
Againſt the ſhield's round boſs the weapon broke;
Unmov'd the Paladin receiv'd the ſtroke.
As Manilardo paſs'd, Orlando aim'd
His deadly falchion that like lightning flam'd;
But Fortune favour'd here the king ſo well,
The blade fell flat, yet with ſuch fury fell,
The reverend warrior ſenſeleſs lay for dead,
And ſwooning darkneſs o'er his eye-balls ſpread.
As birds affrighted wing their airy way,
When the fierce hawk purſues his trembling prey;
So far'd theſe bands before the Chriſtian knight,
Some maim'd, ſome ſlain, and ſome diſpers'd in flight.

Orlando now, tho' well the land he knew,
Uncertain where his miſtreſs to purſue;
Through plains and foreſts ſought the beauteous dame,
Till near a mountain's craggy ſteep he came;
Thence, from a cleft, a ſtream of yellow light
Pierc'd the dun ſhadows of ſurrounding night.
With beating heart, the chief exploring found
A ſpacious cavern hewn within the ground,
The mouth with brambles fenc'd; a ſafe retreat
For thoſe that fix'd in woods their ruſtic ſeat

From

From human haunts!—the taper's ray reveal'd
With glimmering light the cave by day conceal'd.
Orlando firſt his Brigliadoro tied,
And clear'd the branches that acceſs deny'd;
Then in the tomb, that held the living, went,
By many ſteps, a narrow deep deſcent.
Large was the cave, but ſcarce at noon of day
The winding mouth receiv'd a feeble ray;
Yet from an opening to the right appear'd
A beam of ſunſhine that the dwelling chear'd.
Here, ſeated near a blazing hearth, he found,
A tender maid with blooming beauty crown'd,
Though in her eyes the ſtarting tear confeſs'd
Some hidden anguiſh rankling in her breaſt.
With her an aged beldame ſeem'd to jar
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war:
But when Orlando in their preſence came,
Each held her peace: the knight to either dame
Fair greeting gave, as one whoſe noble mind
Was ever gentle to the gentle kind.
With wonder fill'd, the champion ſought to know
What ſavage wretch, to human race a foe,
Could keep entomb'd in this ſequeſter'd place
The ſweet attractions of ſuch virgin grace:

When to the knight, with many a heavy ſigh,
She made, in pleaſing accents, this reply.
Though, courteous knight, my mournful tale diſ-
clos'd,
To certain puniſhment I ſtand expos'd,
Since yonder woman will my words relate
To him, who holds me in this captive ſtate;
Yet let it come—what can I from his hand
More grateful than the ſtroke of death demand?
Hear firſt, that Iſabella's name I own,
Daughter of him who fills Galicia's throne:
Once was I his—but now, alas! the heir
Of deſolation, ſorrow, and deſpair!
From love I trace the cauſe of all my ſmart,
From love that ſteals the virgin's gentle heart.
Once was I young and beauteous, rich and bleſt,
Now poor and low, with fortune's frowns depreſt.
Twelve months are paſt, ſince in Bayona's land
My royal ſire a tournament ordain'd,
To which, invited by the trump of fame,
From various regions various champions came.
But, whether love miſled my partial mind,
Or that his deeds eclips'd the warrior kind,
My ſoul's fond praiſe Zerbino ſingly won,
To Scotland's king the dear, the only ſon:

I lov'd

I lov'd—yet happy ſeem'd to place my heart
Upon an object of ſuch high deſert.
Not leſs ſincere than mine his paſſion glow'd;
And though forbid to meet; our flames we vow'd
By meſſage oft, and while we liv'd disjoin'd,
We felt the tendereſt union of the mind.
  Zerbino now, when clos'd the ſolemn feaſt,
To Scotland's realm again his courſe addreſs'd:
If e'er your ſoul the hour of parting knew,
Reflect what ſorrow muſt his loſs enſue.
Our different faiths forbade him to require
My hand in marriage of the king my ſire:
A Pagan I, and he a Chriſtian bred,
With open rites he ne'er muſt hope to wed
Galicia's princeſs; hence his fearleſs mind
To bear me from my native land deſign'd.
  Oft in a garden, deck'd with ſummer's pride,
Where near the gay parterres a cryſtal tide
Meandering roll'd, upon the banks I ſtood,
And view'd afar the hills and ſurgy flood:
This place t' effect his bold deſign he choſe,
That nothing might our union more oppoſe:
To me his ſecret thoughts he firſt declar'd,
Then, well equipp'd, a rapid bark prepar'd,

By Odorico the Biſcayan's care,
On ſea and land a maſter of the war.
Zerbino, by his aged father ſent,
With all his powers in aid of Gallia went:
Himſelf forbid to ſtay, he left behind
This Odorico, for the charge aſſign'd,
On whom he deem'd his friendſhip might rely,
If benefits conferr'd could fix the tie.
Now, in my garden, on th' appointed day,
Till night I ſtay'd, a voluntary prey:
When Odorico near the city drew,
And up the river with his choſen few
Advancing ſilent, ſudden leapt on ſhore,
And me in triumph to his galley bore.
Joyful I bade my native ſoil adieu,
In hopes my lov'd Zerbino ſoon to view.
Scarce had our ſhip the cape of Mongia paſt,
When, riſing from the left, a furious blaſt
Drove clouds on clouds, made mountain-ſurges riſe,
And daſh their ſpumy foreheads in the ſkies:
We find, while vainly with the ſtorm we ſtrive,
Our ſhip againſt the rocks of Rochelle drive:
Swift as a ſhaft before the wind it drove,
And none could ſave, but HE who rules above.

Struck

Struck with our peril, the Biſcayan try'd
A laſt reſource, too oft in vain apply'd:
With him he bade me from the ſhip deſcend,
And to the ſhallow ſkiff our lives commend.
Two more deſcended; and a numerous band
As ſoon had follow'd, but with ſword in hand
Compell'd, alas! their entrance we deny'd,
Our cable cut, and floated on the tide,
Till ſafe we landed on the rocky coaſt;
But with the veſſel wreck'd the crew were loſt.
Though with the ſinking ſhip remain'd behind
My veſts and jewels, wealth of every kind,
Yet bleſt with hopes to find my prince again,
Unmov'd I ſaw them ſwallow'd by the main.
Wild was the land, uncultivate and rude,
Nor track of feet, nor roofs of men we view'd;
Nought but a mountain, round whoſe craggy brow
The loud winds blew, the billows roar'd below.
Here cruel Love, that falſe perfidious boy,
Prompt to deceive, and watchful to deſtroy,
With ſuit diſhoneſt, by his froward will,
My joy to ſorrow chang'd, my good to ill.
That friend, in whom his truſt Zerbino plac'd,
Froze in his faith, and burnt with flames unchaſte.

The traitor now a ſecret plan revolv'd,
To accompliſh what his impious ſoul reſolv'd:
And hence, of two that 'ſcap'd with us the flood,
Would one diſmiſs, a youth of Scottiſh blood,
Almonio nam'd, and by Zerbino lov'd,
In faith unſully'd, as in arms approv'd:
Him Odorico bade to weigh the ſhame,
Should they to Rochelle's walls a princely dame
On foot convey; and begg'd him hence with ſpeed
From Rochelle to ſupply our preſent need.

Almonio, fearing nought, his courſe purſu'd,
To where, conceal'd from view beyond the wood,
Six miles remote, the peopled city ſtood.

One friend remain'd: to him the traitor meant
Without diſguiſe t' unveil his foul intent:
Corebo of Bilboa was his name;
Whom Odorico, nothing aw'd by ſhame,
Would tempt to break his faith; with him he led
His early life; with him from childhood bred.
Corebo, great of ſoul, and nobly born,
Abhorr'd the deed, and with indignant ſcorn
Reproach'd his breach of faith, and firmly ſtrove
By every means t' oppoſe his impious love.
From threat to threat increaſing paſſion grew
In either breaſt, till each his weapon drew:

When,

When, ſtruck with terror to behold the fight,
I turn'd me to the woods in ſpeedy flight.
Soon Odorico, long to battle train'd,
By ſkill ſuperior ſuch advantage gain'd,
He left Corebo on the ground for dead,
And follow'd me who thence ſo ſwiftly fled.
When prayers, and threats, and flatteries nought avail'd,
With open force my honour he aſſail'd.
In vain I wept—implor'd—in vain I preſs'd
The ſacred friendſhip to his lord profeſs'd;
Bade him reflect that to his faith ſincere
Zerbino truſted all he held moſt dear.
Entreaties loſt, and every hope of aid
Far, far remote, to ſave a wretched maid;
I know not if by fortune thither led,
Or by my voice that round the country ſpread
Its piercing notes; or wont to ſcour the ſtrand
When veſſels bulg'd, and ſtrew'd with wrecks the ſand;
But from the ſummit of the hill I ſpy'd
A crew deſcending to the ocean's ſide:
The impure Biſcayan, ſeiz'd with guilty fright,
His purpoſe left, to ſave himſelf by flight.
Behold me by this band in happy hour
Preſerv'd, my lord, from that falſe traitor's power;

Eight months elaps'd, I ſee the ninth arrive,
Since here I wretched dwell entomb'd alive.
All hopes of my Zerbino now muſt fail—
From theſe I learn, my beauty ſet to ſale,
And terms agreed, a merchant will receive,
And me, unhappy, to the Soldan give.
So ſpoke the lovely maid, and as ſhe ſpoke,
Sighs following ſighs her angel ſpeeches broke.
Thus they; when ſudden in the cave appears
A crew with knotty clubs, with ſtaves and ſpears:
The ill-favour'd leader of the brutal crew
His ſingle eye around the cavern threw;
A ſtroke, that chanc'd upon his face to light,
Had lopt his noſe and clos'd one eye in night.
Soon as he ſaw the chief, who liſtening ſate
To hear the virgin-fair her tale relate,
He turn'd, and joyful to his fellows ſaid:
Behold a bird for whom no net was ſpread!
Then to the earl—For me in luckier hour
No ſtranger ever reach'd this place before:
Thou may'ſt have heard I long have ſought in vain
Such radiant arms and veſt like thine to gain;
And gladly I behold thee thus at hand,
To anſwer now whate'er my wants demand.

Swift ſtarting from his ſeat with noble pride,
Orlando ſmil'd ſevere, and thus reply'd.
Theſe arms I value at a price ſo high,
Who hopes their purchaſe muſt full dearly buy.
Then from the blazing hearth a brand he took,
All red with fire and hiſſing from the ſmoke,
And ſudden threw—above the caitiff's noſe,
By chance it ſtrikes between the meeting brows;
And inſtant quenches in eternal night
His only wretched miniſter of light;
And ſends his ghoſt to join the dreary train
By Charon doom'd to lakes of fiery pain.
A table, form'd in ſquare, of ponderous wood,
Of ſize capacious, in the cavern ſtood;
Which, ill ſuſtain'd with rude unſhapen feet,
The thief and all his fellows held at meat:
Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
Where throng'd together preſs'd th' ungodly crew.
The ſhatter'd limb, cruſh'd head, and gory breaſt,
The crackling bone the thundering maſs confeſs'd.
So when in cluſtering knot a ſnaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the ſpring renew'd,
Baſk in the ſun, if by ſome peaſant thrown
Amidſt them lights a huge unwieldy ſtone,

On

On all the curling heap what miſchief flies!
This leaves his ſever'd tail; that mangled dies:
Another cruſh'd and bruis'd attempts with pain
To drag behind his ſinuous length of train.
Seven only 'ſcap'd, and theſe Orlando drew
Where a thick tree with ſpreading branches grew;
The leaves he clears, and hangs them quivering there
A living prey to all the fowls of air.

That aged beldame, to the thieves a friend,
Who ſaw their ill-ſpent lives' diſaſtrous end,
With ſhrieks and outcries, tearing from her head
The hoary hairs, to woods and deſerts fled.

Sad Iſabella now Orlando pray'd
With guardian power to watch a helpleſs maid;
And vow'd her ſteps ſhould all his ſteps attend:
The noble warrior, like a tender friend,
Her ſorrows ſooth'd; and when Aurora, dreſt
In roſy garland and in purple veſt,
Reſum'd her wonted track through morning air,
The knight departs with Iſabella fair.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

REVIEW of the Pagan forces. Mandricardo, king of Tartary, hears of the defeat of the two bands by Orlando, and goes in ſearch of that knight. He meets with Doralis, daughter to the king of Granada, and carries her off by force. Agramant prepares for a general aſſault of Paris: the behaviour of the emperor Charlemain on the occaſion. GOD commands his angel, with the aſſiſtance of Silence, to conduct Rinaldo with his army to the walls, and ſends Diſcord amongſt the Pagans. The houſe of Sleep. The aſſault begun: gallant defence of the beſieged: the exploits of Rodomont, who having leapt the walls, makes a dreadful ſlaughter. Rinaldo comes to the relief of the Chriſtians: his ſpeech to his army. General battle. Acts of Rinaldo, Zerbino and Ferrau. News brought to Charles of the devaſtation made by Rodomont in the city of Paris.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

NOW Spain and Afric's monarchs, to provide
Such chiefs as beſt befit their troops to guide,
From where they long maintain'd their winter's poſt,
In order ſummon'd all the numerous hoſt.
Before the reſt the Catalans appear,
And Doriphœbus' waving banners rear:
Then march (no more by Fulvirantes led,
Their gallant king by brave Rinaldo dead)
Thoſe of Navarre; the Spaniſh king's command
Commits them now to Iſolero's hand.
Next Balugantes Leon's people leads:
Grandonio then Algarbi's troop precedes,
Marſilius' brother: Falſirones arm'd
The leſs Caſtile; around his banner ſwarm'd

Thoſe

Thoſe that with Madaraſſo Seville leave,
And peopled Malaga; from Gades' wave
To where green Cordova her paſtures ſhows,
And Betis o'er his flowery border flows.
Then Stordilano and Teſſira lead,
With Baricondo, numbers that ſucceed.
Galicians came, that Maricaldo loſt,
On Serpentino fix'd to guide their hoſt;
Then thoſe Avila and Zamora ſend:
Beneath one leader all their ranks extend.
The Saragozan troops, and houſehold bands
Of king Marſilius' court Ferrau commands,
All ſtrongly arm'd, and well in combat known:
Here Malgarino, Balinverno ſhone.
Here Malzariſes and Morgantes, led
By equal fate a foreign ſoil to tread;
Whom each, of kingdom and of wealth bereav'd,
Marſilius in his regal dome receiv'd.

Theſe legions marſhall'd, next in fair review
The chiefs of Agramant their forces drew.
Oran's huge king appear'd upon the plain,
A giant-leader o'er his vaſſal train.
The following ſquadron march'd with ſorrow fill'd
For Martaſin, whom Bradamant had kill'd;

And much they griev'd that ever woman's breath
Should vaunt the king of Garamanta's death.
Arganio rules the Libicanian train,
Who wept for ſable Dudrinaſſo ſlain.
With eyes caſt downward, and with cloudy hue,
Brunello brings his Tingitanian crew:
For ſince beneath the near o'erſhading wood,
Where on the rock Atlantes' caſtle ſtood,
He loſt to Bradamant the fatal ring,
He liv'd diſgrac'd with Afric's potent king;
And had not Iſolero, who beheld
Brunello bound, to Agramant reveal'd
The truth at full, a gibbet had receiv'd
The wretched culprit, and of life bereav'd.
The king, to mercy by their prayers diſpos'd,
Releas'd the fatal nooſe already clos'd.
O'er Naſamoni's Pulian's hand preſides,
Amonia's train king Agricaltes guides.
No nobler banner through the camp was ſpread,
Than that which valiant ſage Sobrino led;
Through all the hoſt could few with him compare,
In tents to counſel, or in fields to dare.
The troops by Gualciotto late diſplay'd,
Now Rodomont's imperious rule obey'd:

Of horſe and foot he led united powers;
New rais'd by Agramant, from Afric's ſhores.
But three days ſince, he ſafely brought to land,
From mountain billows, his afflicted band,
What time the ſun obſcur'd his glorious light
In dreadful tempeſts of ſurrounding night:
No bolder Saracen in all their hoſt,
No ſtronger warrior Afric's camp could boaſt;
Nor 'midſt their countleſs legions could they ſhow
To Chriſtian faith a more inveterate foe.
Then Pruſio, Alvarecchia's king, proceeds:
Zumara's ſovereign, Dardanello, leads
His forces next—ſure luckleſs birds of night,
Or crows, or ravens of ill-omen'd flight,
To theſe from mouldering roof or lonely bower
Preſag'd the chance of ſome diſaſtrous hour;
For Heaven decrees, to-morrow's fatal field
Shall ſee each chief his life in battle yield.

The ſquadrons paſt, in numerous order train'd,
Save Tremizen and Norway none remain'd:
Of theſe no martial ſtandards yet appear'd,
Of theſe no tidings in the field were heard.
When Agramant awhile in anxious thought
Had weigh'd their abſence, to his ſight was brought

A ſquire,

A ſquire, who ſerving late (amidſt his guard)
The king of Tremizen, the truth declar'd;
That Manilardo and Alzirdo quell'd,
With numbers ſlaughter'd preſs'd the ſanguine field.
Scarce have I ſcap'd by headlong flight (he cry'd);
And had not Fortune turn'd his courſe aſide,
The knight, O king! whoſe conquering arm alone
O'erthrew theſe troops, had all your camp o'erthrown.
Few days had paſt, ſince to the Turkiſh hoſt
A champion came, in arms his country's boaſt;
Him Agramant with honours due careſs'd,
The valiant heir of Tartary confeſt,
The ſon of Agrican, of ſtory'd fame,
And Mandricardo his redoubted name.
His deeds had through the world diffus'd his praiſe:
But one eclips'd each deed of former days;
When at the Syrian fairy's drear abode,
The ſeat of magic, dauntleſs might he ſhow'd,
Amidſt a ſcene, whoſe wonders but to hear,
Would ſtrike the boldeſt heart with chilling fear;
In which he won the cuiraſs, which of yore
In fields of battle Trojan Hector wore.
This chief the ſquire's unwelcome tidings heard,
And, fir'd with rage, his haughty viſage rear'd;

He bade to aſk the ſquire, what veſtments o'er
His mailed arms the dreaded champion bore;
To this he anſwer'd—Black his mournful veſt,
Black was his ſhield, and unadorn'd his creſt.
To Mandricardo late a beauteous ſteed
The king Marſilius gave, of generous breed;
His colour bay, but black his feet and mane,
His dam of Friza, and his ſire of Spain.
This Mandricardo, ſheath'd in ſteel, beſtrode,
And ſpurr'd impetuous o'er the field, and vow'd
To view the camp no more, till he beheld
The knight unknown in ſable arms conceal'd.
That day and half the next, in eager thought,
Enquiring oft, the ſable knight he ſought:
When, lo! he view'd a meadow, crown'd with ſhade,
Where a deep ſtream with circling waters ſtray'd.
To guard the narrow paſs, a numerous band
Of hardy warriors, clad in armour, ſtand.
The Pagan aſks what chief had thither ſent
So ſtrong a force, and what the concourſe meant?
To him their leader ſcorn'd not to reply,
Mov'd with his lordly ſpeech; whoſe preſence high,
And arms enrich'd with gold and gems, proclaim
Some mighty warrior, not unknown to fame.

Sent by our lord (he cry'd) we hither bring
The royal daughter of Granada's king;
Whom now, tho' ſcarce the tidings yet have ſpread,
He gives to bleſs the king of Sarza's * bed.
We to her ſire encamp'd conduct the maid;
And now ſhe lies repos'd in yonder ſhade.

Then Mandricardo—Doubtleſs ſhe is fair,
Fain would I view the charge that claims your care;
Lead me to her, or here the dame convey,
For haſte forbids me longer to delay.

What madneſs has thy better thoughts miſled?—
Granada's captain ſaid—nor further ſaid:
The Tartar plac'd his eager ſpear in reſt,
Which furious ruſh'd againſt the ſpeaker's breaſt:
Before the ſtroke the ſhatter'd cuiraſs flies,
And, ſtretch'd on earth, a lifeleſs corſe he lies.
The ſon of Agrican his ſpear regain'd,
Nor other weapon in the field ſuſtain'd:
No ſword nor mace he held: that fated hour,
When, won by conqueſt, Hector's arms he bore,
The ſword he miſs'd, and vow'd that never blade
Should grace his ſide (nor vain the vow he made)
Save Durindana, by Almontes borne,
Orlando's now, and once by Hector worn.

* Rodomont.

Great was the courage of the Tartar knight,
On ſuch unequal terms to wage the fight.
This drew the ſword, that plac'd the lance in reſt,
And round him cloſe the furious numbers preſs'd.
In heaps they fell—at length the javelin broke,
The broken truncheon in his graſp he took.
As Hebrew Sampſon, wielding in his hand
The fatal jaw, o'erthrew the hoſtile band
Of ſtern Philiſtines—ſhields and helmets fly;
And oft at once the horſe and horſeman die.
As in the open fields, or ſunny meads,
The brittle ſtubble and the ſpiky reeds
Reſiſt but little, when the wary hind
Kindles the flame, to which the northern wind
Gives double force, till wide around it preys,
And all the furrows crackle in the blaze:
So theſe alike in vain defence engage
With haughty Mandricardo's dreadful rage.

Soon as the paſſage freed the champion view'd,
Where late the centry to defend it ſtood,
Amid the new-worn path, with eager tread,
He preſs'd the turf, by ſounds of ſorrow led
And loud laments, to judge how truly Fame
Had rais'd the beauties of Granada's dame.

Where

Where the ſtream winding gave the Pagan way
He paſs'd, while round him ſlaughter'd warriors lay;
Till 'midſt the mead his matchleſs prize he found,
The gentle Doralis, with beauty crown'd;
So was ſhe nam'd—beneath its ancient ſhade
An oak's rough trunk ſuſtain'd the trembling maid.
Her tears, like ſprings that unexhauſted flow,
Fell trickling down, and ſtain'd her breaſt of ſnow;
And on her features plain reveal'd appear'd,
She wept for others, for herſelf ſhe fear'd.
Her fears redoubled, when the knight ſhe view'd
With viſage ſtern, and arms with blood bedew'd,
Blood of her friends: her wailings rent the ſky;
Her ſad attendants join'd the piercing cry;
Sage matrons, ſquires, and dames (a choſen band)
The beſt and faireſt of Granada's land.

Soon as the Tartar prince that face beheld,
Whoſe charms the brighteſt charms of Spain excell'd;
That even in grief can ſpread the flame of Love;
(How muſt ſhe then in joy each boſom move!)
He conquers but to yield: enrapt he ſtands
A willing priſoner in his captive's hands.
Then on a milk-white ſteed without delay
He ſeats the damſel, to purſue his way:

But firſt, in gentle words, he bids adieu
To dames, to ſquires, and all the weeping crew.
Henceforth in me will be her guard (he cries);
I ſhall, her ſquire, her lord, her mate, ſuffice
At every need—my friends, farewel!—They hear,
And helpleſs part with many a ſigh and tear.
What grief, what anguiſh (to themſelves they ſaid)
Will pierce her father's ſoul! What thoughts invade
Her conſort's breaſt! What vengeance ſhall aſſuage
His cruel pangs, and ſate his dreadful rage!
O! were he here, to ſave from foul diſgrace
Th' illuſtrious blood of Stordilano's race!

The Tartar, happy in his prize obtain'd,
A prize by fortune and by valour gain'd,
Now gently ſoothes his fair-one's grief and fears,
Whoſe cheeks and lovely eyes are wet with tears;
Vows for her ſake, he left his realm and crown,
Whoſe rule extends to lands of far renown,
Not to contemplate France or Spain (he cries)
But the ſoft beauties of her beaming eyes.
If love unfeign'd may ever hope to prove
The virgin's ſmiles—I merit then your love:
If high deſcent—who nobler can aſpire?
I boaſt the mighty Agrican my ſire;

If wealth or power—what name exceeds my own?
In empire I ſubmit to God alone:
If valour—well my deeds to-day declare,
My valour pleads my title to the fair.
These words, and many more which love had taught,
In Doralis, with ſoft perſuaſion, wrought
A gentle change, till ſoon her liſtening ear
Conſents with leſs conſtraint his ſuit to hear:
Nor on his face ſometimes ſhe ſhames to bend
Her languid eyes, where pity ſeems to blend
With young deſire: The Pagan hence, whoſe heart
Had oft confeſs'd the painful, pleaſing ſmart,
Drew certain omens that the beauteous dame
Would not for ever ſcorn his amorous flame.
Thus journeying on, in thought elate and gay,
With Doralis, companion of his way,
The hour advanc'd, when friendly night prepares
Its balmy reſt to baniſh mortal cares:
Now half conceal'd the ſinking ſun he views,
And with redoubled haſte his courſe purſues,
Till diſtant ſounds of ruſtic pipes he hears,
And curling ſmoke from village roofs appears:
There harmleſs ſhepherds hold their humble ſeat,
No ſumptuous dwelling, but a calm retreat.

The maſter of the herds with ſimple grace
Welcom'd the knight and damſel to the place;
Who pleas'd his welcome heard: for not alone
In towns and courts are courteous manners known;
Full oft in wilds, beneath the lonely ſhed
Of Nature's ſons, are ſocial virtues bred.

In peaceful ſhade the knight and damſel lay;
And when with morn they took their early way,
Fair Doralis her grateful thanks expreſs'd
To him, whoſe roof receiv'd her for his gueſt.

Now heard king Agramant that England's powers
Had paſt the narrow ſeas from Britain's ſhores:
Marſilius, Garbo's ancient king, and all
The Pagan leaders, at the herald's call
In council meet; and with one voice unite,
Againſt the walls to bend their ſtrongeſt might:
Above the reſt the king unweary'd goes,
The firſt and ſecond ſquadron to diſpoſe:
Himſelf reſolves with theſe th' aſſault to make,
And every toil and danger to partake.

Ere yet th' aſſault began, the Chriſtian lord
In Paris' walls with holy rites implor'd
Th' offended powers; and rang'd in meet array
The prieſts and brethren, ſable, white, and grey,

Sung

Sung fervent hymns; while thoſe repentant bands,
By pure confeſſion ſnatch'd from Stygian hands,
In bleſt communion join'd the dear repaſt,
As if th' enſuing morn were doom'd their laſt.
Th' Imperial chief, on pious acts intent,
By peers and ſenators ſurrounded, went,
By knights and princes, to the loftieſt fane,
Himſelf th' example to his ſubject train;
There, with claſp'd hands, and eyes to Heaven addreſt,
He pray'd—O God! though ſins pollute my breaſt,
Yet let not theſe for preſent vengeance call,
Leſt, through my guilt, thy faithful people fall.
If 'tis decreed that thy Almighty hand
Muſt deal thoſe ſufferings which our crimes demand,
At leaſt awhile thy righteous ire forego,
Nor let thine enemies inflict the blow.
Should theſe ſubdue us, while we boaſt the grace
Of Chriſtian faith, eſteem'd thy favour'd race,
The Heathen world that power may uſeleſs call
Which lets its votaries unaided fall:
So Babel's laws o'er all mankind ſhall ſpread,
And pure Religion hide her ſacred head.
Preſerve the chiefs that oft have ſtood prepar'd
Thy blameleſs paſtors and thy Church to guard.

Too

Too well we feel, when we for mercy pray,
Againſt our faults how light our merits weigh:
But let thy grace our deep contrition wake,
Our ſouls will ſoon a ſecond nature take:
Nor can we doubt thy ſaving help to find,
Thy help ſo oft beſtow'd on loſt mankind.

So ſpoke the prince devout, and meekly pour'd
His fervid vows to Heaven's eternal Lord.
The guardian Angel ſpreads his hallow'd wings,
And to his Saviour's ear the offering brings.
Unnumber'd vows that inſtant thus preferr'd
By thoſe bleſt ſpirits, Heaven's Eternal heard:
At this the ſouls in endleſs bliſs above,
With features blending pity, peace, and love,
All turn'd to HIM, the ſource of endleſs grace,
With one requeſt to ſave the Chriſtian race.

The Goodneſs Infinite, whoſe ear to gain
The upright heart has never pray'd in vain,
Caſt round his pitying eye, and with his hand
Call'd faithful Michael from th' Angelic band;
Then thus he ſpoke—Go! ſeek the Chriſtian power
With friendly veſſels brought from England's ſhore;
Lead theſe to Paris from the diſtant coaſt,
Unheard, unnotic'd, by the Pagan hoſt.

Find

Find Silence firſt—command him to prepare
Whate'er befits with thee the taſk to ſhare—
Such is my will—then ſeek a different road,
Where in her cavern Diſcord makes abode:
Bid her with ſpeed her ſteel and fewel take,
And in the Mooriſh camp new flames awake;
Amongſt the chiefs for mightieſt proweſs known,
Let every ſeed of wild debate be ſown;
Let war inteſtine, mutual death ſucceed,
Let ſome be captives, ſome in combat bleed,
And ſome, in rage, ſelf-exil'd from the hoſt,
Their ſovereign leave to mourn his champions loſt.

He ſaid: The bleſſed Angel nought replies,
But ſwift t' obey his heavenly Maker flies:
Where'er his courſe the radiant envoy ſteers,
The clouds diſperſe, the troubled ether clears;
And round him plays a circling blaze of light,
Such as when meteors ſtream through duſky night.

While ſtill he ponders in his zealous mind
Where beſt this enemy of ſpeech to find;
At length he deems that Silence ſure may dwell
With monks and abbots in the cloiſter'd cell,
The church's hallow'd walls: where never ear
Might other ſound than chanted pſalters hear:

To

To meet him there he certain hope aſſumes,
And moves with ſpeed increas'd his golden plumes.
No Silence there he found, he view'd alone
His name enroll'd, himſelf no longer known:
Nor Peace, nor Charity was there to ſee,
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility;
For theſe, Wrath, Av'rice, Gluttony, and Pride,
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reſide.
The Angel, wondering at a ſight ſo new,
Saw Diſcord ſoon amidſt the brutal crew,
Her, in whoſe ſearch he meant, at Heaven's command,
T' explore Avernus' ever mournful ſtrand.
He knew her by the veſture's hundred dyes,
Of liſts unnumber'd of unequal ſize;
Which rent in ſhreds, but ill thoſe limbs conceal'd
By every ſtep or breath of wind reveal'd.
Her uncomb'd hairs ſeem'd conſtant ſtrife to hold,
Of various hues, black, ſilver, brown and gold.
Some hung in ringlets, ſome in knots were ty'd;
Her boſom ſome, and ſome her ſhoulders hide:
Her hands and lap a countleſs medley bore
Of writs, citations (an exhauſtleſs ſtore!)
Oppreſſion's various forms, that make the poor
In cities never find their ſtate ſecure.

Before,

Before, behind, on either ſide her ſtand
Attornies, notaries,—a brawling band!
Her Michael call'd, and bade her inſtant go
To ſpread diſſention midſt the Pagan foe,
Then aſk'd for Silence: Diſcord thus replies,
That Silence never yet has met my eyes:
Though oft his name from many have I heard,
Oft heard his praiſe for craft and guile preferr'd;
But Fraud, ſometime the partner of his way,
Our comrade here, can beſt his haunts betray—
Lo! where ſhe ſtands—She ſaid, and pointing ſhow'd
Where Fraud appear'd amidſt the motley crowd.
Her garb was decent, lovely was her face,
Her eyes were baſhful, ſober was her pace;
With ſpeech, whoſe charms might every heart aſſail,
Like his who gave the bleſt ſalute of—hail!
But all deform'd and brutal was the reſt,
Which cloſe ſhe cover'd with her ample veſt,
Beneath whoſe folds, prepar'd for bloody ſtrife,
Her hand for ever graſp'd a poiſon'd knife.
Of her the Angel aſk'd: and Fraud reply'd:
Silence was wont with Virtue to reſide,
With Benedict and old Elias' train,
In convents where religion firſt began:

Much

Much time he choſe in learned ſchools to paſs,
With Architas and wiſe Pythagoras.
But when thoſe ſaints and ſages were no more,
That kept him true to Wiſdom's righteous lore,
His godly cuſtoms learnt he ſoon forſook,
And to new paths his wandering feet betook.
Fond lovers firſt at midnight hour he pair'd;
Then, mix'd with thieves, in all their counſels ſhar'd.
With Treaſon oft he dwells, and him I view'd
Late join'd with Murder ſtain'd in human blood.
With Coiners has he oft been known to dwell
Remote from towns, in ſome ſequeſter'd cell.
So much he ſhifts his partners and his place,
'Tis hard t' affirm where beſt his ſteps to trace:
Yet have I hope to guide your courſe aright:
Go—ſeek, when ſhade proclaims the middle night,
The houſe of Sleep, there may'ſt thou Silence find,
Where oft he reſts remote from human kind.

A pleaſing vale beneath Arabia's ſkies,
From peopled towns and cities diſtant lies:
Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
Where ancient firs and ſturdy beeches grow.
The ſun around reveals his cheering day,
But the thick grove admits no ſtraggling ray

To

To pierce the boughs: immers'd in ſecret ſhades,
A ſpacious cave the duſky rock pervades.
The creeping ivy on the front is ſeen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Here drowſy Sleep has fix'd his noiſeleſs throne,
Here Indolence reclines with limbs o'ergrown
Through ſluggiſh eaſe; and Sloth, whoſe trembling feet
Refuſe their aid, and ſink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He ſuffers none to paſs, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch, and walks the round
In ſhoes of felt, with ſable garments bound;
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.
The Angel comes and whiſpers in his ear:
Heaven bids thee now (and Heaven's high mandate hear!)
Conduct Rinaldo, with his ſocial powers,
In aid of Charles, to Paris' lofty towers;
That ere loud rumour ſhall their march diſcloſe,
Their force may thunder on the Pagan foes.
No anſwer Silence gave, but bow'd his head
In ſignal of the heavenly charge obey'd.
Together now they take their ſpeedy flight,
And ſoon in fruitful Picardy alight.

There

There Michael urges on each fearleſs band,
(Wondrous to tell!) ſo ſwift from land to land,
Ere day declin'd, to Paris' walls he brought
The numerous troops, yet not a human thought
Perceiv'd that Heaven the miracle had wrought.

No leſs attentive, Silence, to purſue
Th' important charge, around the legions threw
A darken'd veil to intercept the ſight,
Though all the forces march'd in open light,
While the thick cloud forbade each Pagan ear
The ſhrill-mouth'd trump or deep-ton'd horn to hear.

What countleſs myriads, rang'd in deep array,
That hour combin'd againſt the Chriſtian ſway!
Who theſe can tell, may tell the plants that grow
On fertile Apennine's o'er-ſhading brow;
May number, where the ſurgy ocean laves
Old Atlas' feet, the Mauritanian waves;
Or count the ſtars, when Heaven with all its eyes,
At midnight hour the lover's theft deſcries.

Frequent and deep the hallow'd bells around
With dreadful echo give their warning ſound.
In every temple many a hand they rear,
And breathe through many a lip the fervent prayer.
Could bleſt immortals with deſiring eyes
Behold that wealth which men ſo highly prize,

Each

Each ſaint might hope in future to behold
His votive ſtatue fram'd of pureſt gold.
The white-hair'd ſire deplores his wretched ſtate,
Reſerv'd to drain the bittereſt dregs of fate;
He calls his lov'd forefathers doubly bleſt,
Long clos'd in earth and laid for years at reſt;
While thoſe, whoſe younger breaſts no fears appall,
Advance on every ſide to guard the wall:
There barons, paladins, and earls, and knights,
Kings, dukes, and lords, with all whom fame incites,
Soldiers from far; or natives of the land,
To die for CHRIST in arms undaunted ſtand.
All ardent urge the king each bridge to lower,
And on the Saracens their fury pour:
With joy he ſees the warriors' noble fires;
But prudence checks what patriot zeal inſpires.
Meantime he bids in various parts diſpoſe
Their generous ranks againſt th' invading foes.
Where ſtrong the wall, leſs thick the troops aſcend,
But lines on lines each weaker paſs defend.
Some watch the huge machines; and ſome prepare
With ſulphurous flame to meet the ſtorm of war,
While wary Charles in no fix'd place abides,
But through the town for every chance provides.

Now fierce in arms Marſilius preſs'd the plain
With all his ſquadron drawn from diſtant Spain.
There Serpentino and Ferrau were found,
Grandonio, Iſolero, names renown'd.
There Balugantes ſhone with equal might,
And Falſirones, well approv'd in fight:
There, on the left, beſide the winding flood
Of ſilver Seine, Sobrino, Pulian ſtood,
With Dardinello, brave Almontes' ſon,
Oran's huge king, for giant ſtature known:
There Sarza's king, impatient to engage,
Blaſphemes aloud, nor curbs his impious rage.

As eager flies in buzzing legions play,
Midſt the warm ſunſhine of a ſummer's day,
Where rural veſſels have allur'd their taſte,
Or the ſweet relicks of the late repaſt:
As round the ripening grapes of purple dye,
The plumy race in buſy cluſters fly:
So to the fierce aſſault the Moors repair,
While ſhouts and barbarous clamours rend the air.
The wary Chriſtians from their rampart's height,
With javelins, darts, and ſwords, maintain the fight,
With ſtones and mingled fire; unmov'd they ſtand,
And dare the fury of the Pagan band:

And oft as this, now that, ill-fated bleeds,
Another fearleſs to his place ſucceeds.
Back to the foſſe the Saracens withdrew,
So thick the weapons of the faithful flew.
High on his banner, that with crimſon glow'd,
The Sarzan Rodomont a lion ſhow'd,
Whoſe ſavage mouth diſdain'd not to receive
The curb a courtly damſel ſeem'd to give:
The beaſt beſpeaks the knight; the beauteous dame
Whoſe gentle hands the lordly lion tame;
Beſpeaks the charms of Stordilano's heir,
Granada's princeſs, Doralis the fair;
For whom he wrought ſuch deeds of endleſs fame;
Nor knew her yielded to a ſtranger's flame.
At once a thouſand ladders rais'd in air;
With crowded ſteps the ſwarming ſoldiers bear:
A ſecond urges him who foremoſt leads
The daring way, and him a third ſucceeds.
Through courage ſome, and ſome attack through fear;
Though girt with dangers, none muſt tremble here;
For Rodomont o'erlooks the dreadful fray,
And wounds or kills who dares deſert the day.
The king of Algiers ſcorns his arms to wield,
But where dire peril frowns upon the field:

In that dread hour, when others to the ſkies
Breathe fervent vows, he GOD's high power defies.
To fence his breaſt a ſerpent's jointed ſcale
Supply'd the corſlet tough and plated mail;
Theſe arms his grandſire wore, whoſe impious might
Would Heaven invade with Babel's towery height;
Who ſought to drive th' Almighty from his throne,
And make the empire of the ſtars his own.
  Stern Rodomont a ſecond Nimrod ſtood,
Like him unconquerable, fierce, and proud:
He little heeds what guards the paſſes keep,
How ſtrong the bulwarks, or the foſſe how deep;
Headlong he plunges in—he wades—he flies—
Above his breaſt the troubled waters riſe:
All drench'd and grim with ooze he makes his way,
While round him arrows, flames, and engines play
In rattling ſtorms—As through the ſedgy moor,
Where ſpreads our Malean plain, the woodland boar
Lifts his ſtrong cheſt, around his tuſks he throws,
And breaks through all that would his courſe oppoſe:
So the fierce Pagan lifts his ſhield on high,
And ſcorns the towering walls, and threats the ſky.
  Now from the foſſe ſtern Rodomont attains
The firmer land, and now the ſummit gains,

Where

Where the broad ramparts form a platform wide,
To range the Chriſtian files on either ſide;
Where many a ſoldier, many a knight and lord
Feel the dire edge of his reſiſtleſs ſword.
Heads, arms, are lopt—while from the lofty towers
Down the ſteep foſſe the ſanguine torrent pours.
His buckler caſt behind, he graſp'd his ſteel
With either hand, and on Arnolpho fell;
A duke, who came from where the Rhine, that laves
The neighbouring meads, is loſt in briny waves;
Not more the wretch devoted 'ſcapes his ire,
Than heaps of ſulphur 'ſcape the waſting fire;
Swift thro' his neck the bloody falchion ſped,
There heav'd the dying limbs, here roll'd the gaſping head.
The Flemings firſt his dreadful fury feel:
The Normans next diſtain his ſmoking ſteel.
Orghetto of Maganza ſinks to reſt:
Aim'd at his front the weapon through his breaſt
Divides his bleeding corſe: Then from above
He Andropino and Moſchino drove;
Headlong they fell—the firſt was wont to ſhine
In prieſtly robes: the laſt in draughts of wine
Steep'd all his hours: like bane or viper's blood
He ſhunn'd to taſte the cooling limpid flood.

Lo! here he dies, and more regrets his death,
In water's loathſome drench to yield his breath.
Sever'd in two provincial Lewis lies:
Through Arnold of Thoulouſe the weapon flies.
Oberto, Claudio, Dionyſius pour
Their ſouls, with Hugo, in a ſtream of gore.
Near theſe of Paris four to death ſucceed:
Ambaldo, Odo, and Gualtoro bleed,
With Satallones—heaps on heaps they fell,
Nor can the Muſe their names and country tell.
Not leſs behind the ſwarming troop prevail;
They fix the ladders, and the bulwarks ſcale:
But 'twixt the walls and ſecond rampire ſteep,
Where ſinks the foſſe, all horrible and deep,
The Chriſtians from th' interior works renew
A ſtrong defence againſt the Pagan crew;
With ſpears and darts they rain an iron cloud,
To check the numbers of th' advancing crowd;
And ſoon had check'd, but that the dauntleſs might
Of Ulien's ſon * inſpir'd and urg'd the fight.
He drives them on, and each though loth obeys,
With threatenings theſe incites, and thoſe with praiſe:
Who turns a ſtep to fly, his fate receives:
His breaſt he pierces, or his helmet cleaves;

* Rodomont.

And

And down the ſteep he drives ſo huge a train,
That ſcarce the foſſe their numbers can contain.
While thus compell'd the rude barbarians go,
Or tumble headlong to the depth below,
The king of Sarza every muſcle ſtrains,
And lo! (as if a ſtrength of wing ſuſtains
Each agile member) with a wondrous bound
Leaps o'er the foſſe, and lights upon the ground
With all his armour's weight, though yawning wide,
Full thrice ten feet it ſtretch'd from ſide to ſide.
Meantime our legions in the depth below
Have plac'd their ſnares to catch th' incautious foe;
Serewood and pitch beneath the banks they hide,
And many a veſſel cloſely rang'd, ſupply'd
With nitre, oil, or ſulphur, to conſpire
In one vaſt blaze to ſpread the murderous fire.
Now from the trench's depth the Moors aſſail,
And ſtrive, with many a ladder rear'd, to ſcale
The town's laſt works—when at a ſignal given
From different parts, the burſting fires are driven
Amid the foe—huge conflagration rolls
From ſide to ſide, and mounting to the poles
Might dry the vapoury moon, while dark as night
Thick ſmoke obſcures the ſun and blots the light;

And rumbling peals re-echo long and loud,
Like thunders breaking from a fearful cloud.
Now frantic founds in mingled tumults riſe,
Of dreadful howlings, groans, and dying cries;
As by their leader's cruel raſhneſs ſlain,
One wretched fate involv'd the Pagan train,
While the flame crackling on their members prey'd,
And with their ſhrieks a horrid concert made.
Aloft in air their groaning ſpirits ſoar,
Their bodies, ſoon conſum'd, are ſeen no more;
While he, from whom their dreadful ſufferings riſe,
Fierce Rodomont eſcapes, and as he flies
High bounding o'er the foſſe that yawns below,
Lights on his feet amidſt the trembling foe.
But when he turns to view th' infernal vale,
And ſees on every ſide the flames aſſail
His ſocial bands, and hears their ſhrieks and cries,
Impious he raves, and loud blaſphemes the ſkies.
While thouſands here a ſtrife unequal wag'd,
Where ruthleſs war with death and horror rag'd,
King Agramant, before his army's head,
The fierce aſſault againſt a portal led,
Where leſs perchance he deem'd the Chriſtian powers
Prepar'd in arms to guard their threaten'd towers.

With

With him in field king Bambirago ſhin'd,
And Baliverſo, baſeſt of mankind!
And many a chief, with others long inur'd
To fields of fight, and well in mail ſecur'd.
But, all unthought, the king of Afric there
Found the ſtrong ſinews of the Chriſtian war:
Imperial Charles, with him a generous train,
King Salomone, and the noble * Dane;
Each Angelino there his ſtation took,
With either Guido and Bavaria's duke †.
Unnumber'd more, of leſs reputed name,
Who from the Fleming, Frank, and Lombard came;
Each Pagan warrior to new fame aſpires,
Nor leſs each Chriſtian glows with generous fires;
All anxious in their ſovereign's ſight to gain
The meed and praiſe which loyal deeds obtain.
Thick from the walls, like hail, the arrows pour,
And whelm th' aſſailants with an iron ſhower;
From either hoſt, in deafening clamour, riſe
Tumultuous ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
But leave we Charles and Agramant awhile,
And to the Mars of Afric turn our ſtile,
Who left within the trench his hapleſs powers,
Where, dire to ſee! the flame each limb devours;

* Ugero. † Namus.

And

And o'er the foſſe that girt the city round,
Securely lights within the hoſtile ground.
Soon was the fatal Saracen eſpy'd,
Known by his foreign arms and ſcaly hide;
Where weak old age, and thoſe unnerv'd with fear,
To catch each rumour lend a trembling ear.
They wring their hands, loud cries and groans aſcend,
And ſhrill laments the ſtarry region rend,
To houſes ſome, and ſome to temples run:
Each ſeeks by flight the threaten'd death to ſhun;
But this to few the murderous falchion yields,
That whirling round the furious Pagan wields.
As 'midſt the harmleſs herds by Ganges' waves,
Or in th' Hircanian fields, the tiger raves;
The ſavage Pagan thus unpitying flew
Not martial ſquadrons, but a heartleſs crew;
Mere vulgar ſouls, that ne'er in arms could vie,
Souls only worthy to be born and die.
Thence to St. Michael's bridge with eager haſte
Fierce Rodomont the timorous people chac'd.
Alike with him the lord, the ſervant, fares;
His ruthleſs hand nor ſaint nor ſinner ſpares.
Religion to the prieſt is no defence,
Nor to the babe avails its innocence:

Nor dames nor virgins find relenting grace
For lovely eyes, or for a blooming face;
Nor hoary age is ſafe—againſt the foes
Not more the Pagan proofs of valour ſhows
Than cruel thirſt of blood—ſex, rank, and age
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd by his fiend-like rage.
Nor this fell king, of impious kings the worſt,
On human lives exhauſts his wrath accurs'd;
Againſt the ſenſeleſs domes his arm conſpires,
The ſacred fane, the ſtately roof, he fires:
The ſtrongeſt pillars in his graſp he took,
And from its baſe the nodding manſion ſhook!
While thus the tyrant ſword and fire employ'd,
And burnt the town, and lives on lives deſtroy'd,
Had Agramant without alike prevail'd,
Paris had ſunk, and all her glory fail'd:
But this the Paladin forbade, who came
From diſtant Albion to the field of fame.
Heaven will'd when Rodomont at firſt, engag'd
In blood and ſlaughter, through the city rag'd,
That Clarmont's leader *, with auxiliar powers,
By Silence brought, ſhould reach the ſuffering towers.
Six thouſand archers firſt, with banner ſpread,
He ſent on foot, by gallant Edward led;

* Rinaldo.

With

With theſe two thouſand horſe, whoſe choſen bands,
All lightly arm'd, brave Arimon commands;
Who, near Saint Martin and Saint Denis gate,
Might enter Paris, and relieve her ſtate.
Then, higher up the Seine, with circling courſe,
Himſelf conducts the remnant of his force,
With barks and bridges fram'd to paſs the tide,
Whoſe depth the eager troops to ford deny'd.
All ſafely paſt, and every bridge with care
Behind deſtroy'd, he forms in rank of war
His various powers; but firſt he ſummons all
The knights and barons; each obeys his call;
He mounts a height, whence every eye and ear
May view his geſture, and his ſpeeches hear.

Then thus—'Tis yours, O chiefs! to lift in praiſe
Your hands to Heaven, who dooms your name to raiſe;
Chace from yon ſacred walls our impious foe,
Two princes ſhall to you their ſafety owe:
Your ſovereign firſt, whoſe hopes on you depend
To guard his freedom, and his life defend:
Then royal Charles, whoſe virtues have excell'd
Whoe'er on earth has rule imperial held:
With theſe full many a king, and chief of fame,
Of various countries and of various name.

Thus

Thus while your arms preſerve yon grateful town,
Not only Paris ſhall your ſuccours own;
Paris, whoſe ſons now ſtand a heartleſs train,
Leſs fearing for the woes themſelves ſuſtain,
Than for their helpleſs wives and children's ſake,
Who equal danger with themſelves partake;
And holy maids, whom cloiſter'd walls encloſe,
This day perchance defrauded of their vows;
But every country far and near, whoſe laws
Submit to CHRIST, and own his hallow'd cauſe.
If once, by public voice, the ancients gave
A civic crown to him, whoſe arms might ſave
A ſingle life—what honours muſt be yours,
Whoſe aid unnumber'd ſouls from death ſecures?
Should hoſtile force deſtroy yon ſacred wall,
Soon Italy and Germany may fall,
With every realm that worſhips him who ſign'd
His blood a ranſom for redeem'd mankind.
Lo! duty bids us with their arms unite,
Who for one cauſe, for one religion fight!
Soon ſhall I lead your victor-bands to throw
In diſarray the legions of the foe,
That all unſkill'd in labours of the plain,
Appear a weak, unarm'd, and heartleſs train.

With

With words like theſe addreſs'd Rinaldo fir'd
Th' attentive leaders, and his hoſt inſpir'd;
He ſaid; the troops proceed in fair array,
Nor drums, nor ſhouts, their eager march betray.
His orders given, the Paladin purſu'd
His rapid courſe along the winding flood,
Beyond Zerbino's bands—when now appear
Oran's huge king, and king Sobrino, near;
Who, firſt of Afric's ſons, with dauntleſs air,
Their weapons to receive the foes prepare.
With ſhouts the Chriſtians give the trumpet breath:
Each ſhrinking Pagan owns the blaſt of death.
Rinaldo now, with martial ardor preſt,
His courſer ſpurs, and bears his lance in reſt;
No longer in the ranks remains confin'd,
But leaves the Scots an arrow's flight behind.
As when a whirlwind's rage reſiſtleſs flies
Before a tempeſt gathering in the ſkies;
So, darting from the files, th' intrepid knight
Impels Bayardo to the wiſh'd-for fight.
Soon as the Paladin was ſeen in arms,
The conſcious Moors preſage approaching harms:
See in each hand the fearful javelin ſhake,
The trembling knee in every ſtirrup quake!

Alone

Alone king Puliano knows not fear,
Who little deem'd Rinaldo's arm ſo near;
Firm o'er his ſpear he bends, and aiming juſt,
In all his ſtrength collects him to the thruſt;
With either ſpur he gores his fiery ſteed,
And all the reins abandons to his ſpeed:
While he, whoſe blood in Amon's veins had run,
Whoſe deeds might ſpeak him Mars' redoubted ſon,
Diſplays at full what art or grace can yield,
To crown the glory of the dreadful field.
Alike each chief his threatening ſpear addreſs'd
With ſkilful aim againſt the adverſe creſt,
But far unlike th' event!—one breathleſs lies,
Slain in the ſhock; one gains the victor's prize.

His truſty lance the knight in reſt replac'd,
And next Oran's gigantic ſovereign fac'd.
No buckler could the fatal wound prevent,
Deep in his belly's rim the weapon went,
And holding on its courſe without control,
From the vaſt body drove the little ſoul.
The ſteed, inur'd long ſultry hours to ſweat
Beneath his giant lord's unwieldy weight,
To good Rinaldo ſeem'd his thanks to pay,
Who freed him from the burthen of the day.

His

His javelin broke, Rinaldo turns his ſteed
Swift as if wings impell'd his rapid ſpeed;
With deſperate ſway Fuſberta round he wields,
Before whoſe edge the brittle armour yields:
Shields lin'd with hides, or fenc'd with plated wood,
Turbans and quilted veſts, diſtain'd with blood,
Not more defence againſt his ſword oppoſe,
Than graſs againſt the ſcythe, or corn when Boreas blows.

The foremoſt band was now diſpers'd and fled,
When to the fight his van Zerbino led:
Each ſpurs his courſer on the adverſe hoſt,
And ſoon the cloſing ſpace between is loſt.
They meet, they ſhock—but meet with chance unlike;
The Scots alone with conquering weapons ſtrike.
A ſudden chillneſs every Moor oppreſs'd;
A ſudden ardor ſwell'd each Scottiſh breaſt.
The troops of Afric, ſtruck with panic fear,
In every Chriſtian think Rinaldo near.
Sobrino now to combat moves, while all
His troops obey, nor wait the herald's call.
This ſquadron o'er the reſt might honour claim,
For arms, for valour, and its leader's fame.
His Dardinello brought, but ill ſecur'd
In tatter'd arms, and worſe to fight inur'd;

While

While on his head a ſhining helm he plac'd,
And every limb in jointed armour cas'd.
The following ſquadron Iſolero led;
Then Thraſo, duke of Mar, his banner ſpread.
Now Ariodantes, adding to his name
Albania's dukedom, with his warriors came,
Where Iſolero bravely he beheld
With forces of Navarre invade the field.

Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous ſound
Join the hoarſe drums; wheels clatter o'er the ground;
Huge engines creak; ſtones rattle from the ſling;
From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows ſing;
While louder clamours ſeem to rend the ſkies,
Triumphant ſhouts, and groans, and dying cries:
Such is the din where falling Nilus roars,
And deafens, with his ſurge, the neighbouring ſhores!
From either army ſtorms of arrows fly,
Whoſe diſmal ſhadows intercept the ſky;
While ſultry vapours mix'd with duſt aſcend,
And black as night in clouds condens'd extend.
Now theſe, now thoſe, to fickle chance give way;
Lo! this purſues, and that deſerts the day.
One breathleſs here is ſtretch'd; beneath him ſlain
His proſtrate foe lies bleeding on the plain.

When ſpent with toil one ſquadron ſeems to yield,
Another haſtens to ſuſtain the field.
Now here, now there, the throng of arms increas'd;
There thruſt the foot, and here the horſemen preſs'd.
The earth on which they fought, impurpled grew,
And chang'd her green for robes of ſanguine hue:
Where flowrets lately deck'd th' enamell'd way,
Now horſe and man in mingled carnage lay.
  Firſt of the field Zerbino's might appears
Beyond the promiſe of his early years;
While to his band, which newly here he ſway'd,
Brave Ariodantes deeds of worth diſplay'd.
Two baſtards, Moſco and Chelindo, bred
In Arragon of Calabruno dead;
And one, who late from Barcelona came,
Calamidorus, not unknown to fame,
To ſeek Zerbino's death, around him preſs'd,
And to his courſer's flank their ſpears addreſs'd:
Pierc'd by their ſpears he fell; with him to ground
Zerbino fell, but fell without a wound:
When ſoon recovering on his feet he roſe,
T' avenge his courſer on th' exulting foes.
Through Moſco firſt (who raſhly hop'd to take
The knight diſmounted and his priſoner make)

He thruſt his blade with unabated force,
And laid on earth a pale and lifeleſs corſe.
When now Chelindo ſaw his brother ſlain,
He rag'd, and 'gainſt Zerbino ſpurr'd amain
His trampling ſteed; but heedful of the ſhock,
The reins Zerbino ſeiz'd, and aim'd a ſtroke
That laid the beaſt on earth, no more to riſe,
No more to need from generous corn ſupplies.
Zerbino with ſuch force the ſteel impell'd,
At once the courſer and his lord he fell'd:
Calamidorus, who beheld them ſlain,
Scar'd at the chance, turn'd round his horſe's rein.
Stay, traitor, ſtay—(enrag'd Zerbino cries)
And aims a blow behind him as he flies:
The ſword fell ſhort and miſs'd the knight's intent;
Yet miſs'd not far—behind the wretch it went;
A furious paſſage through the crupper found;
And brought the courſer lifeleſs to the ground.
The rider quits his ſeat, in hopes to gain
On foot his ſafety, but he hopes in vain:
Duke Thraſo paſſing by (ſo will'd his fate)
O'erturn'd and cruſh'd him with his courſer's weight.
His falchion Ariodantes whirl'd around;
Which Attalico and Margano found:

But chief the ſtrokes his deathful weapon dealt,
Etearchus and Caſſimirus felt:
The former couple wounded left the plain;
The laſt, more luckleſs, by his arm were ſlain.
Alike Lurcanio marks of proweſs ſhow'd,
Who round confuſion, death, and terror ſtrow'd.
Deem not that leſs in field the conflict rag'd,
Than where the ſquadrons near the ſtream engag'd:
Nor think the army lagg'd behind, which brought
By Clarence' noble duke, the battle ſought:
This fierce the banner'd powers of Spain defy'd,
While equal Fortune paus'd on either ſide.
Alike in both, foot, horſe, and chieftains wield
Their ſkilful weapons to diſpute the field.
Oldrado firſt and Pharamond appear;
The valiant dukes of York and Glo'ſter near;
With theſe bold Richard earl of Warwick ſhines;
And Henry, duke of Clarence, guides the lines.
By turns they chace, by turns are backward borne,
As to the breeze of May quick ſhifts the ſtanding corn;
Or as the ſea, whoſe waters ne'er repoſe,
Plays on the ſtrand with ceaſeleſs ebbs and flows;
Till Fortune, that had held in equal ſcale
Each adverſe hoſt, bade Albion's force prevail

Againſt

Againſt the Moor—Intrepid Glo'ſter's force
Hurl'd Mattaliſta headlong from his horſe;
And Baricondo, in the fatal ſtrife,
To noble Clarence yields his forfeit life.
The Moors no longer wield their arms in fight,
But quit their ranks and turn their backs to flight.
Ferrau, who diſtant thence till now engag'd,
On king Marſilius' ſide the battle wag'd;
Soon as the flying ſtandards he beheld,
The ſlaughter'd troops, and half his army quell'd,
His foaming courſer ſpurr'd, and inſtant flew
Amidſt the thickeſt of the warring crew;
Where firſt he ſaw fall headlong to the plain,
Cleft through the head-piece, young Olympio ſlain:
Once was he ſkill'd in ſweeteſt lays to ſing
Soft notes reſponſive to the tuneful ſtring;
And boaſted with his harp and voice to move
The ſterneſt breaſt to blandiſhment and love.
Well if contented with this humbler fame,
He ne'er had fought the warrior's dangerous name,
But loath'd the buckler, quiver, ſhield, and lance,
That wrought his downfall in the fields of France.
When now Ferrau, who priz'd him dear, beheld
The ſtripling pale and bleeding on the field,

For this his ruthleſs boſom ſorrow'd more
Than all the thouſands that were ſlain before.
Againſt the victor ſwift his rage he bent,
Sheer through his caſque the ſteel reſiſtleſs went,
Sever'd between the brows his gaſping head,
Cleft to the breaſt, and hurl'd him with the dead.
Nor thus appeas'd, he whirl'd around his blade,
Through helm and mail its edge a paſſage made.
Now here, now there, he hew'd his bloody way,
And ſudden chang'd the fortune of the day.

Now Agramant collects a choſen force
(Drawn from the walls) of mingled foot and horſe;
Theſe, guided by the king of Fez, he ſent
To guard his camp that ſtretch'd in wide extent,
On which th' Hibernian chiefs their forces bent.

This taſk perform'd, the monarch ſummons all
The remnant powers; they thicken at his call.
Theſe to the charge with rapid haſte he leads,
Where near the ſtream the fight his preſence needs:
Beneath him rang'd, a vaſt innumerous throng
(His army's better half) now pours along:
So loud their march, the Scots ſuſpended hear,
They leave their ranks and ſtain their fame with fear.

Alone

Alone Zerbino and Lurcanio ſtay,
With Ariodantes, in the dreadful day.
Zerbino ſtill unhors'd perchance had died,
But that Rinaldo timely aid ſupply'd.
The glorious Paladin had driven in flight
A hundred banners from the fatal fight,
When to his ear, diſpers'd by ready fame,
The tidings of Zerbino's danger came.
He heard, and turn'd his ſteed with generous ire,
Where from the field he ſaw the Scots retire,
And thus aloud—Ah! whither would ye haſte?
What ſhameful panic has your arms diſgrac'd?
Great is your praiſe, from circling foes to run,
And leave unhors'd, alone, your monarch's ſon!
Then from his ſquire a mighty ſpear he took,
And Pruſio king of Alvarecchia ſtruck,
Who met the weapon on his breaſt, and left
His lofty ſteed, of ſeat and life bereft:
His javelin broke, Fuſberta next he drew,
And ruſhing fierce on Serpentino flew,
Who on his ſhield a ſtar conſpicuous bore,
And armour, forg'd by fatal magic, wore:
Yet fell the ſword with ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
That ſtunn'd and breathleſs on the plain he lay.

When the brave chief of Caledonia's band
Beheld the wiſh'd relief, his ready hand
A courſer ſeiz'd from thoſe that o'er the plains,
Freed from their riders, ran with looſen'd reins.
In happy time the vacant ſeat he gain'd;
For lo! with many a gallant troop ſuſtain'd,
Young Dardinel and Agramant appear,
The kings Sobrino and Balaſtro near.
But fearleſs from his courſer he ſurvey'd
The thickening crowd, and, whirling round his blade,
Now this, now that, diſpatch'd to ſhades of hell,
The lives, which mortals lead on earth, to tell.
Rinaldo, who, with generous ardour fir'd,
To vanquiſh thoſe of higheſt name aſpir'd,
On Agramant, who tower'd in arms above
A thouſand chiefs, Bayardo ſwift he drove
With ſidelong ſhock, and ſent, with thundering force,
To earth at once the horſeman and the horſe.
While thus without the walls the hoſts engag'd,
Where mutual hatred, death, and horror rag'd,
In Paris Rodomont the people ſlew,
And fire amidſt the domes and temples threw.
Imperial Charles, who thence at diſtance fought,
Nor ſaw, nor heard, what woes the Pagan wrought;

And

And now intent auxiliar force to gain,
Receiv'd within the gates the Britiſh train,
By Arimon and gallant Edward led:
When lo! a ſquire, his viſage pale with dread,
Appears, and oft in undiſtinguiſh'd cries
Exclaims, ere breath his further ſpeech ſupplies.
This day behold the Roman empire loſt!
This day has CHRIST abjur'd the Chriſtian hoſt!
This day ſome Demon, 'ſcap'd from deepeſt hell,
Forbids us longer in theſe walls to dwell.
Satan (no leſs a fiend ſuch rage can breathe)
Deforms the wretched town with woe and death.
Ah! turn and ſee where blackening to the ſkies,
From crackling flames the ſmoky volumes riſe!
He ſaid, and, while he ſpoke, th' Imperial chief
The mingled clamours heard that claim'd relief,
And ſaw the ruddy blaze—As one who hears
The ſacred bells that tinkling in his ears,
Proclaim the fire, to others firſt reveal'd,
Though moſt his loſs from him alone conceal'd:
So look'd the monarch when the truth he knew,
When the dire proſpect open'd to his view:
Around him he collects a choſen force,
And to the city's ſquare with rapid courſe

His

His banner turns, for thence the tumult came,
There fierce the Pagan raves with ſword and flame:
There Charles beholds with cruel carnage ſpread
Th' impurpled earth, the dying and the dead.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins go againſt Rodomont, and at laſt compel him to leave the city. He repaſſes the Seine, and hears of the rape of Deralis by Mandricardo. Rodomont being gone, the general battle is renewed with great fury on both ſides. Acts of Dardinello; he kills Lurcanio, and is himſelf killed by Rinaldo. The Pagans give ground, till the rout becomes univerſal, and they are compelled to retire to their entrenchments. Night adventure of Medoro and Cloridano, to bury the body of their maſter. Angelica finds Medoro wounded; ſhe cures his wound, and becomes enamoured of him. Their marriage and departure for India.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

AND now imperial Charles with anguiſh view'd
His ſlaughter'd people in their blood embru'd,
His city burning—while, with fury ſwell'd,
Fierce Rodomont the ſquare triumphant held,
And ſcorn'd the world in arms—one dreadful hand
The falchion ſhook, one wav'd the blazing brand.
Now furious on the palace gates he ſtruck;
The lofty gates reſounded to the ſhock.
From the high roof the Chriſtians hurl'd below
Huge broken fragments thundering on the foe.
None coſtly piles of ancient ſplendor ſpar'd;
Fair marble domes one common ruin ſhar'd;
Pillars and beams o'erlaid with fretted gold,
The ſtately works their fathers priz'd of old.

Before

Before the gate the king of Sarza preſs'd,
With jointed ſcales that arm'd his head and breaſt.
So when the ſerpent, iſſuing from the brakes,
With ſpring return'd his ſqualid coat forſakes;
Proud of his new-gain'd ſpoils and youth renew'd,
He glides along with freſher ſtrength indu'd;
Three tongues he darts, his eyes are red with fire,
And, where he moves, his fellow brutes retire.

Nor ſtones nor darts the Pagan's fury ſtay:
The craſhing portal to his ſtroke gives way,
While, from within, the pale and haggard crew
Through many a breach their dire beſieger view.
The court is fill'd with death; loud clamours riſe;
The ſhrieking females join the ſoldiers cries;
They beat their breaſts, they fly from place to place,
The portals and the genial beds embrace,
Now threaten'd to receive a foreign race.

Such was their ſtate, ſo near to ruin brought,
When, with his barons, Charles the palace ſought,
And turning to the chiefs, whoſe might before
Had oft been ſeen in danger's direſt hour;
Are ye not thoſe, whoſe courage prov'd (he cry'd)
Once Agolant in Aſpramont defy'd?
And ſay, ſhall aught that valour now repel,
By which Troyano and Almontes fell,

With thouſands more? Will you, O dire diſgrace!
Shrink from one man of that deteſted race?
No—let this infidel your proweſs find,
This infidel who maſſacres mankind!
Be ſtill yourſelves—the brave can death deſpiſe,
And dies contented if with fame he dies;
Your preſence is my hope—whene'er you join
Your ſocial arms, the victory is mine!
He ſaid; and ceaſing with his lance in reſt,
Againſt the Saracen his courſer preſs'd.
With him the Paladin Ugero came;
Namus, and Olinero, chiefs of fame!
With theſe Avino, and Avolio dar'd,
Otho and Berlingher the glory ſhar'd.
All theſe on Rodomont their ſpears unite,
Some on his breaſt, ſome on his helmet light.
As built on Alpine rocks, with ſtately pride
A caſtle, that has every force defy'd,
Unſhaken ſtands, when whirlwinds ſweeping round,
Tear oaks and beeches from the groaning ground;
Firm in himſelf the haughty Pagan ſtood,
Inflam'd with fury, and athirſt for blood.
Secur'd from harm, the dragon's jointed ſcale
Impervious, made each ſword and javelin fail.

And now, attending at their ſovereign's call,
Each quits the gate and well-defended wall;
And haſtes to battle, where his prince's ſight
Swells every breaſt and ſtrings each nerve for fight.
As when, amid the circus' bounds enclos'd,
Stands a fierce lioneſs, for ſport expos'd,
If chance a lordly bull is loos'd to wage
The public combat with her threatening rage,
Her tawny cubs behold (unſeen before)
The ſtately beaſt and hear his dreadful roar:
But if their dam with ſavage teeth invade
The bull's ſtrong cheſt, they haſte their dam to aid:
Now at his back, now at his paunch they fly,
And thirſt in blood their tender paws to dye.
Againſt the Pagan thus the Chriſtians drew:
From roofs and windows ſome their weapons threw:
Some cloſer preſs'd; while, all around him rain'd,
His head a ponderous ſhower of arms ſuſtain'd.
Still grows his toil—ſtill crowds to crowds ſucceed,
Though hundreds by his fatal proweſs bleed.
His breath in ſhorter pantings comes and goes;
He ſees, unleſs his arm can ſtem the foes,
While yet unhurt his ſtrength and limbs remain,
Hereafter muſt he hope to eſcape in vain.

Now

Now here, now there he turns his baleful eyes,
And every paſs with numbers clos'd eſpies.
Whoe'er has from the throng'd piazza view'd
The giddy populace in heaps purſu'd
By ſome wild bull, that all the day has met
With goads and wounds, by men and dogs beſet:
He foams, he ſnorts, he drives them round and round,
And this, now that he toſſes from the ground:
Such may he deem, but far more dreadful ſhows
The cruel African amidſt his foes!
He mows down lives, as by the pruner's hand
Young vines and ſallows lopt beſtrow the land.
Thus dreadful Rodomont the carnage ſpread
Where'er he paſs'd: at length o'er piles of dead
Retreating now the nearer Seine he views,
That from the ramparts to the plain purſues
Its ſilent courſe—the throngs around him preſs,
Urge him behind, nor let him part in peace.
As in Nomadia's or Maſſilia's ſhade,
The generous beaſt whom hunters bold invade,
Even while he flies with noble fury burns,
And, threatening, ſlowly to his woods returns:
So Rodomont, in whoſe high ſoul appears
No abject thought, hemm'd round with ſwords and ſpears,

With darts and javelins like a briſtled wood,
Slow drags his lingering ſteps to reach the flood.
With all his arms, he plunges in the tide;
His nervous limbs the flaſhing waves divide.
Soon as he gain'd the ſhore, his ruthleſs mind
Again repented that he left behind
The town unſack'd; again his thoughts aſpire
Her ſons to ſlay and wrap her walls in fire.
While thus he paus'd, one drawing near he view'd,
That ſoon with other cares his wrath ſubdu'd.

When Diſcord late receiv'd the high command
To kindle ſtrife amidſt the Pagan band,
She Fraud commiſſion'd in her ſtead to keep
The convent's cells, nor let Contention ſleep;
Then Pride ſhe call'd the partner of her way
To where encamp'd the Chriſtian army lay:
Theſe urge their ſpeed, when to their ſight appears
Afflicted Jealouſy with jaundice fears:
With her a dwarf, from Doralis the fair
Diſpatch'd to Rodomont the news to bear,
How Mandricardo late her tent aſſail'd,
When all her guards againſt his proweſs fail'd.

Now with the dwarf arriving where the hand
Of Rodomont deſtroy'd each Chriſtian band;

They reach'd the Seine what time his ſilver tide
The Sarzan croſs'd, who when the dwarf he ſpy'd,
His wrath he ſmooth'd, his louring brow he clear'd,
And ſudden gladneſs in his looks appear'd:
The dwarf he met, and with a ſmiling face:
How fares our dame, and whither bends thy pace?
Then he—Nor mine nor yours I call the dame
To whom another now aſſerts his claim:
But laſt day's ſun, as in her tent ſhe lay,
A ſingle warrior hew'd his bloody way
Thro' all her guards, and thence, by force convey'd,
The royal fair his weeping captive made.
He ſaid; when Jealouſy ſtept forth and preſs'd
(Cold as an aſp) the warrior to her breaſt.
Then Diſcord ſtrikes her flint the fire to raiſe,
While Pride beneath the ready fewel lays:
Quick burſts the flame, through all the Pagan flies
The raging peſt and flaſhes from his eyes:
He ſighs, he groans, full horribly he roars,
Blaſpheming Heaven and Heaven's immortal powers.
As when the tigreſs to her empty den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And finds her darling young ones borne away,
Nor hills, nor ſtreams, her raging courſe delay:

Thus the dread Saracen with fury burns,
Lead on! he cries, as to the dwarf he turns:
He ſeeks no ſteed, nor car, but like the wind
Flies o'er the plain, and leaves the war behind:
No courſer will he wait, reſolv'd to take
The firſt that Fortune's gift his own ſhall make.
Then Diſcord, who his inmoſt ſoul ſurvey'd,
Turn'd to her ſiſter Pride, and ſmiling ſaid:
The care be mine, where'er he roves the land,
No horſe but one ſhall meet his daring hand.
To Charles we turn, who now, the Pagan fled,
Forbade the flames extinguiſh'd more to ſpread:
His troops he marſhall'd; ſome with ardor fir'd
To guard the poſts that chief their aid requir'd:
The reſt he ſent againſt the Mooriſh train
To meet their ſtrongeſt force in open plain;
Then, near Marcellus' gate, bids every band,
Together join'd, in rank of battle ſtand,
Their banners rang'd, he points their noble rage,
And gives the trumpet's ſignal to engage.
King Agramant againſt the knight * who lov'd
Fair Iſabella, ſingle combat prov'd.
With king Sobrino bold Lurcanio clos'd:
Rinaldo ſtood againſt a troop oppos'd,

* Zerbino.

Whom

Whom (Fortune ſmiling on his dauntleſs might)
He ſlew, diſpers'd, o'erturn'd, and chac'd in flight.
So far'd the war—when Charles his legions brought
To charge the rear where king Marſilius fought:
The monarch leads th' aſſault—the hills around,
The vales return the drum's and trumpet's ſound.
Already now the Pagans ſeem'd to yield,
And ſoon, with broken files, had left the field;
But Falſirones came, and at his ſide
Grandonio, both in greater dangers try'd;
With Balugantes, Serpentino fam'd,
And bold Ferrau, who thus aloud exclaim'd.

O friends belov'd! O! once of martial might!
O! brethren! yet maintain this arduous fight!
Think what rewards, what honours muſt attend,
Should Fortune on this day our arms befriend;
Think what our loſs and never-ending ſhame,
If baſely driven from ſuch a field of fame!

A ponderous ſpear he wielded as he ſpoke,
And aim'd at Berlinger the forceful ſtroke;
Now Berlinger o'erthrown, his fatal blade
Eight hapleſs warriors near him proſtrate laid.
In other parts what warlike numbers fell
Before Rinaldo, ſcarce the muſe can tell;

Thou might'ſt have ſeen, amidſt th' embattled field,
The flying ſquadrons to his fury yield.
No leſs Zerbino and Lurcanio, fir'd
With martial heat, the tongue of praiſe inſpir'd;
Nor ſhall Zumara's king be left unſung,
Brave Dardinello, from Almontes ſprung;
Seven chiefs, renown'd in arms, to earth he threw,
Two ſenſeleſs, one he wounded, four he ſlew.
Nor yet th' example of his dauntleſs hand
Could in their ranks detain his fainting band.
The Moors in Setta and Zumara bred,
Thoſe of Morocco and Canara fled:
But with the foremoſt fled Alzerbè's train,
Whoſe flight the noble youth * oppos'd in vain:
At length, with threats and prayers by turns addreſs'd,
He rous'd the flame in every generous breaſt.

If in your memory worthy yet to dwell
Almontes lives—this preſent hour ſhall tell:
This hour ſhall ſhow, if midſt his foes enclos'd,
You leave in me his ſon to death expos'd,
Stay! I conjure you—by my tender age,
From which your hopes could future fame preſage!
Shall each brave chief by hoſtile ſwords be ſlain,
And none reviſit Afric's lov'd domain?

* Dardinello.

Here

Here let us rather die, than ſink ſo low
To wait the mercy of a Chriſtian foe.
O! then be firm—in this, my friends, remain
Our deareſt hopes, all other hopes are vain!
Like us the foes have but two hands to wield,
One ſoul to fire them, and one life to yield.
So ſpoke the generous youth, and ſpeaking gave
The earl of Athol to the greedy grave.
The dear remembrance of Almontes ran
Through Afric's hoſt, and ſpread from man to man:
Williſam of Burnick, tall of ſtature, tower'd
Above his peers, but Dardinello's ſword
Levell'd him with the reſt—and near him reſt
His life from Arimon, and headleſs left;
(A Corniſh champion)—as he preſs'd the plain
His brother haſten'd to his aid in vain,
The warrior's falchion ſtretch'd him with the ſlain.
Through Bogio's boſom pierc'd the vengeful blade,
And freed him from his promiſe lately made:
Vainly he promis'd to his weeping wife
Six moons ſhould bring him back with fame and life.
Brave Dardinello near Lurcanio 'ſpy'd,
By whom, but then o'erthrown, Dochino dy'd;
He ſaw Altæus, dearer than his life,
Attempt too late to fly the bloody ſtrife.

Full at his nape the ſtroke Lurcanio aim'd,
And ſtretch'd him dead: Almontes' ſon, inflam'd
With thirſt of vengeance, graſp'd his ready ſpear,
And vow'd to Macon (did his Macon hear)
Should ſlain Lurcanio that day's triumph grace,
His empty arms within the moſque to place.
Then through the ranks with rapid ſpeed he flies,
And to his ſide ſo well the lance applies,
Pierc'd through and through he hurls him to the plain,
And inſtant bids his followers ſtrip the ſlain.

What tongue ſhall aſk if Ariodantes mourn'd
His brother's ſlaughter? if in rage he burn'd
With his own hand to give the vengeful blow,
And Dardinello ſend to ſhades below?
In vain he raves—not more the Pagan foes
Than thronging Chriſtians his deſign oppoſe:
Yet eager for revenge, now here, now there,
He whirls his ſword, breaks through, and mows the war,
To engage the Chriſtian Dardinello flies,
But thronging round him ſpears and javelins riſe,
And the thick preſs the knights to meet denies.
One chief no leſs the Mooriſh troop deſtroys,
Than one the Engliſh, Franks, and Scotch annoys:

Yet

Yet theſe to cloſe in battle fate withſtands,
One doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Rinaldo there aſſails, breaks, ſcatters round
The foes, and hurls their ſtandards to the ground:
And now he ſpurs Bayardo through the fight,
To prove the noble Dardinello's might,
And wondering on his ſhield the ſign ſurvey'd,
Which young Almontes' ſon with pride diſplay'd;
He deem'd him brave whoſe venturous arm could bear
The ſame device the earl * was ſeen to wear;
And found him brave, when round the ghaſtly plain
He ſaw the heaps his conquering hand had ſlain.
Then to himſelf—This noxious weed demands
(Ere yet it further ſpreads) my pruning hands.
Thus ſpoke the knight, and where he turns his face
The ranks recede, and every chief gives place:
Chriſtians and Pagans to his paſſage yield,
Such awe his looks, ſuch dread his ſword impell'd.
But hapleſs Dardinello ſole defies
Albano's † chief; to whom Rinaldo cries.
Poor boy! in evil hour to riſk thy life,
That ſhield was left, thy pledge of future ſtrife:

* Orlando. † Rinaldo.

I come

I come to prove how well with me in fight,
Thy hand defends that enſign red and white:
If here thou fail'ſt, thy force can ill contend
Thoſe arms againſt Orlando to defend.
Then Dardinello thus—Hear one who dares
Protect thoſe honours which in field he bears:
I truſt theſe colours, red and white, proclaim
Leſs pledge of ſtrife than pledge of future fame:
Think not, though young, to make me fly the field,
Or e'er to thee this glorious trophy yield.
My death alone on thee my arms beſtows:
But Heaven th' event far other may diſpoſe;
And never, never ſhall my deeds diſgrace
The lineal praiſe of my illuſtrious race.
He ſaid; and as he ſpoke with brandiſh'd ſword
Intrepid ruſh'd on Mount Albano's lord:
A chilling fear each Pagan foe oppreſs'd,
And froze the blood in every panting breaſt;
When ſtern Rinaldo, eager for the fight,
Reſiſtleſs flew to engage the blooming knight.
A lion thus (that in the paſture views
A bull that ne'er the heifer yet purſues)
Springs on his prey—firſt aim'd the Pagan foe
Againſt Mambrino's helm the fruitleſs blow.

Now learn (with ſmile ſevere Rinaldo cry'd)
If this right hand can beſt the weapon guide.
At once he ſpurr'd, and to the fiery horſe
Gave up the reins, when driven with matchleſs force
Through his white breaſt the ſword a paſſage found,
Till at his back appear'd the grizzly wound:
The ſteel drawn forth, drew forth the vital breath,
And cold and pale the body ſunk in death.
Like ſome fair flower, whoſe vivid luſtre fades,
If chance the ploughman's ſhare its ſtalk invades;
Or heavy poppies, charg'd with dews or rain,
That hang their heads low drooping on the plain:
So from his face the roſy colour flies,
So Dardinello ſinks, and ſinking dies:
He dies, and inſtant with their chief is fled
The ſtrength, the courage of the hoſt he led.
As where huge works of human art reſtrain
The floods that elſe would deluge all the plain,
Whene'er the mounds are burſt, the ruſhing tide
With roaring noiſe eſcapes on every ſide:
The powers of Afric thus, who ſcorn'd to yield
While Dardinello's name inſpir'd the field,
Soon as they ſaw the leader breathleſs lie,
Diſpers'd and broken o'er the plains they fly.

What

What numbers fell where Ariodantes fought,
Who next Rinaldo deeds of proweſs wrought!
Theſe Lionel, and thoſe Zerbino quell'd;
All ſeem'd to ſtrive who moſt in arms excell'd.
Charles, mindful of his fame, the battle wag'd:
There Olivero, Turpin, Guido rag'd;
There Salamone fought, Ugero there engag'd.

When Agramant ſaw nothing could reſtore
The day, nor hop'd to ſee Biſerta more,
The fate he could not ſhun reſign'd to meet,
His ſtandards turn'd, he bade to ſound retreat.
Such was the panic of the routed hoſt,
That countleſs numbers in the Seine were loſt.
Each king and chief with ſage Sobrino try'd
The reſt in order from the field to guide:
But here nor king, nor ſage, nor chief prevail'd
With prayer or threat, ſuch fear each breaſt aſſail'd.
Soon to their camp retir'd, in dire diſmay,
The wretched Pagans in their trenches lay:
When Charles, who meant not Fortune ſhould be loſt,
Purſu'd the flying foe with all his hoſt,
But riſing night his glorious ardor ſtay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in friendly ſhade;
Perchance by Heaven more ſwiftly ſent, to give
The creatures of his hand to breathe and live.

No

No more imperial Charles to Paris turn'd,
But pitch'd his tents without, where kindled burn'd
The frequent fires: the foes beſieg'd, with care
Sink deep the trenches and the works repair,
O'erwatch the whole, bid every guard awake,
Nor all the live-long night their arms forſake.
The Saracens, whom chilling fears oppreſs,
Along their mournful lines in deep diſtreſs
Lament and weep, while half conceal'd and low,
The ſighs break forth, and huſh'd the ſorrows flow.
Some for their ſlaughter'd friends or kindred groan,
Some, others' ſufferings; ſome bewail their own;
And ſome, more wretched, with foreboding mind
Revolve ſtill greater evils yet behind.
Two Mooriſh youths there were of humble race,
In Ptolomita was their native place;
Whoſe ſtory told to every ear may prove
A rare example of unblemiſh'd love:
Theſe, Cloridano and Medoro call'd,
Firm in good times, in evil unappall'd,
To Dardinello loyal friendſhip bore,
And late with him had croſs'd from Afric's ſhore.
A hunter's life bold Cloridano led,
His limbs robuſt to ſtrength and ſwiftneſs bred;

Medoro's

Medoro's opening youth but ſcarce began
To ſhade the roſe with down and promiſe man.
Of all that join'd the Pagan's threatening arms,
Not one excell'd his mien and blooming charms:
Black were his eyes, his locks like golden wire;
So ſeems ſome angel of the heavenly choir!
Theſe two, with numbers more, by chance ordain'd
To guard the works, the midnight watch maintain'd.
Medoro ſtill (while tears his cheeks ſuffuſe)
The dear remembrance of his lord renews,
Almontes' ſon, brave Dardinello ſlain,
Expos'd unburied on the naked plain:
When, turning to his friend, he thus expreſs'd
The generous feelings of a loyal breaſt.
Shall he, O Cloridano, to the brood
Of wolves and ravens yield too precious food?
He, whoſe paſt goodneſs ever muſt awake
My grateful love, till life this frame forſake?
And, ah! ſhould life for him in tribute flow,
Not all could pay the mighty debt I owe!
Then to yon heaps of carnage let me fly,
Where cold on earth his limbs diſhonour'd lie;
Remain thou here, that if reſiſtleſs fate
Decrees my death, thou may'ſt that death relate:

And ſhould not Heaven my pious vows ſucceed,
At leaſt poſterity will praiſe the deed.
With ſpeechleſs wonder Cloridano hears
Such faith and courage in ſuch early years;
And (for he held him dear) he ſtrives to make
The dauntleſs youth his raſh deſign forſake.
But grief, like his, no comfort can control;
Nor reaſon change the purpoſe of his ſoul,
A grave on Dardinello to beſtow,
Or in the great attempt his life forego.
When Cloridano long in vain had try'd
Each friendly plea—Yet let me ſhare (he cry'd)
The pious taſk—I too aſpire to raiſe
From ſuch a death the meed of endleſs praiſe.
Should I, depriv'd of thee, Medoro, live,
What future joy can wretched being give?
This ſaid; they point ſupplies their place to take,
Then leave the trenches and the camp forſake;
And ſoon arrive where, ſunk in heavy ſleep,
Our careleſs bands the watch no longer keep;
'Midſt arms, and cars, and courſers ſtretch'd ſupine,
In ſlumber lock'd and drench'd in fumes of wine.
His ſteps awhile here Cloridano ſtay'd;
Shall I not ſeize the preſent hour (he ſaid)

Now,

Now now, Medoro, on yon hoſtile train
To wreak my vengeance for my patron ſlain?
Here liſten thou!—and watch with heedful eye,
Leſt unawares ſome waking foe deſcry
Our bold attempt, while here my wrath I ſlake,
And through the camp our bloody paſſage make.
He ſaid; and ceaſing, o'er the trenches ſtept,
And firſt he came where learned Alpheus ſlept:
But late th' imperial court of Charles he ſought,
In magic, herbs, and arts prophetic taught:
Here fail'd his ſkill, that ſkill ſo oft believ'd;
While to himſelf, the witleſs ſeer deceiv'd,
Long years of life had promis'd, ſafe from harms,
And death at laſt in his lov'd conſort's arms.
Deep in his throat the ſword the Pagan ſent,
And his ſoul iſſu'd at the ſanguine vent.
Then Palidon of Moncaliri bleeds,
Who thoughtleſs ſlept between the harneſs'd ſteeds.
Next Grillo, ſwill'd with wine, ſecurely lay
In peaceful reſt to doze the fumes away:
Large meaſures had he quaff'd, and ſtill extends
In dreams the draught which Cloridano ends.
A Greek and Belgian periſh'd near his ſide,
Who long by night the dice and goblet ply'd.

Thrice

Thrice happy! had they ply'd till reddening morn
From ſilver Indus made her wiſh'd return.
But Fate would loſe on earth his ſovereign power,
Could man with preſcience read the future hour.
As the gaunt lion, at the ſavage call
Of hunger, overleaps the nightly ſtall;
Then kills, and rends the ſheep with cruel paws,
To glut with bloody food his ravenous jaws:
The Pagan thus, amidſt our ſenſeleſs crew
Immers'd in ſlumber, helpleſs wretches ſlew:
Nor yet he rag'd with bold Medoro's ſteel,
Who ſcorn'd that vulgar lives his force ſhould feel.
He came where duke Labretto lay enclos'd
By his lov'd conſort's arms, in ſleep repos'd:
No air could glide between, ſo cloſe they lay,
Medoro's falchion lopt their heads away:
O envy'd death! for ſure their ſouls conjoin'd
In like embrace, one happy ſtroke conſign'd
To thoſe bleſt regions to receive above
The meed of joy and never-dying love!
Malindo next he ſlew; and at his ſide,
Brave Ardelico and his brother dy'd,
The ſons of Flanders' earl, whom lately prais'd
For martial virtue, Charles had newly rais'd

To knighthood's rank, and either gave to hold,
Mix'd with their arms, the fleur-de-lys of gold.
Theſe from the field that glorious day he view'd
Their weapons bring with hoſtile gore bedew'd,
And promis'd each in Friza large domain:
But ſoon Medoro made ſuch promiſe vain.

Thus ſlaughtering on, advanc'd th' inſidious two;
At length they near the rich pavilions drew,
Where round the tent of Charles, in arms prepar'd,
The Paladins, by turn, maintain'd the guard.
Here from their bloody work the Pagans ceas'd,
And ſheath'd their falchions and their ſteps repreſs'd.

Firſt Cloridano led the way, to find
Their ſureſt track; his friend purſu'd behind.
At length they came where, in a field of blood,
With falchions, bows, and ſhields, and lances ſtrow'd,
Men mix'd with ſteeds, the poor with wealthy lay,
And kings with ſlaves reduc'd to common clay.
Fix'd on the ſky Medoro bent his ſight,
And thus addreſs'd the regent of the night.

O ſacred empreſs! by our fathers fam'd,
Who rightly thee their triple goddeſs nam'd!
Thou, who in heaven, in earth, or deepeſt hell,
Through various forms in glory canſt excel!

Who

Who wear'ſt a huntreſs' garb in woods to trace
The haunts of monſters and the ſylvan race;
Show me my murder'd lord in blood imbru'd,
Who, while he liv'd, thy hallow'd ſports purſu'd.
At this, by chance or at his earneſt prayer,
The moon reſplendent through the vaporous air
Pierc'd the ſtill gloom; as when in virgin charms
She came all naked to Endymion's arms.
Paris with either camp receiv'd the beam:
The plains and mountains whiten'd in the gleam:
Martir and Liri's diſtant hills were bright,
This riſing to the left, and that the right:
But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain
Where lay Almontes' valiant offspring ſlain.
As near his lord Medoro weeping drew,
Him by his arms and ſhield's device he knew;
In accents low and murmurs ſcarcely heard
He breath'd his grief; yet think not that he fear'd
To riſk a being he no longer priz'd;
His generous ſoul ſuch abject thoughts deſpis'd;
But moſt he fear'd ſome evil chance to find
T' obſtruct the pious deed his ſoul deſign'd.
Now, on their ſhoulders laid, the friendly pair
The breathleſs corſe, with zeal divided, bear.

Soon came the God who gives to day its birth,
The ſtars to chace from Heaven, the ſhades from earth;
When brave Zerbino, from whoſe virtuous breaſt
A general's duty drove ignoble reſt,
Whoſe arm had chac'd the fearful Moors by night,
Return'd to ſeek the camp at dawn of light;
With him a band of knights—theſe ſoon beheld
The diſtant friends ſlow moving o'er the field.
Now, now, my brother! caſt our load aſide,
And urge our ſwiftneſs (Cloridano cry'd);
'Twere far unmeet, while from the deathful plain
We bear one corſe, two living ſhould be ſlain.
This ſaid, he quits his hold, nor doubts to make
His friend Medoro now th' attempt forſake;
But he, whoſe pious love more firm remain'd,
The whole dear burden by himſelf ſuſtain'd.
Meanwhile the firſt his feet for ſafety ply'd,
And deem'd his lov'd Medoro at his ſide.
The horſe, determin'd theſe ſhould die or yield,
Some here, ſome there diſperſing o'er the field,
Cut off the means of flight: their leader near
Inflames their zeal: by every mark of fear,
By every ſemblance, well obſerv'd, he knew
That theſe were warriors of the hoſtile crew.

Not

Not far remote an ancient foreſt ſtood,
Perplex'd with thickening trees and dwarfiſh wood,
Where not a track the tangled paths diſplay'd,
But foot of beaſts that trod the gloomy ſhade:
Thither the Pagans fled, in hope to meet
Amid the friendly boughs a ſafe retreat.
Soon Cloridano came to where his ear
No more the ſound of trampling horſe could hear:
But when he miſs'd his friend—What chance (he cry'd)
Could from myſelf my better ſelf divide?
Thee could I leave, who late wert wont to ſhare
My neareſt thoughts? Is this my pious care?
Unknowing when or where, from thee I part,
Friend of my choice and brother of my heart!
He ſaid; and ſpeaking, through the winding ſhade
The track reprinted he before had made;
Sought what he left, and ſwift with panting breath
Returning trod the way that led to death.
He hears the foes, he hears the courſers' noiſe,
And nearer hears the riders' threatening voice;
And, ah! too late his dear Medoro knows,
Whom helpleſs and on foot a hundred horſe incloſe.
This troop Zerbino leads, and gives command
To ſeize the youth, who preſs'd on every hand,

At length unable longer to ſuſtain
His honour'd burthen, lays it on the plain;
Yet hovering near, he ſtill his lord attends,
And to the laſt his breathleſs charge defends.
So when, in deep-ſequeſter'd mountain ſhades,
The hunter-troop a bear's retreat invades;
Around her young the ſavage mother howls
In dreadful anguiſh and with fury growls;
While inbred ſtrength impels her oft to fly
On the bold foe, and deep in carnage dye
Her reeking jaws, maternal love reſtrains
Her rage, and with her cubs the beaſt detains.
Now Cloridano, hopeleſs of his ſtate,
Yet fix'd in death to ſhare Medoro's fate,
Swift from the quiver choſe the pointed reed,
And took conceal'd his aim with bloody ſpeed:
It reach'd a Scot, and, buried in his brain,
Hurl'd from his ſaddle lifeleſs to the plain.
At once the Chriſtians turn'd with anxious view,
Exploring whence the murderous weapon flew:
Mean time another by the Pagan ſent,
With equal aim to pierce the ſecond went,
Who, while he loud enquir'd what unſeen hand
Had drawn the bow, and rav'd amid the band,

The hiſſing dart drove on, his weazon cleft,
And while he ſpoke his tongue of ſpeech bereft.
No more their chief Zerbino now repell'd
Th' indignant wrath that in his boſom ſwell'd,
But ruſhing on Medoro—Thou ſhalt bear
The guilt—he cry'd, and ſeiz'd his golden hair.
But, fixing on his face an earneſt look,
Compaſſion kindled and forbade the ſtroke,
As thus the youth his pitying grace implor'd:
O! by that God, in Chriſtian lands ador'd!
Steel not thy heart, Sir knight! but let me pay
The laſt ſad honours to this ſacred clay:
I aſk not life—O! give me but to breathe
Till to his tomb my ſovereign I bequeath.
Medoro thus his moving ſuit addreſs'd,
In words to pierce the moſt obdurate breaſt:
Zerbino ſoon, his wrath decreaſing, felt
His manly ſoul with tender ſorrow melt;
When, lo! while yet the ſuppliant mourner pray'd,
A knight, by more than brutal fury ſway'd,
To pity deaf, regardleſs of his lord,
With cruel ſpear the ſtripling's boſom gor'd.
With fierce diſpleaſure good Zerbino view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood.

Thou ſhalt not periſh unreveng'd (he ſaid)
And ſudden turn'd upon th' offender's head
To wreak the deed; but wheeling round, the knight
His courſer ſpurr'd and urg'd his rapid flight.
When Cloridano, where he ſtood conceal'd,
Beheld Medoro proſtrate on the field,
He left the covert, caſt aſide the bow,
And ruſh'd in frantic rage amidſt the foe,
From numerous ſwords his welcome fate he found,
And ſtain'd with guſhing blood the thirſty ground;
Till life faſt ebbing with the vital tide,
He ſunk contented by Medoro's ſide.
The Scots then follow'd where their chief they view'd,
Who through the woods his angry way purſu'd.
Long time in helpleſs ſtate Medoro lay,
While vigour flow'd in purple ſtreams away:
When, ſent by fortune to his timely aid,
A damſel came in cottage weeds array'd;
Of humble garb! but of a form moſt rare,
Of ſoft demeanour and majeſtic air:
Angelica, through every region known,
The heireſs of Cathay's imperial throne;
Who joyful late her wondrous ring regain'd,
And every noble lover's vows diſdain'd;

But

But Love, who long had mark'd his ſlighted power,
Reſolv'd to bear her cold contempt no more,
By poor Medoro took his watchful ſtand,
And brac'd his bow, and held his ſhafts in hand.
Soon as Angelica with ſad ſurvey
Beheld the youth, who pale and wounded lay,
Strange pity touch'd her while ſhe liſtening hung
To hear the tale that falter'd on his tongue.
Once in a lovely mead, with ſearching view,
A plant ſhe met whoſe virtues well ſhe knew;
This now ſhe ſought, and gathering ſwift return'd
To where his ſlaughter'd lord Medoro mourn'd.
Amidſt her way a ſimple ſwain ſhe view'd,
Who through the foreſt on his horſe purſu'd
A gentle heifer, that abroad to roam
(Then paſt two days) had left her ruſtic home.
The ſwain ſhe led, where, iſſuing with his blood,
Faſt and more faſt Medoro's vigour flow'd.
The virgin from her palfrey now deſcends,
The peaſant lighting on her ſteps attends;
The plant ſhe bruiſes with a ſtone, and ſtands
Tempering the juice between her ivory hands.
This o'er his breaſt ſhe ſheds with ſovereign art,
And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part:

The wound ſuch virtue from the juice derives,
At once the blood is ſtaunch'd, the youth revives;
Wondering he feels a ſudden ſtrength beſtow'd,
And mounts the horſe which late the ſhepherd rode;
Yet went not thence, till duly firſt diſpos'd
He ſaw his breathleſs prince with earth inclos'd;
And, laid by noble Dardinello dead,
His Cloridano in one funeral bed.
The virgin to the ſhepherd's cot convey'd
The wounded youth, and there in pity ſtay'd
To wait his health reſtor'd; ſo deep her breaſt
Retain'd the thoughts which firſt his ſight impreſs'd.
Begirt with hills and boſom'd in a wood,
Of ſtructure neat, the peaſant's dwelling ſtood,
Which late himſelf had rais'd; his faithful wife,
And children, partners of his humble life.
The damſel there Medoro ſoon reſtor'd
To wonted ſtrength, but ah! meantime deplor'd
Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart
With heavier anguiſh from a viewleſs dart.
Still, ſtill ſhe loves—and while her care is ſhown
To cure another's pains, forgets her own.
He gains, ſhe loſes ſtrength; and now, by turns,
With cold ſhe freezes, and with heat ſhe burns.

From

From day to day improv'd his beauty ſhines:
She, hapleſs maid, with waſting ſorrow pines,
Like fleecy ſnows that in the warmth of day
In heaps diſſolve before the ſolar ray:
Sick with deſire, from him ſhe would receive
What only can her ſoul's dear cares relieve.
Hence to her virgin ſhame ſhe loos'd the ties,
And gave her tongue the licence of her eyes;
Till he, unconſcious of the wound he made,
Heard her with ſighs implore his pitying aid.
O brave Orlando! O Circaſſia's king!
What are the virtues that unheeded ſpring
In breaſts like yours! In vain your boaſted fame;
Where now the meed your glorious labours claim?
O ſtern Ferrau! O thouſands more unnam'd,
That oft her heart with truth and courage claim'd;
How would you now with jealous pangs behold
A rival's happy arms her limbs enfold!
Angelica, to ſanctify her flame,
With holy marriage rites conceal'd the ſhame:
Love preſent ſmil'd, and to the nuptial bed
The ſhepherd's wife the bluſhing fair-one led.
One happy month, befitting where they dwell'd
In humble roof, a ruſtic feaſt they held.

The

The damſel, never abſent from his ſight,
Hangs on her lover with untir'd delight;
For ever round him glues her twining arms,
And claſps his neck, and kindles at his charms.
With him in lowly cot, or leafy bower,
By night, by day, ſhe waſtes the fleeting hour.
At morn and eve by cryſtal ſtreams they ſtray,
Or trace the verdant meadow's flowery way.
At ſultry noon they ſeek a gloomy cave,
Like that which from the ſtorm a ſhelter gave,
What time the Trojan prince and Tyrian queen * 745
Their loves entruſted to the ſacred ſcene.
Where'er a tree its verdant boughs diſplay'd
O'er rills and founts to caſt a waving ſhade,
The knife and pointed ſteel the bark impreſs'd,
And oft the rocks their ſportive toys confeſs'd.
A thouſand parts reveal'd their mutual flames,
A thouſand places ſhow'd the lovers' names,
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In poſied wreaths and amorous knots combin'd.
Now rolling time reprov'd the damſel's ſtay,
And urg'd her to reſume her purpos'd way,
In India's realms, at rich Cathay to crown
Her dear Medoro on the regal throne.

* ÆNEAS and DIDO.

Around

Around her arm a golden circlet brac'd
Of rareſt worth, with ſparkling jewels grac'd,
In ſign of brave Orlando's love ſhe wore,
And long preſerv'd the valu'd gift ſhe bore.
This midſt the iſle of tears * ſhe ſtrangely kept,
(Where captive dames their cruel fortune wept.)
Now, wanting gold to give the ſimple pair,
The ſhepherd and his wife, whoſe honeſt care
Show'd, while the lovers ſhar'd their homely board,
Such friendly welcome as their means afford;
This from her arm ſhe drew, and bade the ſwain
The valu'd treaſure for her ſake retain.

Now tow'rds the ſteepy hills the lovers ride,
The ſteepy hills that France from Spain divide,
Thence ſeek ſome veſſel, with propitious gale
To looſe for eaſtern lands the ſpreading ſail;
And ſoon a veſſel found, that ſafely bore
The happy pair to India's ſpicy ſhore.

* Ebuda.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO is diſmiſſed with preſents from Logiſtilla, who ſends Andronica and Sophryſina to conduct him ſafely on his voyage. They reach the gulph of Perſia, whence Aſtolpho purſues his journey alone by land. His adventures with the giant Coligorant and the magician Orilo. His meeting with the two brothers Gryphon and Aquilant. All three enter Jeruſalem, where they are hoſpitably received by the Chriſtian regent, Sanſonetto. Gryphon hears unwelcome news of his miſtreſs Origilla; he departs in ſearch of her, and meets her in company with Martano, her new lover: he is deceived by her ſpeeches: they all go together to Damaſcus, where they are entertained by a knight, and agree to be preſent at a tournament given by king Norandino. The tournament. Cowardice of Martano. Valour of Gryphon. Martano by fraud obtains the prize of the juſts, and Gryphon is openly put to ſhame; afterwards being ſet at liberty, he, to revenge his diſgrace, makes great ſlaughter among the people of Damaſcus, till he is at length appeaſed by Norandino.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

ASTOLPHO now in India ſeems to mourn
His exil'd ſtate, and languiſh to return;
As promis'd oft by her, whoſe power had quell'd
Alcina's navy, and her flight compell'd:
Her's was the care to ſpeed him on his way,
To ſhield from danger and prevent delay.
For this a galley had ſhe launch'd, the beſt
That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breaſt;
And left (for ſo her fears had oft divin'd)
Alcina ſhould impede his courſe deſign'd,
She Andronica ſends with ſhips prepar'd,
And fair Sophroſyne, the knight to guard;
Till in his ſight th' Arabian ſea appear'd,
And through the Perſic tide his veſſel ſteer'd.

She bids him rather coaſt the Scythian ſhore,
And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
With Perſia's gulph, than tempt the ſeas where rave
Eternal winds that ſwell the northern wave,
And where, for many a month, no ſun diſplays
Above th' horizon his enlivening rays.

Thus all diſpos'd, the dame with friendly heart
Now grants the duke permiſſion to depart;
And, leſt a hoſtile power ſhould once again
His ſenſes fetter in ſome magic chain,
She on the knight a wondrous book beſtow'd,
Which, fair to ſee, full many a ſecret ſhow'd:
This for her ſake he took—a faithful guide,
A guard againſt enchantments to provide.
Here, while his eyes the learned leaves peruſe,
Each ſpelful myſtery explain'd he views.
Another gift ſhe brought of magic power
(A gift ſo rare was never ſeen before)
A ſounding horn that ſcatters inſtant fear
With horrid noiſe in every trembling ear:
Such was the din, where'er its echoes ſpread,
The boldeſt knight, appall'd with terror, fled:
Not ſuch the mingled roar, when winds reſound,
When thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the ground!

Rich

Rich in the fairy's gifts, th' intrepid duke
His laſt farewell with grateful feeling took:
He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
And in his poop the proſperous breeze receives.
And now along the ſpicy ſhore he flies,
Where India's rich and peopled towns ariſe;
He ſees a thouſand iſles on either hand
Diſpers'd—and now he views Tomaſo's land:
The golden ſoil of Cherſoneſus paſt,
He ploughs the billows of the watery waſte;
And views, as near he coaſts the fertile ſhores,
Where Ganges to the ſea his waters pours
With whitening foam—he Taprobana views,
And Coris next; and now his courſe purſues
Where mariners th' advancing cliffs ſurvey,
That form, with ſeas confin'd, a narrow bay.
At length the realm of Cochin he perceives,
And thence the furtheſt bound of India leaves.
While thus Aſtolpho cuts the briny tide,
Safe in the conduct of a ſkilful guide,
He Andronica aſks, if e'er 'twas known
That regions, titled from the ſetting ſun,
Had ſent a venturous bark, with oars and ſails,
To catch in eaſtern ſeas the driving gales;

Or veſſels thence their conſtant track might keep,
To France or Britain, thro' th' unfathom'd deep.
Then Andronica thus—The earth, embrac'd
With ocean's arms that circle round her waiſt,
On every part collected waters ſees,
Where ſummers ſcorch them, or where winters freeze:
But ſince, where Æthiopia ſouth extends,
Far tow'rds the pole the ſavage land deſcends,
There are who ſay that Neptune's power withſtood,
Here finds a barrier to th' indignant flood.
Hence from our clime no veſſel courts the breeze,
To ſpread her daring ſail on Europe's ſeas;
Nor pilot yet, from diſtant Europe, braves
The lengthen'd tides to ſtem our eaſtern waves.
Far in the weſt, when years their courſe have roll'd,
I ſee new Argonauts their ſails unfold;
And many a Tiphys ocean's depths explore,
To open wondrous ways untry'd before.
Some coaſting round the ſhelves of Afric, trace
Th' extended country of the ſable race,
To paſs the line whence blazing Phœbus burns,
And to your realms from Capricorn returns:
At length the Cape's extremeſt point they gain
That ſeems to part from ours the weſtern main:

Each

Each clime they view, and ſearch, with ceaſeleſs toils,
The Perſian, Indian, and Arabian iſles.
Some paſs the pillars rais'd on either ſtrand,
The well-known labour of Alcides' hand;
And, like the circling ſun, with ſails unfurl'd,
Explore new lands in ſome remoter world.

While Andronica many a chief diſplays
Whoſe future deeds ſhall claim th' hiſtoric praiſe,
Her fair companion to the eaſtern gales
Now ſhifts, and now extends, the bending ſails:
Now this, now that, ſhe courts to ſpeed their courſe,
And now decreaſes, now augments their force.
Few days were paſt, when to the gulph they came,
The gulph to which the Perſian gives his name;
They ſeek the port, and reſting on the ſand
With poop to ſhore the painted veſſels ſtand.
And now Aſtolpho from Alcina's power
Purſues his path in ſafety on the ſhore:
Where many a plain he travels, many a wood,
And many a deſert vale and mountain rude.
There oft by day, and oft by midnight ſhade,
What murderous bands his lonely ſteps invade!
Lions and dragons fell his eyes ſurvey,
With every beaſt that haunts the dreary way.

But when he to his lip the horn applies,
Each ruffian foe, each ſavage monſter flies.
Arabia, nam'd the happy, now he gains,
Incenſe and myrrh perfume her grateful plains:
The virgin Phœnix there, in ſeats of reſt,
Selects from all the world her balmy neſt.
He ſaw where once, for Iſrael's choſen band,
Th' avenging waters, by divine command,
Proud Pharaoh with his numerous hoſt o'erthrew:
At length he near the land of heroes drew.
By Trajan's banks he ſpurs, with winding courſe,
His ſteed, unmatch'd in ſwiftneſs as in force:
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footſtep in the duſt can trace;
Soft ſnows and tender graſs his hoofs ſuſtain,
He ſweeps unbath'd the billows of the main;
Argalia own'd him late—no mortal ſire
He knew, conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire:
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabican his name.
Aſtolpho ſtill his eager way purſu'd
To where the Nile receives the leſſer flood.
But ere he reach'd the river's mouth, he ſpy'd
A bark that tow'rds him ſwiftly ſtemm'd the tide.

An

An aged hermit in the ſtern appear'd;
Adown his boſom wav'd his ſilver beard.
O! if thou prizeſt life, my ſon (he ſaid)
Nor ſeek'ſt this day to mingle with the dead,
Speed to the further ſhore without delay,
For yonder path to death will lead thy way.
Scarce ſhalt thou paſs a few ſhort miles, before
Thine eyes ſhall view the dwelling red with gore:
In this his life a dreadful giant leads,
Whoſe height, by many a foot, the height exceeds
Of human race—no traveller or knight
Can ever thence eſcape by force or flight:
All cruelties his fiend-like arts contrive;
He ſlaughters ſome, and ſome devours alive.
To ſeize the wretch his glutton maw deſtroys,
With cruel ſport he firſt a net employs
Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care
Hides in the yellow ſands the fatal ſnare:
Then tow'rd the deſtin'd place, with dreadful cries,
He drives the ſtranger, who affrighted flies,
Till with loud laughter he beholds his net
With tangling meſhes every limb beſet.
No traveller he ſpares, nor knight, nor dame
Of high repute or undiſtinguiſh'd name;

He ſucks the marrow and the blood he drains;
He chews the fleſh; the bones beſtrow the plains;
And dire with human ſkins on every ſide
He hangs his dwelling round in horrid pride.

Good father, thanks! and deem not I deſpiſe
Thy proffer'd love (the fearleſs knight replies);
With loſs of honour ſafety might be won,
But more than death ſuch ſafety muſt I ſhun.
Yet ſhould Heaven's power ſo far my arms ſuſtain,
That he ſhould yield, and victor I remain,
Behold I make yon path ſecure for all;
Slight harm may chance, but greater good befall:
My ſingle life expos'd in balance weigh
Againſt the thouſands I may ſave to-day.

Go then in peace, my ſon (the hermit cries)
Heaven ſend his angel Michael from the ſkies,
To guard thy perſon in the hour of fight!
So ſpoke the ſimple ſire, and bleſs'd the knight,
Who, as by Nilus' banks the ſteed he guides,
More in his horn than in his ſword confides.

Between the rapid ſtream and fens there lay
Amid the ſands a narrow, lonely way,
That ſoon the champion to the dwelling drew,
Whoſe ruthleſs hoſt no tender pity knew.

Of

Of wretches thither led, around were ſtrung
Diſſever'd heads, and naked limbs were hung;
And not a gate or window there but ſhow'd
Some horrid fragment dropping ſable blood.
Before the cave Caligorant appears,
(Such is the name the dreadful giant bears)
He ſees the duke at diſtance on the plain,
He ſees, and ſcarcely can his joy contain;
For thrice the moon had chang'd, and not a knight
Had paſs'd that way to glut his longing ſight.
Now tow'rds the fen with eager pace he ſpeeds,
(The fen o'ergrown with ſedge and ſpiky reeds)
In hope to drive the champion in the bands
That cloſe were ſpread beneath the treacherous ſands;
As oft before he many a wretch had caught,
Whom evil deſtiny had thither brought.
Soon as the Paladin the foe ſurvey'd,
Awhile in deep ſuſpenſe he cautious ſtay'd;
Leſt, as the hermit warn'd, his courſer's feet
Should unawares th' entangling meſhes meet.
But here his magic horn the warrior tries;
His magic horn its wonted aid ſupplies.
The giant hears, and ſtruck with ſudden fright
Reprints his backward ſteps: the Chriſtian knight

Repeats

Repeats the blaſt: amaz'd in every ſenſe
The giant flies, but knows not where nor whence;
Headlong he ruſhes on the toils, enſnar'd
In his own toils for others oft prepar'd:
The net extending drags him to the ground,
And claſps in twining links his body round.
Aſtolpho, who th' enormous bulk ſurvey'd
Low ſtretch'd on earth, at once with naked blade
Leap'd from his ſteed, for many a thouſand dead
To take due vengeance on the murderer's head.
But now, he fears, to kill his wretched thrall,
Mankind would baſeneſs more than courage call,
While on the plain all motionleſs he lies
Faſt fetter'd with indiſſoluble ties.

This net of ſteel with more than mortal art
Had Vulcan fram'd, to break whoſe ſmalleſt part
No ſtrength avail'd: with this of old were bound
Venus and Mars in Love's embraces found.
The jealous God contriv'd the ſubtle toils,
To entrap the God of arms and Queen of ſmiles.
Hermes from Vulcan this by ſtealth remov'd,
To ſeize fair Chloris, long his beſt belov'd;
Chloris, of bright Aurora's train, who flies
Before the ſun, and round the dappled ſkies

From her full veſt the ſilver lily ſtrows,
The purple violet, and bluſhing roſe.
Her cloſely Hermes watch'd, till with the ſnare
One day he caught the flying nymph in air.
Then was it known for ages to remain
Within Canopus at Anubis' fane.
Three thouſand years elaps'd, at laſt aroſe
Caligorant, the worſt of impious foes,
Who ſeiz'd with daring hand the net divine,
And fir'd the town, and robb'd the holy ſhrine.

From this Aſtolpho takes a length to bind
The caitiff's arms; theſe pinion'd cloſe behind,
His fierceneſs tam'd, ſubmiſſive now he ſtands,
Mild as ſome damſel, to the knight's commands,
Who thinks to lead him thence, in triumph ſhown
Thro' many a city, fort, and peopled town;
With him reſolv'd the wondrous net to take,
Whoſe like no mortal tool or hand could make.
Then on his captive's back he lays the weight,
And leads behind him in victorious ſtate
The wretch, conſigning to his ſervile care
The ponderous helm and maſſy ſhield to bear;
And welcome joy imparts where'er he goes,
Since fear no more the pilgrim's boſom knows.

Thus

Thus paſs'd Aſtolpho, till he near eſpies
The well-known pyramids of Memphis riſe;
Memphis, that draws her greateſt fame from theſe;
Now crowded Cairo he before him ſees.
The people flock to view with eager eye
The giant's towering height and wondering cry:
Whence could yon pigmy knight ſuch proweſs ſhow,
To bind in captive chains ſo huge a foe?
While each beholds him with enraptur'd gaze,
And gives him every palm of knightly praiſe.
Where Nile his ſtream to Damiata guides,
And where he ruſhes in the briny tides,
Aſtolpho paſs'd, yet none (ſo went the fame)
Eſcap'd alive or free that thither came.
There on the ſhore, and near the mouth of Nile,
Lodg'd in a tower, a robber liv'd by ſpoil
Of travellers and pilgrims thither led,
And even to Cairo's gates his rapine ſpread:
For though his limbs a thouſand wounds receive,
Not one the caitiff could of life bereave.
To prove if aught avail'd in bloody ſtrife
To make the Siſters cut his thread of life,
Aſtolpho now to Damiata came,
And ſought the wretch—Orilo was his name.

Arriving

Arriving where the ſea receives the Nile,
He ſees the caſtle on the ſandy ſoil,
Where dwelt th' enchanted ſoul, no ſon of earth,
Who from an imp and fairy drew his birth.
Already there the fight with dreadful rage
He ſees two warriors with Orilo wage.
Alone Orilo ſtood; but ſuch his might,
That ſcarce their ſkill preſerv'd each noble knight.
Theſe youths their birth from Olivero take,
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black.
When firſt the field the necromancer fought,
With great advantage on his ſide he fought:
With him a monſter came, to whom the earth
Of Egypt gives its unpropitious birth:
He baſks on ſhore, or lives beneath the flood,
And human bodies are his dreadful food,
When thoughtleſs pilgrims by his rage are ſlain,
Or wretched mariners that plough the main.
The breathleſs monſter, ſtretch'd along the ſand,
A victim lies to each brave brother's hand:
Orilo's limbs they lop, but lop in vain;
Nor, though diſmember'd, can he yet be ſlain.
Depriv'd of hand or leg, his magic power
Returns it to the place it held before.

Now Gryphon to the teeth drives through his creſt;
Now Aquilant divides him to the breaſt:
He laughs at all their blows in fell diſdain;
They rave to find their blows beſtow'd in vain.
So when we ſee the liquid metal fall,
Which chemiſts by the name of Hermes call,
Though here and there the parts diſſever'd roll,
They ſoon again unite to form the whole,
His head lopt off, Orilo ſwift deſcends,
And eager in its ſearch his arm extends;
Now by the noſe he takes it, now the hairs,
And, fixing on the neck, the loſs repairs.
Then vainly in the ſtream that near them flows
Brave Gryphon's hand the ſever'd viſage throws:
Orilo dives the bottom to explore,
And with his head returns unhurt to ſhore.

Two lovely dames, in comely garments dreſs'd,
This clad in white, and that in ſable veſt,
Who firſt to battle urg'd each gallant knight,
Stood near beſide to view th' unequal fight.
Theſe were the fairies, whoſe benignant care
Had bred from earlieſt years the noble pair.

Now from theſe climes withdraws the golden day,
The happy iſles receive the parting ray:

Pale

Pale in the ſhade the miſty objects gleam,
And the moon glimmers with a doubtful beam;
When fierce Orilo to his fort retir'd;
For now the white and ſable dame requir'd
To ſtay the combat, till the roſeate morn
In eaſtern ſkies ſhould make her wiſh'd return.
Aſtolpho now, to whom before were known,
By each device, but more their valour ſhown,
Gryphon and Aquilant, with eager pace
Advanc'd, and held them in a ſtrict embrace.
Not leſs the brethren, when in him who drew
The giant chain'd, the Engliſh duke they knew,
With joy careſs'd him, who to Gallia came
Known by the baron of the leopard's name.
The virgins led the warriors to repoſe,
Where near in view a ſtately palace roſe;
Whence ſquires and damſels met them on the way,
With many a torch that caſt a blazing ray.
Their courſers to th' attending grooms conſign'd,
The knights unarm, and in a garden find,
Plac'd by a cryſtal fountain's murmuring tide,
A plenteous board with various cates ſupply'd.
The coſtly wines that crown the ſumptuous board,
With ſavoury viands, leſs delight afford

Than the ſweet converſe of the ſocial hour:
But chief Orilo and his magic power
Engroſs the talk; while ſtill to every mind
It ſeems a dream, that head or arm disjoin'd,
And caſt to earth, ſhould thus again unite,
And he return more daring to the fight.
  Already good Aſtolpho counſel took;
And ſoon he gathers from his wondrous book,
No mortal hands Orilo's life can end,
Till from his head one fatal hair they rend.
Not leſs Aſtolpho conqueſt now enjoys,
Than if his arms had won the glorious prize;
And ſoon to each he makes his purpoſe known,
To take th' adventure on himſelf alone,
Theſe, well aſſur'd his courage vain to find,
Freely to him the arduous taſk reſign'd.
  Aurora through the ſkies her light extends,
When the fierce robber from his fort deſcends.
Aſtolpho and Orilo ruſh to fight;
One wields the mace, and one the falchion bright.
Aſtolpho long eſſays ſome well-aim'd blow,
To chace the groaning ſpirit from his foe.
Him in a hundred parts Aſtolpho hews;
As oft his ſever'd frame itſelf renews.

Amidſt

Amidſt a thouſand ſtrokes, one happier ſped
At length above the ſhoulders reach'd his head;
The head and helmet from the trunk it rends:
Sudden Aſtolpho from his ſeat deſcends:
Now in the matted locks with eager ſpeed
His hand he faſtens, and remounts his ſteed;
Againſt the courſe of Nile he ſpurs, he flies,
And far from ſad Orilo bears the prize.

Meantime the wizzard haſtens to explore
(Unconſcious what had paſt) the ſandy ſhore.
But when he finds the knight and courſer fled,
Had to the diſtant foreſt borne his head;
He takes his ſteed, and on the ſaddle light
He leaps, and haſtens to purſue the knight.
He would have cry'd to bid the warrior ſtay,
But the fierce champion bore his tongue away.
He ſpurs, he gives the rein; but like the wind
Fierce Rabicano leaves him far behind.

And now Aſtolpho for the fatal hair
Explor'd the head with unavailing care;
At length—Let all be ſhorn (the warrior cries)
And well his ſword the place of ſhears ſupplies.
The head his left, the ſword his right hand bears,
With this he ſhaves around th' innumerous hairs.

Among the reſt the fatal hair he ſhears:
Ghaſtly and pale at once the face appears;
The eyes roll inward, every ſymptom ſhows
That life at laſt has touch'd its wretched cloſe:
The headleſs trunk that follow'd, ſudden lies
Fall'n from its ſeat, no more again to riſe.

Aſtolpho now the dames and warriors ſought;
In his victorious graſp the head he brought,
With all the ſigns of late-departed breath;
And ſhow'd afar the carcaſe ſtretch'd in death.

Th' adventure finiſh'd thus, Aſtolpho warms
The brother-knights to noble deeds of arms
In aid of Charles—yet little each requires
To fan the ardor that his breaſt inſpires.
But ere the warriors bent to France their way,
They turn'd aſide their pious rites to pay
In ſainted regions, with the preſence bleſt
Of God himſelf, in human fleſh confeſs'd.

Soon as they reach'd the mountain's arduous height,
Lo! ſudden ſtretch'd before their raptur'd ſight,
That holy land, where never-ending Grace
Cleans'd with his blood the ſins of human race.

When now the warriors near the city drew,
They met a noble youth, whom well they knew,

Of Mecca, Sanſonetto was his name,
His virtues great, and great his knightly fame:
In early prime of life, above his years
For prudence fam'd, and reverenc'd by his peers.
From him ſuch welcome every knight receives,
As the free ſoul to worth congenial gives.
He leads them to the gates with courteous grace,
And in his court aſſigns an honour'd place.
Thoſe parts he rul'd; and there vicegerent made
By royal Charles, the empire juſtly ſway'd.
To him Aſtolpho gave his conquer'd prize,
That captive giant of ſo huge a ſize,
With whoſe ſtrong nerves enormous weights to bear,
Ten beaſts of burthen ſcarcely could compare.
With him, Aſtolpho on the knight beſtow'd
The wondrous net to which he conqueſt ow'd.
From Sanſonetto then the duke receiv'd
A coſtly belt with rich embroidery weav'd;
And two fair ſpurs, reſplendent to behold,
Gold were the buckles, and the rowels gold;
Believ'd the champion's once, whoſe valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed:
With many a prize as rare were theſe obtain'd
By Sanſonetto, when he Zaffa gain'd.

While theſe, with rites of pure devotion, pour'd
Their ſouls in prayer, and Heaven's high grace implor'd,
A Grecian pilgrim came, who tidings brought
That deep diſtreſs in Gryphon's boſom wrought,
Abſorb'd each calmer thought in black deſpair,
And ſcatter'd all his pious vows in air.
Much lov'd the knight, yet lov'd but to his ſhame,
A damſel, Origilla was her name;
With her but few could vie in charms of face,
And few like her of mind deprav'd and baſe.
Late, in the walls of Conſtantine, behind
He left the fair, by ſharp diſeaſe confin'd—
A fever's rage—and when return'd again
He hop'd to find her from her bed of pain
In charms reſtor'd, he heard the faithleſs dame
In Antioch's city led a life of ſhame,
With ſome new object of her worthleſs flame.
From this ſad moment Gryphon knows not reſt;
By day, by night, ſighs iſſue from his breaſt.
His brother Aquilant had oft reprov'd
His ſenſeleſs paſſion; oft, with pity mov'd,
Strove from his heart to drive a worthleſs dame,
Who liv'd the ſcandal of the female name.

Yet,

Yet, ſpite of truth, would Gryphon fain abuſe
Himſelf unhappy, and her faults excuſe.
At length he purpos'd to depart, unknown
Of Aquilant, and haſte to Antioch's town;
And thence recover to his longing arms
The fair who firſt enſlav'd him with her charms;
To drag his rival forth, and make him prove
His dreadful vengeance for inſulted love.
Six days elaps'd, Damaſcus ſtrikes his eyes,
And thence his courſe to Antioch's city lies;
When near Damaſcus' walls the knight he met,
On whom his faithleſs dame had newly ſet
Her changeful heart, and well the pair agreed,
As with the fetid flower the noiſome weed.
Thus, fair to view, the baſe deceiver rode,
And, arm'd in pomp, a ſtately ſteed beſtrode,
With Origilla, richly to behold
Array'd in azure garments fring'd with gold.
Two ſquires beſide him pac'd along the field,
Who bore by turns his helmet and his ſhield.
Soon as the dame beheld her injur'd knight,
Brave Gryphon, near, ſhe trembled with affright:
Now with her partner ſhe concerts the guile,
Then haſtes to Gryphon with a treacherous ſmile;

In well-diſſembled joy her arms ſhe throws
Around his neck, and to his boſom grows;
With honey'd words, with every ſoothing art
Of dalliance fond, ſhe melts his eaſy heart.
Then weeping thus—Is this, my long-loſt lord,
Is this, alas! my conſtant love's reward?
Twelve tedious months neglected and alone,
Gryphon nor hears my ſighs, nor heeds my moan.
When with impatience from Nicoſia's court
(Where many a knight and damſel made reſort)
I hop'd thy ſwift return to me, bereft
Of every joy, by thee in ſickneſs left;
I heard my Gryphon (all his vows forgot)
Had Syria reach'd—How cruel then my lot!
Hopeleſs to follow—deſperate thoughts ſuggeſt
With my own hand to pierce my wretched breaſt.
But favouring Fortune's better care ſupply'd
That ſuccour, which thy cold neglect deny'd:
She in my brother ſent a valued friend,
From all miſchance my honour to defend;
And now a bliſs, o'er every bleſſing dear,
Gives me to meet my lord, my Gryphon here:
Sure, but for this, my ſoul had wing'd her flight
In fond impatience for thy much-lov'd ſight.

So

So ſpoke the damſel, fraudulent of mind,
Miſtreſs of art, and baſeſt of her kind:
So well ſhe knew her feign'd complaints to frame,
That all on Gryphon ſhe transferr'd the blame:
Enough, that from himſelf he can remove
The heavy charge of her neglected love.
Th' impoſtor greeting fair, with him he ſteer'd
His friendly way, and, as they journey'd, heard
That Syria's wealthy king proclaim'd a court
For ſplendid jouſts, where knights of every ſort,
Of Chriſtian faith, or bred in Pagan laws,
Whom rumour to the feſtive meeting draws,
Without the walls, or in the town, ſecure
Remain unqueſtion'd, while the ſports endure.
Of wealthy cities on the eaſtern coaſt
Her numerous ſons may proud Damaſcus boaſt:
On fruitful plains it ſtands, in wholeſome air,
Alike in winter as in ſummer fair:
Againſt the town a mountain's neighbouring height
Reflects the firſt faint bluſh of dawning light:
Two cryſtal rivers through the city glide,
And branching in a thouſand rills divide;
That each its tribute to a garden pours,
To nouriſh odoriferous plants and flowers.

O'er all the midmoſt ſtreet reſplendent lie
Rich veſts and tapeſtry of various dye.
Herbs of all hues and ſcents their ſmell diſpenſe,
Whence ſoft perfumes delight the gentle ſenſe.
Each gate, each window, charms the ſtranger's ſight,
With coſtly ſtuffs reflecting mingled light;
But chief, with many a fair and ſtately dame,
Whoſe garments gay with gold and jewels flame.
Here ſprightly youths in tuneful meaſures lead
The various dance, there mount the manag'd ſteed.
Whate'er in India or Maremma ſhines,
(Their pearly ſtores, or treaſure of their mines)
Damaſcus in refulgent pomp diſplays,
While lords, and knights, and ſquires with wonder gaze.

As Gryphon and his train their way purſue,
Devouring all they ſaw with greedy view;
A knight accoſts, and courteous from their ſteeds
The train invites, and to his dwelling leads;
There with refreſhing baths their toil relieves,
And at his board, with welcome ſmiles, receives.
He tells them how the mighty king who held
The Syrian rule, and in Damaſcus dwell'd,

Next day by trumpets would the jouſts proclaim,
Where native knights or knights of foreign name
Might ſhow their ſkill and right to knightly fame.

Though Gryphon came not thither with intent
Of tilts or combat, his high courage, bent
On noble deeds, accepts the proffer'd field,
Nor ſhuns the palm that Fortune ſeems to yield.
He aſks what cauſe the feſtival ordain'd;
If every year in ſolemn rite maintain'd,
Or by the king now firſt decreed, to try
How far his knights in deeds of arms may vie.
To whom the hoſt—This morn's returning light
Renews the annual pomp of mimic fight,
In dear memorial of the day that led
The fair Lucina to our monarch's bed;
Lucina, heir to Cyprus' wide domain,
Whom in her father's court now adverſe winds detain.

Then riſing from the board to ſeek repoſe,
Their courteous hoſt the downy couch beſtows:
They ſink to reſt, till with the morn they wake,
When cheerful ſhouts their quiet ſlumbers break.
Timbrels and trumpets rouze to feſtive arms,
With eager crowds the wide piazza ſwarms;

The

The mingled ſounds of cars and courſers riſe,
And the ſtreets echo with redoubled cries.
Brave Gryphon o'er his limbs bright armour wears,
(Such armour ſcarce another champion bears)
Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
Temper'd impaſſive to the hoſtile blade.
With him, the ſeeming candidate for fame,
The ſtain of manhood, who from Antioch came,
Arms for the liſt: their careful hoſt ſupplies
Large ſtore of ſpears the tilting to ſuffice.
Himſelf attends, and many a ſquire he leads;
Some march on foot, ſome rein the prancing ſteeds.

Now Gryphon found the manly jouſts begun,
Spears broke, and falchions flaſhing in the ſun:
When at the liſt arriv'd, apart they ſtand,
Awhile ſpectators of the martial band.
With heedful gaze they mark each hardy feat,
Where two, or four, or ſix in jouſting meet.
One to his dame with quaint devices ſhows
Such colours as his grief or joy diſcloſe:
One by his creſt, or painted ſhield, declares
If love rejects his ſuit, or crowns his cares.
Soft blooming damſels on the champions ſhower
From roofs and windows every vernal flower:

Each

Each knightly rival to the trumpet's ſound
His courſer ſpurs with many a ſpritely bound:
All prove their beſt—ſome merit gifts and praiſe,
And ſome loud peals of ſcorn and laughter raiſe.
A ſuit of armour, doom'd the victor's prize,
For that day's jouſts the Syrian king ſupplies;
Who late receiv'd it at a merchant's hand,
A merchant journeying from Armenia's land:
To this the monarch adds a ſcarf, emboſs'd
With numerous pearls, and gems of rareſt coſt.
Eight youthful knights by Norandino held
Near to his perſon, who in arms excell'd,
In friendly league 'gainſt all opponents ſtood,
Noble themſelves, and ſprung of noble blood:
Theſe in the martial ſquare that day had run
With all the lifted warriors, one by one:
With lance, with ſword, or mace they wag'd the fight,
While the king view'd, and view'd them with delight.
Oft through the cuiraſs, in th' unpleaſant ſtrife,
The weapon paſs'd, endangering either's life:
Like foes they fought, but that the king could ſtay
At will their rage, and bid ſurceaſe the fray.
Now he of Antioch, who with Gryphon came,
(Martano was the coward's hateful name)

Stept

Stept in and with his looks the combat dar'd,
As if with Gryphon he in valour ſhar'd;
Then ſtood awhile beſide, and earneſt view'd
A dreadful fight that 'twixt two knights enſu'd.
Seleucia's lord, among the youthful train
Who came the general challenge to maintain,
In ſingle conflict with Ombruno ſtrove:
At length his falchion through his face he drove
And reach'd his life: all mourn'd him as he fell,
Whoſe fame in arms could many a knight excel:
Nor could, thro' all the realm, a name be found
For courteſy and goodneſs more renown'd.
This ſeen, Martano trembled with affright,
Leſt equal fortune on himſelf ſhould light:
Nature prevailing, how he thence may fly
He meditates, but him with heedful eye
Brave Gryphon marks, and urging onward drives
Againſt a knight that in the liſt arrives.
Thus, when th' exerting voice of village-ſwains
A mungrel cur againſt the wolf conſtrains,
By turns he ſtops, and barking views his foe,
Whoſe teeth with anger gnaſh, whoſe eyes with fury glow.

Where princes ſate the deeds of arms to ſee,
With ladies, knights, and lords of high degree,

Martano

Martano fearing in the liſt to run,
His courſer turn'd aſide the ſhock to ſhun.
Yet thoſe who friendly wiſh'd to veil his ſhame
Might to his erring ſteed aſcribe the blame:
But with his falchion next ſo ill he fought,
Demoſthenes himſelf in vain had ſought
To plead his cauſe: ſo much each ſtroke he fear'd,
His arms of brittle frame not forg'd of ſteel appear'd.
At length he fled, diſturbing in his flight
The martial ranks: behind the recreant knight,
From ſcornful crowds loud peals of laughter riſe,
Shouts, clamours, hiſſes, mingling in the ſkies.
Thus, like th' inſidious wolf by ſhepherds chac'd,
Martano from the liſt retires diſgrac'd;
While Gryphon ſtays, but thinks his better name
Defil'd, diſhonour'd by his fellow's ſhame:
Rage ſwell'd his heart, his face with crimſon glow'd,
As his the guilt: meanwhile from him the crowd
Like deeds expect, and to the knight foretel
The ſame diſgrace that on his comrade fell.
Behoves him now to ſtrain each nerve, and raiſe
His wonted worth to ſhine with brighter blaze;
Each ſlip to thoſe whoſe minds prejudge the cauſe,
Each venial fault the heavieſt cenſure draws.

Now

Now Gryphon on his thigh the ſpear addreſs'd,
(Who ſeldom held in vain his ſpear in reſt)
And to the charge his foaming courſer preſs'd.
The baron of Sidonia chanc'd to meet
The dreadful ſhock, which hurl'd him from his ſeat;
All gaze with wonder who his fall behold,
Far other chance than what they late foretold.
Again his ſpear unbroken Gryphon held,
And full on Lodicea's lord impell'd:
The weapon ſhiver'd on the boſſy ſhield;
The champion, near extended on the field,
Fell backward on his ſteed; but ſoon anew
Recovering, with his ſword at Gryphon flew.
Around his temples Gryphon whirls the ſteel:
He ſeem'd from Heaven the thundering force to feel.
Stroke following ſtroke was dealt with ſweepy ſway,
Till ſenſeleſs on the ground the warrior lay.
Two brethren, Thyrſis and Corymbus nam'd,
Long o'er the reſt for ſkill in tilting fam'd,
Their former ſkill forgot, now preſs'd the ſand
Beneath the ſon of Olivero's hand:
This, from his ſteed the ſpear's firſt onſet threw,
And that, the falchion from his ſaddle drew;
While with united voice the liſts declare,
The ſtranger's arm that day the prize would bear.

Among the reſt that to the tilting came,
Was Salenterno of redoubted name,
Who o'er the realm with rule deſpotic reign'd,
And firſt in jouſt the gallant ſtrife maintain'd.
He, fir'd to anger that a ſtranger's might
Should win the palm from every Syrian knight,
A lance arreſting, loud to Gryphon cries,
And, proudly threatening, to the courſe defies.
Brave Gryphon anſwers with his ſpear in reſt,
(A ſpear from ten ſelected for the beſt);
Full on the ſhield the well-aim'd point arrives,
Thro' ſhield, thro' cuiraſs, and thro' boſom drives;
And paſſing on, its cruel paſſage tears,
And at his back a palm behind appears.
All, ſave the king, with joy beheld his fate,
For all th' oppreſſive Salenterno hate.
Two of Damaſcus next his proweſs own,
Carmondo and Ermophilus o'erthrown:
One o'er the monarch's martial hoſt preſides;
And one, high-admiral, his navy guides.
This at the onſet from his ſeat behold
Caſt headlong; that, beneath his courſer roll'd,
Lies overwhelm'd, nor could his courſer ſtand
Againſt the ſhock of Gryphon's powerful hand.

Seleucia's

Seleucia's lord, who ſtill his place maintain'd,
The braveſt champion of the eight remain'd:
Now, ruſhing furious, each his ſpear oppos'd
To where againſt the ſight the vizor clos'd;
But Gryphon with ſuch force the Pagan ſhook,
His left foot ſtraight the ſtirrup's hold forſook.
Their broken lances now aſide they threw,
And, wheeling round, their beaming falchions drew.
From Gryphon firſt a ſtroke the Pagan feels
That from his thundering arm the Chriſtian deals;
Sheer thro' the ſhield's tough plate and bone it goes,
Which from a thouſand ſhields the warrior choſe:
His thigh had next receiv'd the biting blade,
But double folds of ſteel the fury ſtay'd.
Seleucia's lord at Gryphon's vizor drove
The weapon's edge, which falling from above
Had pierc'd through all, but that the warrior's arms
By potent ſpell ſecur'd each limb from harms;
While happier Gryphon, at each furious ſtroke,
Cleft the tough mail and jointed armour broke.
All preſent now Seleucia's lord beheld
By noble Gryphon in the field excell'd;
And had not Norandino ſtay'd the fight,
That day had ſunk him to eternal night.

All

All view'd with joy the dreadful conflict ceaſe,
And prais'd their gracious king who gave the peace.
Thoſe gallant eight, who challeng'd all the liſt,
Too weak a ſingle warrior to reſiſt,
Were vanquiſh'd one by one; the reſt who came
To meet the challenge found their hope of fame
Thro' Gryphon loſt, who thus unmatch'd had run,
And from the eight an eaſy conqueſt won.
Meantime brave Gryphon to his home returns,
While indignation in his boſom burns,
Still more depreſs'd with vile Martano's ſhame,
Than joyful at his own well-purchas'd fame.
Martano every art induſtrious tries
His ſhame to palliate with unmanly lyes;
While the foul partner of his guilt and wile
Each falſehood ſeconds, adding guile to guile.
Howe'er the youthful knight their tales believ'd,
He heard in ſilence, and th' excuſe receiv'd;
But deem'd it beſt to part in ſecret thence,
Leſt, ſeen again, Martano ſhould incenſe
The people's rage—Thus by a private way
They reach'd the gate thro' which their journey lay.
The neareſt dwelling wearied Gryphon ſought:
Two miles the warrior to a dwelli[illegible] brought:

His helm he loos'd, his limbs from armour freed,
And from the reins and bit releas'd his ſteed;
Then, in a room retir'd, the door he clos'd,
And on the couch in ſlumber deep repos'd.
Now Origilla and Martano, bent
On fouleſt treaſon, to the garden went;
And there a ſcheme of deeper guile deſign'd
Than craft e'er whiſper'd to the baſeſt mind.
Martano means to ſeize the arms and veſt
By Gryphon worn, the ſteed which late he preſs'd;
And thus before the king, in borrow'd ſpoils,
Uſurp the honour of another's toils.
Soon as reſolv'd, he takes the warrior's weed,
The dazzling armour, and the milk-white ſteed:
He graſps his buckler, and his creſt he rears,
And a new Gryphon to the ſight appears.
Then with the dame and ſquires he turn'd to where
The buſy throng ſtill fill'd the public ſquare,
And came what time the martial rivals ceas'd
To wield the ſword and place the lance in reſt.
The monarch gives command to ſeek the knight
Whoſe lofty creſt was deck'd with plumage white;
His courſer white, and white the veſt he wore,
Though yet unknown the name the warrior bore.

He,

He, who from looks aſſum'd, deriv'd his pride,
Like the vile aſs beneath the lion's hide,
The ſummons heard, and with unbluſhing face
To Norandino went in Gryphon's place.
Soon as the king the ſeeming knight eſpy'd,
He roſe, embrac'd, and plac'd him at his ſide;
He bids the heralds to the liſts around
Him glorious victor of the day reſound:
With trumpets ſprightly notes, in loud acclaim
Wide ſpreads from tongue to tongue his worthleſs name;
And when the monarch to his palace rode,
He kept him near, and every honour ſhow'd.
He gave him fair and ſtately rooms prepar'd
Within the court, where Origilla ſhar'd
An equal grace, on whom in royal ſtate
A train of noble knights and damſels wait.
Still Gryphon lock'd in thoughtleſs ſlumber lay,
Nor wak'd till low declin'd the light of day.
His ſleep diſpell'd, and bluſhing thus to waſte
The fleeting hours, he quits his bed in haſte,
And ſeeks (as yet unknowing of his ſhame)
The lying kinſman and deceitful dame,
Whom late he left, with all th' attendant train:
When theſe he finds no more, and ſeeks in vain

His arms and veſture, new ſuſpicions riſe,
Increaſing when his comrade's arms he ſpies.
By ſlow degrees, to Gryphon now reveal'd,
That truth appear'd which love had long conceal'd;
Soon, to his grief, he found a brother's name
But veil'd the partner of her lawleſs flame:
What ſhould he do? Impell'd by preſent need,
He takes the baſe Martano's arms and ſteed:
But better had he gone unarm'd, than wear
The cuiraſs ſuch a breaſt was wont to bear;
That hateful buckler on his arm embrace,
And on his head that ſhameful helmet place.
Yet eager to purſue th' adulterous pair
His ſoul was loſt to every other care:
The city now he reach'd, what time the day
Departing, Phœbus ſhone with evening ray.
Built near the gate to which the champion drew,
A fair and ſtately caſtle roſe to view;
The king, aſſembling here a courtly band,
Lords, dames, and knights, the firſt of Syria's land,
Above the walls a ſplendid feaſt prepar'd,
And with his gueſts the ſocial banquet ſhar'd;
Whence, from afar, beneath their wide ſurvey,
The diſtant fields and open country lay.

As tow'rds the gate advancing Gryphon came,
Clad in the veſtments of opprobrious ſhame;
Ill chance for him! the king and feſtive train
Beheld him pacing o'er the verdant plain.
Eſteem'd the ſame he look'd by outward port,
He mov'd the dames and knights to ſcornful ſport,
Where next the king, amid the nobles plac'd,
Martano ſate with higheſt favour grac'd;
And near, the worthy partner of his guile:
Of theſe the king enquir'd, with gracious ſmile,
What wretch was that who lately to his coſt
Eſſay'd the jouſts; who, every honour loſt,
Could thus return—'Tis wondrous ſtrange (he cry'd)
That you, a knight ſo brave, in combat try'd,
Should join with one, to knighthood ſuch diſgrace,
That all our eaſt ſcarce knows a name ſo baſe;
Unleſs you ſeek perchance t' exalt your praiſe,
And with his deeds compar'd your glory raiſe.
But, by yon Heaven, and all its powers, I ſwear,
Did not your worth my warmeſt friendſhip ſhare,
Such public penance ſhould the daſtard find,
Such as my hatred to his coward kind
Might tell to all—and if he 'ſcape the ſhame,
He owes his thanks to you with whom he came.

Then he, the ſink of every vice, reply'd:
Great king! the man whoſe acts his mien bely'd,
Near Antioch's town but late (nor can I tell
His name or birth) with me in converſe fell:
I deem'd him worthy, by his martial air,
With me the trial of the liſts to ſhare,
But ne'er beheld him in the field diſplay
His craven arms till that diſgraceful day;
Yet let not thoſe ſhort hours with me he paſs'd
O'er his demerits now oblivion caſt,
Since, from that time recall'd, methinks I find,
And ever ſhall, diſgrace oppreſs my mind,
If, to their ſhame who bear the name of knight,
He goes diſmiſs'd unqueſtion'd from your ſight.
Far rather let me view, with well-pleas'd eye,
The wretch ſuſpended quivering in the ſky:
A ſentence which may future warning give
To all ſuch daſtards that unpuniſh'd live.
Martano thus; when Origilla took
The word, to ſecond what her minion ſpoke.
To whom the king—Not ſo his deeds I view,
To think that death for ſuch a crime is due:
But we, in judgment for his great offence,
Will to the crowd another feaſt diſpenſe.

He

He ſaid; and to a baron gave in charge
His royal will: inſtructed now at large,
The baron, with a truſty guard, deſcends,
And ſilent near the city walls attends
In ſecret ambuſh, Gryphon there to wait:
Him, 'twixt two bridges, entering at the gate,
He ſeizes unawares, and bound in chains,
Clos'd in a gloomy cell till morn detains.

The golden ſun above the watery bed
Of hoary Tethys rais'd his beamy head,
When vile Martano, fearing Gryphon bold
Might to the king at length the truth unfold,
And on himſelf revenge the treaſon, took
A haſty farewell, and the town forſook.

Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,
By guards conducted to the place of ſhame:
They ſtript him of his arms and plumy creſt,
And left diſhonour'd in an humble veſt;
Then led him thus amidſt the ſhouting train,
High plac'd to view upon a rolling wain,
Which with ſlow ſtep two lagging oxen drew,
By hunger lean and of ill-favour'd hue.
Around th' ignoble car a mingled throng,
Dotards and ſhameleſs women, pour'd along:

Now this, now that, ſupply'd the driver's place,
And all with vulgar rage the knight diſgrace.
Thoſe arms, to which his evil chance he ow'd,
Thoſe arms, whoſe make miſled th' ill-judging crow'd,
Trail'd at the car behind, along the ground
In ſordid filth their rightful penance found.
The wheels now ſtay'd before the judgment ſeat,
And there he heard the herald's voice repeat
Another's deeds, and with Martano's ſhame
By trumpet's ſound his own great deeds defame.
Thus through the ſtreets, to all a public ſight,
By houſes, temples, ſhops, they led the knight,
Where not a name, that inſult e'er apply'd,
Was then forgot; at length the car they guide
Without the walls, and thence in foul diſgrace
They mean with blows to drive him from the place:
But ſcarce they from his feet the gyves unbound,
And loos'd the chains that claſp'd his arms around,
When, lo! he drew the ſword and ſeiz'd the ſhield
That late were uſeleſs dragg'd along the field:
Now here, now there, he whirls the mortal ſteel,
And thirty near the car his fury feel:
Swift fly the reſt, as terror bids them ſtray,
One ſeeks the field, and one the beaten way.

Of

Of thoſe who firſt diſperſing o'er the plain,
With nimble feet the city walls can gain,
Impetuous ſome, as ſenſe of danger ſways,
Forgetful of their friends, the drawbridge raiſe,
While wide in every diſtant quarter riſe
The ſhouting clamours and diſtreſsful cries.
Fierce Gryphon, as aloft the bridge they drew,
(Ill chance for them) two luckleſs wretches ſlew:
Another, daſh'd againſt the ſtony plain,
Pour'd from his batter'd ſkull the ſmoking brain:
One wounded in the breaſt fell headlong down,
As up the walls he climb'd to reach the town:
The trembling crowds, with terror chill'd, behold
The breathleſs carcaſe from the ramparts roll'd.
Great is the fear that many a mind appalls,
Leſt furious Gryphon ſhould o'erleap the walls.
Not deeper tumults could around prevail,
Should the ſtern Soldan with his hoſt aſſail
Damaſcus' gates—arms flaſh, loud ſhouts aſcend,
On every ſide the thronging people bend:
Timbrels and trumpets mingled pour around
The deafening noiſe, and to the ſkies reſound.
King Norandino, whom the din alarms,
The city leaves with all his court in arms:

A thouſand

A thouſand men his faithful guard ſupply,
And round he ſees the timorous people fly.
Meantime, the vulgar crowd diſpers'd and fled,
Thoſe luckleſs arms, that late his ſhame had bred,
(Such arms as fortune then vouchſaf'd to lend)
Brave Gryphon ſeiz'd his perſon to defend;
And near a temple, with ſtrong walls immur'd,
Whoſe ſcite a deep encloſing foſſe ſecur'd,
Upon a narrow bridge his ſtation choſe,
To guard him ſafely from ſurrounding foes.
Behold where from the portal near him drew,
With many a ſhout and threat, the martial crew.
Yet Gryphon ſtill, unmov'd, his place maintain'd,
As if his fearleſs ſoul their force diſdain'd:
Onward he ſprung: he graſp'd his glittering blade,
And many a gaſping warrior breathleſs laid;
Then, to the bridge again retreating, lay
Safe from attack, and held his foes at bay.
But more and more the troops uniting ſwarm,
The deepening battle wears a direr form,
When Gryphon pauſing views with anxious eyes
The hoſtile files that all around him riſe:
Faſt from his wounded thigh and ſhoulder trail'd
The purple ſtream; his breath and vigour fail'd;

But Virtue, watchful o'er her ſons, inclin'd
To peace and pardon Norandino's mind:
While from the walls he led his martial train,
He view'd around the ghaſtly heaps of ſlain;
The gaping wounds, that ſeem'd by Hector given,
With cruel ſteel through temper'd armour driven,
And ſaw how far his late decree had wrong'd
A knight to whom all worth and praiſe belong'd.
When near him now the gallant youth he view'd
(Whoſe ſingle arm ſuch numbers had ſubdu'd,
That dy'd the watery foſſe to fearful red,
Entrench'd behind a ghaſtly pile of dead)
Heart-ſtruck with grief and ſhame, he bade to ceaſe
The cruel ſtrife, and to confirm the peace
From further fight recall'd each willing band,
And ſtretch'd, in friendly ſign, his naked hand.
Then thus to Gryphon—How ſhall I proclaim
My ſenſe of ſorrow and repenting ſhame?
Another's crime, with deep-concerted guile,
Has led my erring judgment in the toil:
If late repentance can amends diſpenſe,
To heal the folly of my paſt offence,
Behold me ready to repair the blame
That lately ſullied your illuſtrious name:

Aſk what thou wilt to crown thy high deſert,
Gold, cities, lands—my kingdom's better part,
With theſe the tribute of a faithful heart.

He ſaid, and ceaſing, from his ſteed deſcends,
And to the knight his better hand extends.
Gryphon, who ſees the king with eager pace
Advance to meet him in a friend's embrace,
At once his anger and his ſword reſigns,
And low at Norandino's feet inclines
To claſp his knees: the king beholds him bleed
With recent wounds, and ſummons at his need
A ſkilful leech, then bids with gentleſt care
The wounded warrior to his palace bear.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

AQUILANT leaves Jeruſalem to go in ſearch of his brother; he meets Martano and Origilla; ſeizes and carries them to Damaſcus. Norandino inſtitutes another tournament in honour of Gryphon. Arrival of Sanſonetto, Aſtolpho, and Marphiſa at Damaſcus. Confuſion on account of a ſuit of armour offered by the king as the prize of the victor, and claimed by Marphiſa. Marphiſa, Aſtolpho, and Sanſonetto engage the troops of Damaſcus. Gryphon and Aquilant unhorſed. At laſt the four knights are made known to each other, and peace is reſtored. Aſtolpho, Sanſonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphiſa depart for France. They embark on board a ſhip, and are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm. They are caſt on the land of the Amazons. The ſtrange law there inſtituted. Battle between Marphiſa and nine of the champions of the Amazons: ſhe engages the tenth till they are parted by the night. This champion entertains Marphiſa and the knights in his palace. All attempt to make their eſcape from the country by force, but are nearly overpowered by numbers, when Aſtolpho, blowing his horn, drives the Amazons before him. Sanſonetto, Guido, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphiſa, being terrified with the reſt, embark and leave Aſtolpho behind. The knights and Marphiſa afterwards landing, Marphiſa parts from her companions. Her meeting with Gabrina and Pinabello.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

MEANTIME in Judah's walls with anxious thought
Good Aquilant his abſent brother ſought;
And ſaw the pilgrim, who to Gryphon came,
With news unpleaſing from his faithleſs dame.
He deem'd that Gryphon would her ſteps purſue,
And hence he bade his noble friends adieu,
Reſolv'd to ſeek him with fraternal care,
To learn his fortunes and his dangers ſhare:
When God, to prove he oft allots below
Good to the virtuous, to the wicked, woe;
So guides his ſearch, that on a certain day
He met the vile Martano on the way;
Who bore before him, in proud triumph ſhown,
The prize of tilting by another won.

When Aquilant Martano firſt ſurvey'd
In arms and veſt of ſnow-white hue array'd,
He deem'd his brother near, and eager flew
To claſp his neck; but when advanc'd he knew
His fond miſtake, he chang'd his firſt addreſs,
And as he joy'd before, now fears no leſs.
Tell me (he cry'd) thou, whom thy looks proclaim
A thief and traitor, whence that armour came;
Whence is that garb, and why doſt thou beſtride
The generous ſteed that Gryphon wont to guide?
Say—lives my brother yet, or breathleſs lies?
How haſt thou made his horſe and arms thy prize?
Struck with his angry threats and dreadful ſight,
Pale Origilla turns her ſteed for flight;
But ſudden Aquilant has ſeiz'd the reins,
And in her own deſpite the dame retains.
Confus'd and mute, as leaves to zephyrs ſhake,
Martano ſeem'd in every limb to quake,
And pondering long how beſt his crime to hide,
With words of ſpecious guile at length reply'd.
Lo! there my ſiſter, mighty Sir, who came
From virtuous parents, of unſully'd name;
Till Gryphon late, regardleſs of her race,
Detain'd her in a life of foul diſgrace;

Much have I ſorrow'd for her hapleſs ſake;
But ſince too weak from ſuch a knight to take
The helpleſs penitent, we ſought t' obtain
By art what force could never hope to gain.
She, while he ſlept, from Gryphon's power withdrew;
And leſt he waking ſhould our flight purſue,
We thence convey'd his veſture, arms, and ſteed,
And now in ſafety on our way proceed.

So hop'd th' impoſtor with a ſiſter's name
To veil the lawleſs partner of his ſhame;
But Aquilant, with kindling fury ſpoke:
Falſe ſlave! thou ly'ſt—then aim'd a ponderous ſtroke
With lifted arm and mailed gauntlet bent,
And down his throat two bleeding teeth he ſent:
Then with ſtrong cords he pinion'd cloſe behind
His caitiff-arms, and with like bonds confin'd
His foul aſſociate, while ſhe ſtrove t' aſſuage
With fruitleſs plaints the warrior's generous rage,
Who bade the ſquires and all th' attending train,
With gifts enrich'd, Damaſcus' walls regain.

Thus journeying on, through many a town he brought
The ſhameleſs pair; then in Damaſcus ſought
His brother loſt, whoſe juſtice might diſpenſe
The puniſhment for ſuch unheard offence.

Arriv'd, he found that Gryphon's glorious name
Was far diffus'd on rapid wings of fame;
As one, from whom his partner's impious wiles
Had won the meed of arms and knightly toils.
The populace, enrag'd, Martano view,
And point him out, and with loud threats purſue.
Behold (they cry) the wretch, who ſeeks to raiſe
On other's actions his diſſembled praiſe.
Yon woman ſee, who every vice purſu'd,
Who aids the wicked, and betrays the good.
Some thus exclaim—How well the pair agree!
Not he more treacherous than deceitful ſhe!
With railing theſe, with curſes thoſe purſue
Their hateful way; while, eager for a view,
Through ſtreets and ſquares th' impatient vulgar throng,
Preſs on each other's ſteps, and pour along.

O'erjoy'd the king, with few attendants, preſs'd
To meet brave Aquilant, his welcome gueſt,
And pay ſuch honours as to him belong'd
Whoſe valour had aveng'd his Gryphon wrong'd.
Now Norandino, with the knight's conſent,
Within a gloomy cell his captives pent:
Brave Aquilant he led, where (ſince the day
He bled in combat) wounded Gryphon lay.

They

They held debate what penance to impoſe
On them from whom ſuch foul deceit aroſe.
They gave Martano to the hangman's hands,
Who bound his limbs, but not in flowery bands,
Then on the culprit many a laſh beſtow'd,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, amidſt the gaping crowd.
But Origilla ſtill they kept to mourn
In bonds till fair Lucina ſhould return,
Whoſe ſage decree (for ſo theſe lords ordain)
Her doom muſt lighten, or enforce her pain.
Here Aquilant remain'd, till Gryphon, heal'd
Of every wound, his arms again could wield.
From errors paſt, the king, more prudent grown,
Believes he never can enough atone
For ſuch miſdeed, by which he brought to ſhame
A knight whoſe worth might every tribute claim.
Now through the realms the regal mandate paſs'd,
To form a jouſt more ſplendid than the laſt.
Soon ready Fame her rapid wings expands,
And ſpreads the tidings through the Syrian lands:
Phœnicia, Paleſtine, the rumour hear,
Which reach'd at length to good Aſtolpho's ear;
Who, with the noble regent *, bends his mind
To ſee the liſts by Syria's prince deſign'd.

* Sansonetto.

Theſe ſons of chivalry prepar'd to meet
The knights at Norandino's regal ſeat,
When journeying on their way, they chanc'd to light
(Where two paths join'd) on one who ſeem'd a knight;
But one, whoſe outward veſt and looks conceal'd
A virgin glorious in the martial field.
Marphiſa was her name, of generous ſtrain,
Who oft was known the combat to maintain
With Brava's * mighty lord, and oft had clos'd
With Mount Albano's †, ſword to ſword oppos'd.
By day, by night, in ſhining arms array'd,
Through woods and dales, o'er hills and plains ſhe ſtray'd,
To encounter wandering knights, and nobly raiſe
Victorious trophies of immortal praiſe.
As Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho came
In plate and mail before the fearleſs dame,
Impatient in the field their force to try,
She wheel'd her ſteed the ſtrangers to defy,
But to her mind recall'd, as near ſhe drew,
The Paladin, whom in Cathay ſhe knew,
Where oft ſhe mark'd, in council and in fight,
The gallant bearing of the Engliſh knight.

* Orlando. † Rinaldo.

This

This ſeen, the gauntlet from her hand ſhe took,
Call'd him by name, and with a gracious look
Her beaver rais'd—the duke as gladly paid
His cordial greeting to the wondrous maid.
Their journey known—Permit (Marphiſa cry'd)
My arms with yours the glory to divide.
She ſaid, and gladly to her wiſh they yield,
O'erjoy'd at ſuch a partner in the field.
At length, the day before the feſtive rite,
They ſee Damaſcus riſing to their ſight.
Now to the place king Norandino came,
The place he deſtin'd for the dangerous game;
While the brave virgin *, and the knightly pair †,
Preſs through the city to the crowded ſquare:
The prizes doom'd that day for thoſe who won,
A glittering poll-ax, and a ſword that ſhone
With coſtly gems; with theſe the king beſtow'd
A ſteed, whoſe make and ſtately trappings ſhow'd
A royal gift.—The king, who ſurely held
That he, who firſt had all opponents quell'd,
Would win the ſecond jouſts, and bear away
The meed and praiſe of each victorious day,
To give him all that honour could demand,
Thoſe arms, which late, he doom'd with liberal hand

* Marphisa, † Sansonetto and Astolpho.

The victor's gift, which, from another's toils
Martano won, array'd in borrow'd ſpoils
Aloft he hung; the ſword of temper try'd
To theſe he join'd; and at the courſer's ſide
The poll-ax plac'd, all deſtin'd to requite
Brave Gryphon, from his garb ſurnam'd the white.
But ſhe, who lately to the liſt of fame
With Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho came,
Soon chang'd the ſcene—for when before her view
Theſe arms appear'd, full well her arms ſhe knew,
Stol'n by Brunello, vers'd in arts of theft,
Who from her ſide the truſty ſword had reft.
When now the maid, by certain tokens known,
Again in theſe with joy confeſs'd her own,
So dearly priz'd, no more in doubt ſhe ſtay'd,
But, ſwift advancing, on the cuiraſs laid
That hand, which ne'er was wont in field to fail,
And here ſhe ſeiz'd, and there ſhe ſtrow'd the mail
With headlong haſte. The king incens'd beheld,
And with a look his ready train impell'd
To avenge the deed: at once the train obey'd;
The ſpear they brandiſh'd and unſheath'd the blade,
Mindleſs of what they found ſo late requite
Their inſult offer'd to a wandering knight.

Not more, when Spring unlocks his genial ſtores,
The playful child delights in gaudy flowers;
Not more the blooming maid, with veſtments gay,
In the ſwift dance, or muſic's ſpritely lay;
Than ſhe, whoſe valour every thought exceeds,
Joys in the clang of arms and neigh of ſteeds;
The rattling quiver, and the craſhing ſpear,
When ſtreaming blood and ghaſtly death appear.
Her courſer ſpurr'd againſt the thoughtleſs crew,
Her lance in reſt, with headlong ſpeed ſhe flew;
Some thro' the neck, ſome thro' the breaſt ſhe thruſt,
Some with a ſhock ſhe tumbled on the duſt.
Brave Sanſonetto and Aſtolpho bold,
Who with Marphiſa came the liſts to hold,
Not mix in ſerious combat, when they ſaw
The Syrian troops in rank of battle draw,
At once their lances couch'd, their vizors clos'd,
And pierc'd th' ignoble herd, where few oppos'd
Their dreadful courſe: meantime the knights who came
From various realms, the candidates for fame,
Their ſportive weapons turn'd to ſlaughter view'd,
And promis'd jouſts to deeper ſcenes of blood.
When now the brother knights, indignant, knew
The cauſe from which ſuch dread contention grew;

And Gryphon deem'd ſuch inſult borne muſt ſhame
Not leſs his own than Norandino's name;
Each bids his ſpear be brought with eager ſpeed,
And flies to vengeance on his thundering ſteed.
Oppos'd to theſe Aſtolpho ſwift impell'd
His Rabicano, while in hand he held
The lance of gold, that with enchanted force
Diſmounts each warrior in the martial courſe.
With this on earth two noble knights he leaves:
Firſt Gryphon falls, then Aquilant receives
The weapon's point, that glancing on his ſhield,
The generous youth extended on the field.
Bold Sanſonetto from their ſeats remov'd
The braveſt knights, in many a conflict prov'd:
Swift from the barriers throng'd th' affrighted crowd:
The king, inflam'd with anger, ſtorm'd aloud.

Meanwhile Marphiſa, who had driven away
Whate'er oppos'd her (victor of the day)
The late conteſted arms in triumph took,
And with her prize the fatal liſts forſook.
Nor Sanſonetto nor Aſtolpho ſtay'd,
But to the gates purſued the martial maid;
While Aquilant and Gryphon mourn'd the chance
That both o'erthrew with one reſiſtleſs lance.

They

They ſeize their courſers, and their ſeats regain
To chace the foe—with numbers in his train
The king purſues——All equal fury breathe,
Reſolv'd on vengeance or reſolv'd on death.
The vulgar throngs applauding clamours ſend,
But gaze at diſtance and th' event attend.

Now Gryphon came to where the three had gain'd
The bridge, and undiſmay'd the poſt maintain'd:
Arriv'd, he ſoon Aſtolpho knew, who wore
The ſame device and veſts he view'd before;
The ſame his armour, and the ſame his ſteed,
As on the day he made Orilo bleed.

When Gryphon late engag'd the Engliſh knight,
The well-known marks at firſt eſcap'd his ſight,
But now he knows him, greets him now with hands
Conjoin'd, and of his comrades' weal demands;
And why regardleſs of the reverence due
To Syria's king, thoſe arms to earth they threw.
To Gryphon then great Otho's ſon * reveal'd
His comrades' names, and nought beſide conceal'd.

While friendly thus they commun'd, nearer drew
Good Aquilant, and ſoon Aſtolpho knew:
The crowds at diſtance gaze, with looks intent,
To find from geſtures what their parley meant:

* Astolpho.

But

But when Marphiſa's name the Syrians heard,
That dreadful name through all the eaſt rever'd,
The monarch bade his troops accede to peace,
Whoſe fury leſſens as their fears increaſe.
Meanwhile the ſons of Olivero there,
With Sanſonetto and with Otho's heir,
By mild entreaty in Marphiſa's breaſt
Aſſuag'd the flame: ſhe ſtay'd at their requeſt,
Her deathful hand; then with a haughty look
Approaching Norandino, thus ſhe ſpoke.
I know not why your victor ſhould receive
Theſe arms, O king! which are not yours to give.
Theſe once were mine, and 'midſt the public way
That from Armenia leads, one fateful day
I left behind, with better ſpeed to chace
A wretch from whom I ſuffer'd foul diſgrace:
Behold this token on the mail impreſs'd,
The certain proof of what my lips atteſt,
Cleft in three parts a monarch's regal creſt.
Four days are paſt, ſince from th' Armenian land
(The king reply'd) a merchant to my hand
This armour brought, and wouldſt thou this obtain,
Think not thy tongue ſhall aſk the gift in vain:
No ſigns I ſeek to prove this armour yours,
Your word, your valour, my belief ſecures.

Now

Now take thy own—here all contention leave,
And Gryphon ſhall from me a richer gift receive.
Gryphon, who little had theſe arms deſir'd,
But ſtill in all to pleaſe the king aſpir'd,
Thus made reply—For me it ſhall ſuffice,
That aught you wiſh my glad conſent ſupplies.
Marphiſa, who beheld the part they took
To ſave her honour, with benignant look
To Gryphon begg'd theſe arms her gift to make,
Which Gryphon at her hand vouchſaf'd to take.
Now to the city all again purſu'd
Their cheerful way, in peace and love renew'd;
But ſoon the ſtate of France, by foes oppreſs'd,
Awakes new thoughts in every knightly breaſt:
Their leave they take: with theſe, by glory fir'd,
Marphiſa went, for long her ſoul aſpir'd
To meet the Paladins in fields of fame,
And prove if each deſerv'd ſo great a name.
Then in one friendly band together join'd,
Theſe five, whoſe equals ſcarce the world can find,
Diſmiſs'd by Norandino reach'd the land
Of Tripoli, where on the neighbouring ſtrand
The billows break, and where a bark they view'd
With freight prepar'd to ſtem the weſtern flood;

An

An aged pilot there (the terms agreed)
Receives aboard each warrior and his ſteed.
The pilot now his voyage to purſue,
While o'er the wave the favouring breezes blew,
Turn'd to the ſea his prow, his anchor weigh'd,
And every canvas to the gale diſplay'd.
Now diſtant from the port the veſſel ſtood,
And plough'd with happy ſpeed the briny flood,
Long as the ſun above th' horizon ſhin'd;
But, when black evening roſe, the changing wind
Howl'd through the ſhrowds, and from the loweſt deep
With warring waves aſſail'd the reeling ſhip.
Wide yawns the firmament from pole to pole,
Quick flaſh the lightnings, loud the thunders roll;
Thick clouds in darkneſs veil th' etherial light,
Nor ſun by day, nor ſtar appears by night.
South, eaſt, and weſt, in rattling whirlwinds blow;
Heaven groans above, and ocean roars below.
Huge cataracts deſcend of hail and rain;
The wretched ſailors every woe ſuſtain,
And horror broods upon the angry main.
One with his whiſtle's ſound the want of ſpeech
Supplies, and gives the needful charge to each:
This at the anchor toils; that ſtrikes the ſails;
This ſtrains or looſens, as the ſtorm prevails,

The

The creaking cordage; that the deck aſcends;
The rudder this, and that the maſt defends.
Nor day nor night the furious winds aſſuag'd,
By day with fiercer ſtrength the tempeſt rag'd;
If that were day, which not returning light,
But lapſe of hours, diſtinguiſh'd from the night.
One ſtands apart and marks, with head declin'd,
The veſſel's courſe, as pale beſide him ſhin'd
The lanthorn's gleam; one at the ſtern explores
The glaſſes' ſands that ſhow the waining hours,
And oft returns to learn the veſſel's way,
How far her track, and how her bearings lay.
Then in the middle ſhip, with chart in hand,
Each haſtens where th' affrighted ſailor-band
Their pilot meet, and mutual aid demand.
At length the wind the ſhatter'd foreſail tears,
And from the ſtern the ſea the rudder bears.
Who fears not now muſt bear a breaſt of ſteel,
Or marble heart, unknowing how to feel.
Marphiſa, ſhe who danger late defy'd,
No longer here her ſecret dread deny'd.
What vows of pilgrimage the ſeamen frame!
To Sinai, Rome, Ettino's virgin-dame,
Galitia, Cyprus, but o'er all ſo dear,
That hallow'd tomb which Chriſtian ſouls revere!

Meantime

Meantime aloft amidſt the ſurging tides,
Amidſt the clouds the groaning veſſel rides.
The trembling pilot from the creaking maſt
The mainſail cuts, and now he bids to caſt
From poop or prow, into the greedy flood,
Huge cheſts and bales, with every uſeleſs load.
One ply'd the pump, from ruſhing ſtreams to free
The ſhip, and to the ſea return'd the ſea.
Another watch'd where'er the ſurge he ſpy'd
With laſhing force the plank from plank divide.
Four dreadful days, on mountain-billows caſt,
The ſeamen toil'd, and every hope was paſt;
When ſudden breaking on their raptur'd ſight,
Appear'd the ſplendor of Saint Ermo's light:
Low ſettling on the prow, with ray ſerene
It ſhone, for maſts or ſails no more were ſeen.
The crew elated ſaw the dancing gleam;
Each, on his knees, ador'd the favouring beam;
And begg'd, with trembling voice and watery eyes,
A truce from threatening waves and raging ſkies.
Now from Laiazzo's gulph the Syrian lands
They ſee, where high a peopled city ſtands,
Of circuit wide; and nearer they ſurvey
A fort on either ſide to guard the bay.

Soon as the pilot well the land eſpies,
On his pale cheek the frighted colour dies:
He loaths the hateful coaſt; yet would he try
The deep once more, he knows not how to fly:
His maſts and yards are loſt, and rent away,
His ſails and tackling ſcatter'd o'er the ſea.
While unreſolv'd in doubt the pilot ſtands
Which courſe to take, the Engliſh knight demands
What ſecret thoughts his wavering breaſt divide,
And why he ſought not in the port to ride?
To whom the pilot thus—Yon hoſtile ſtrand
Is lin'd with women, whoſe inhuman hand,
By ancient law, each ſtranger-gueſt conſigns
To death relentleſs, or in chains confines:
He only 'ſcapes, whoſe arms in meaſur'd field
Can make ten champions to his proweſs yield;
And next the ties of gentle union prove
With ten fair partners of his nuptial love.
Should he ſucceed in battle's ſterner claim,
Yet fail in love to win each willing dame,
He dies; and, deſtin'd to ignoble toil,
His friends the cattle feed, or turn the ſoil!
But ſhould he both the [illegible]ful palms obtain,
He gains full freedom for his ſocial train,

Himſelf

Himſelf unfree—for huſband he remains
Of ten fair females, as his choice ordains.
He ſaid: deep terror ſeiz'd the ſailor crew:
Not ſo Marphiſa and the warlike few;
Far other they, who ſafer deem'd the ſhore
Beſet with arms, than ſeas where tempeſts roar;
This—every place—they held ſecure from fear,
Where'er their graſp could wield the ſword or ſpear.
Eager they burn the hoſtile ſtrand to gain;
But England's warrior, foremoſt of the train,
Demands to land; his magic horn he knew
(If arms ſhould fail) would every force ſubdue.
Now divers parts they took: theſe loudly cry'd
To make the port, as loudly thoſe deny'd.
At length the pilot, urg'd by ſtronger force,
Unwilling to the harbour ſhap'd his courſe.
Meantime the knights their limbs in armour caſe,
And by their ſides the truſty falchion place,
And ſtrive, with dauntleſs looks and words, to cheer
The pilot's doubts and eaſe the ſeamen's fear.
The harbour enter'd, ſoon by rumour blown,
The ſhip's arrival through the land was known,
And arm'd with bows in all the dreſs of war,
Six thouſand females to the port repair.

A range

A range of ſhips from rock to rock they place,
All hope of flight from every breaſt to chace,
And with huge chains, prepar'd for ſuch deſign,
Cloſe up the port, and all within confine.
An aged matron, who in length of years
Like Hecuba or Cuma's maid appears,
The pilot calls, and wills him to reply
If there his wretched partners chooſe to die;
Or wiſer, as the country's laws declare,
Submit their necks the ſervile yoke to bear.
To each the choice is offer'd—there to fall
With freedom—or ſurvive in hopeleſs thrall.
The pilot, firſt in general council weigh'd,
Their anſwer to the hoary dame convey'd,
That one amongſt them ſtood prepar'd to prove
The claim of battle firſt, and then of love.
No more oppos'd, the ſeamen now ſecure
Their anchor, and on land the veſſel moor.
The bridge is caſt, and from the deck proceed
The ſhining warrior and the prancing ſteed.
Amidſt the city with ſurpriſe they view
The mighty numbers of the female crew.
The men nor ſpear, nor ſword, are ſeen to bear,
Nor aught of weapons that pertain to war,

Save only ten—and theſe in dangerous field,
(So ancient cuſtom wills) their lances wield:
The reſt attend the loom, the needle ply,
Or twiſt the wool, or cull the various dye:
Adown their limbs long matron-garments flow,
Their mien is feminine, their pace is ſlow.
Some kept in chains, at will their tyrants ſend
The lands to culture, and the herds to tend.

The knights, who deem'd by lot to fix his name,
Whoſe arm might for the reſt the combat claim,
Would from the chance the martial dame * withhold,
By ſex unfit, amidſt their names enroll'd,
Both palms to win; but ſhe with noble pride
Will with her peers the fated ſcroll abide:
On her it fell—I firſt in fight will die
Ere you (ſhe cry'd) in cruel bondage lie:
This ſteel (and as ſhe ſpoke her truſty ſword
She graſp'd) your pledge of ſafety ſhall afford:
With this I mean each fatal tye to looſe,
As Perſia's victor † cut the Gordian nooſe.

Far in the city was a ſquare enclos'd,
And ſet apart, with ſeats around diſpos'd,
To pleaſe the vulgar herd with many a fray
Of wreſtling, tournament, and martial play.

* Marphisa. † Alexander.

Four

Four brazen portals open in the place,
Where females fill with arms the crowded ſpace.
Marphiſa enters on a dappled ſteed,
Of colour grey, of more than vulgar breed;
Small was his head, his joints were ſtrongly knit,
Proudly he paw'd, and champ'd the frothy bit:
Fire flaſh'd his eyes—this from a thouſand more
Of generous ſtrain in Norandino's ſtore,
The monarch choſe, and, deck'd with trappings brave,
The regal preſent to Marphiſa gave,
Who, entering at the ſouth, where on the gate
The mid-day ſhone, ſtood ſtill the charge to wait:
Then from the portal of the north ſhe ſaw
Her ten opponents to the combat draw.
The firſt bold knight, who look'd himſelf a hoſt,
Seem'd in his arm the force of all to boaſt.
The liſt he enter'd on a courſer's back
Of ſtrongeſt limbs, and more than raven black,
Save that his front and hindmoſt foot diſplay'd
Some ſnow-white hairs amidſt the duſky ſhade.
Clad like his ſteed in ſable weeds of woe
The champion came, as if he meant to ſhow
An emblem of his own diſtreſsful ſtate,
How ſmall his comfort, and his griefs how great!

The trumpet ſounds, and to the charge addreſt,
At once nine warriors place the lance in reſt:
But he, the mourning knight, whoſe noble heart
Diſdains th' advantage, ſtands awhile apart;
Apart he ſtands, the conflict to ſurvey,
And ſee one lance with nine diſpute the day.
The ſteed, with eaſy pace and ſteady force,
Bore the brave virgin to th' unequal courſe,
Who wielded in her graſp ſo huge a ſpear,
Scarce four ſuffic'd th' enormous weight to rear.
So fierce ſhe came, with ſuch a dauntleſs look,
A thouſand cheeks grew pale, a thouſand boſoms ſhook.
Swift through the firſt, as if his fenceleſs breaſt
No armour wore, the furious ſteel ſhe preſs'd:
The weapon paſs'd, with matchleſs ſtrength impell'd,
His plated ſhield, and through his cuiraſs held.
The virgin left the wretched warrior ſlain,
And turn'd againſt the reſt with looſen'd rein:
Againſt the ſecond bold advancing foe,
And next the third, ſhe dealt ſo fierce a blow,
That either's ſpinal bone the weapon broke,
And both at once their ſeats and life forſook.
Together now the remnant ſix engag'd
The gallant maid, and war united wag'd.

Againſt

Againſt her corſlet javelins ſnapt in vain,
While ſhe unmov'd could every ſtroke ſuſtain.
In tennis thus, not more the fencing wall
Reſiſts the impulſe of the bounding ball.
In vain the force of hoſtile weapon ſought
To pierce her arms, of pureſt temper wrought;
By magic wrought in Styx's burning ſteam,
And hiſſing plung'd in black Avernus' ſtream.
Now at the barrier bounds awhile ſhe ſtay'd,
Then wheel'd her courſer, and with brandiſh'd blade
The reſt aſſail'd, her victory purſu'd,
And to the elbows dy'd her arms in blood.
From this a hand, from that ſhe lops the head;
On one the ghaſtly ſword ſo juſt is ſped,
Head, arms, and breaſt fall ſever'd on the plain;
The legs and belly on the ſteed remain:
Thus half the man (a dreadful ſight) appear'd:
So holy pilgrims, to the ſaint rever'd,
For members heal'd, of wax or ſilver frame
The parts reſtor'd, and in their patron's name
Suſpend the pious gift to him whoſe aid they claim.
Thus by her valour each in turn was ſlain,
Or lay extended ſenſeleſs on the plain,
That well ſhe knew he never more could rear
The maſſy buckler or the pointed ſpear.

The champion in the liſt retir'd alone,
Who ſaw the nine by one brave arm o'erthrown,
Now ſpurr'd his ſteed, but firſt by ſigns began
To aſk a parley ere the courſe he ran;
And little thinking that with man's array,
Conceal'd in martial weeds a virgin lay,
Graceful he ſpoke—Thy ſpirits, valiant knight,
May ſurely droop in ſuch unequal fight;
Till morn I give thee from the field to reſt,
Then may'ſt thou turn to freſher ſtrife addreſt:
So ſhall my ſword a nobler combat claim,
Nor with thy vigour ſpent pollute my fame.
To warlike feats theſe limbs have long been bred;
Nor have I toil'd ſo far (Marphiſa ſaid)
But to thy coſt, I truſt, thou ſoon ſhalt know
My nerve and ſpirit equal to my foe.
Thy words, the proffer of a courteous breaſt,
I praiſe, but ſeek not yet ſo ſoon to reſt;
Still ſhines the day, and 'twere a ſhame for knight
To loſe in ſloth the yet remaining light.
The ſtranger then—O! that my woe-ſtruck mind
Could gain as ſure each good it pants to find,
As thou from me thy fill of arms ſhalt taſte,
And find perchance the day too quickly waſte.

He ſaid; and ſtrait two beamy lances, wrought
Like ponderous maſts, he bids with ſpeed be brought;
To bold Marphiſa's hand the choice he gives,
The ſpear which ſhe rejects himſelf receives.
The trumpet ſounds—the courſers ſhake the ground,
Earth, air, and ſea, the thundering charge reſound.
With eyes unmov'd each mute aſſiſtant ſtands;
No word, no breath, is heard through all the bands!
So fix'd was each to mark with longing gaze,
Which knight would win the palm of knightly praiſe.
Marphiſa aims her ſpear with eager force,
To hurl the ſable warrior from his horſe,
No more to riſe; nor leſs the ſable foe
Thinks with a thruſt to lay Marphiſa low.
The choſen ſpears like ſapleſs oſiers broke,
Up to the reſt they ſhiver'd with the ſtroke:
At once, as if a ſcythe with ſweepy ſway
Had cut the nerves, on earth each courſer lay.
Soon as they touch'd the ground, the warriors ſtood
On foot recover'd, and the fight renew'd.
Each weapon's edge and point by turns they ply'd;
With ſword and ſhield they fenc'd, or leap'd aſide
To ſhun the ſtroke: the well-aim'd ſtroke rebounds;
The ſtroke that miſs'd, in hiſſing air reſounds.

The battle laſted till declining light,
Nor ſeem'd th' advantage to the dame or knight;
And now ſo deep, the ſhades increaſing, grow,
Not this, nor that, can ward the threatening blow.
Now darkneſs clos'd—when to the glorious maid,
With courteous mien, the generous warrior ſaid.
What can we more, ſince night obtrudes her veil;
While yet the battle hangs in equal ſcale?
Then hear, O chief! awhile prolong thy life,
At leaſt till morn revives the noble ſtrife;
If to thy waſting days a ſingle night
I only grant—no blame on me muſt light:
Condemn the law of this accurſed race,
The female ſex that rule this hated place.
But HE, from whom no art the truth conceals,
Knows if for thee and thine my boſom feels.
Thou and thy fellows may'ſt with me reſide,
With others, danger will thy ſleep betide.
Againſt thee now conſpire the female train,
Whoſe huſbands by thy conquering hand are ſlain.
For know that each, who by thy arm lies dead,
Ten wives poſſeſs'd: hence ninety females led
To ſeek revenge (unleſs with me you reſt)
In night's dead ſilence may your ſleep moleſt.

Marphiſa

Marphiſa then—I gladly ſhall receive
The fair aſylum which thou deign'ſt to give:
Secure in thee ſuch virtuous faith to find
As ſuits thy courage and exalted mind!
Now, at thy choice, the combat urge or ſtay;
Or meet by moon-light, or by light of day:
Whate'er thou ſeek'ſt, behold me ready ſtill
Each hour a warrior's duty to fulfil.
Unfiniſh'd thus they left the glorious fight,
Till Ganges' ſtream ſhould glow with golden light.
To Aquilant, to Gryphon, all the train
Of gallant champions, came the knight humane,
With generous ſuit to each by turns addreſt,
Beneath his hoſpitable roof to reſt.
All gladly yield, and now with cheerful blaze
Of torches' light, the lord his gueſts conveys
To reach his regal dome, where every room
With ſplendor ſhone and labours of the loom,
Now from each head the martial helmet rais'd,
The two brave combatants with wonder gaz'd.
The ſtranger-knight was freſh and fair of hue,
His downy cheeks but eighteen ſummers knew.
The virgin marvell'd much his arm could wage
Such dreadful battles in ſo green an age;

Nor leſs he wonder'd, when her helm unclos'd,
Her flowing locks and beauteous ſex expos'd,
His foe but late!—now each with like demand
Enquires the other's actions, name, and land.
Then to the youth the martial dame reveal'd
In few her dreadful name, till then conceal'd:
Marphiſa am I call'd——no more ſhe ſaid,
For Fame through every realm the reſt had ſpread.
The ſtranger then——All here, I truſt, may know
The glorious ſtock to which my birth I owe:
Who has not heard of Clarmont's mighty name,
Whence the bold knight * who ſlew Almontes came;
And he †, by whom the fierce Mambrino ſlain
(His kingdom laid in ruin) preſs'd the plain.
That blood I boaſt—and near the Euxine waves,
Where Iſter with his ſtreams the region laves,
To Amon's duke (who on that fated ſhore
His wanderings ended) me Conſtantia bore.
One year has roll'd, ſince her, in ſorrow loſt,
I left to ſeek my friends on Gallia's coaſt:
But, 'midſt the voyage, roſe a ſtormy wind,
And hither drove me from the port deſign'd.
Ten months have paſt, ſince here detain'd I mourn
The lingering hours, and curſe each day's return.

* Orlando. † Rinaldo.

Guido

Guido the Savage, am I call'd——a name
Scarce yet recorded on the liſt of fame.
Here with the ten th' unequal liſt I try'd;
By me the ten in fatal combat dy'd,
And now ten wedded partners grace my ſide.
He ſaid: the warriors Guido then demand
Why men were baniſh'd from that impious ſtrand;
Why women there uſurp'd unwonted ſway,
And made the huſband female rule obey.
When Guido thus: What time the Grecian powers
From Troy return'd to view their country's ſhores,
Phalantus exil'd, left his native land,
With many a youth (a hundred form'd their band),
Unhappy children, born of lawleſs love,
Condemn'd a wretched vagrant life to prove.
Theſe, in a ſhip, with all proviſions ſtor'd,
Each foreign clime for wealth and prey explor'd.
The Cretans, that Idomeneus expell'd,
(The cruel ſire who Crete's dominion held)
Engag'd Phalantus with his friends, to guard
Dictamnum's walls, againſt a ſiege prepar'd.
The Cretan dames, accuſtom'd to receive
Each foreign gueſt, to theſe ſuch welcome give
That little wanted for Phalantus' train
O'er female hearts t' extend love's gentle reign.

They

They ſaw, they woo'd—the fair their vows return'd,
And each for each with mutual ardor burn'd.
Now peace reſtor'd, the ſoldier's labours o'er,
The youths prepar'd to quit the Cretan ſhore:
Th' enamour'd dames, their voyage to partake,
Friends, parents, brethren, every tie forſake.
Each from her dwelling bears, with wary ſtealth,
Rich gems of price, and countleſs ſums of wealth;
And many a league their veſſel plough'd the tide,
Ere thoſe of Crete their heavy loſs deſcry'd.
At length this fated land (then ſcarcely preſt
By foot of mortals) gave the wanderers reſt.
Ten days to them the region ſeem'd a ſeat
Of endleſs pleaſures, and a bleſt retreat:
But ſoon theſe exiles, wearied with the charge
Of female mates, reſolv'd to live at large.
Paſt love forgot, their partners they forſook,
And, laden with their ſpoils, their courſe they took,
To where in Puglia, on the ſea-beat ſhores,
They founded fair Tarentum's riſing towers.
The dames, abandon'd on a lonely coaſt,
Betray'd by thoſe in whom they truſted moſt,
Along the ſands ſome days in ſilent grief
Like ſtatues ſtood; but finding no relief

From

From prayers or tears, they turn'd them to debate
What means might beſt relieve their wretched ſtate,
When, what her thoughts ſuggeſted, each diſclos'd:
Some to regain their native Crete propos'd,
And rather dare the worſt they might engage
From a wrong'd parent, or a kinſman's rage,
Than hid in deſerts, or in foreſts lie,
With want to linger, or with famine die.
Some vow'd they never to ſuch ſhame would bend,
But rather, plung'd in ſeas, their being end;
And deem'd it better far, with honour loſt,
Though poor, or ſlaves, to rove from coaſt to coaſt.
At length a female, Oronthea nam'd,
Stood forth, who kindred from king Minos claim'd;
To brave Phalantus ſhe her virgin charms
Reſign'd, and left for him her parents' arms.
Now while her ſpeech and outward looks expreſs'd
The indignation of a generous breaſt,
She firſt condemn'd what each had ſingly mov'd,
Then gave that counſel, which the reſt approv'd.
She will'd them there to dwell, for there they found
A healthful air, and fields with plenty crown'd;
Clear ſilver ſtreams that through the meadows ſtray'd,
Rich ſpreading meads, and foreſts thick with ſhade;

She urg'd them there t' abide, and for the ſake
Of thoſe that wrong'd them, heavy vengeance take
On all the ſex; and every veſſel toſt
By tempeſts, driven to ſhelter on the coaſt,
Pillage and burn, aſſail with fire and ſteel,
Nor let a ſingle life their mercy feel.
Thus counſell'd ſhe, till all alike inflam'd
With cruel thoughts, the new-made law proclaim'd.
When winds foretel a ſtorm, the deſperate train
Of females arm'd, ruſh headlong to the main;
Their fury ruthleſs Oronthea guides,
Who now their queen, above the reſt preſides.
Whate'er devoted ſtrangers 'ſcape the flood,
But 'ſcape to drench this cruel ſoil with blood.
Year following year, the widow'd females ſhow
This ſettled hate of man, their mortal foe.
At length new fears their vengeful breaſts aſſail;
With lapſe of time their numbers ſoon muſt fail;
And ſhould no offſpring from themſelves deſcend,
Their ſtate, their vengeance, and their name muſt end,
Which to remoteſt days they labour'd to extend.
Their rigour, hence relax'd, from many a band,
By choice or fortune driven to touch the land,

Ten youthful knights of manly form, they take,
And partners of their bed and kingdom make;
But ſwear them firſt, that every wanderer led
(Whate'er his rank) theſe hapleſs ſhores to tread
Without diſtinction by the ſword ſhall fall,
And one remorſeleſs ſlaughter ſwallow all.
Yet leſt, in future time, the numbers born,
Of iſſue male, ſhould hold their law in ſcorn,
And they at length behold, in evil hour,
To hated man revert their darling power;
The female train, in ſynod met, decreed,
Each mother's care one only male ſhould breed,
This doom'd to every taſk of ſervile toil,
To tend the herds, or till the fertile ſoil.

Now, years elaps'd, his luckleſs fortune bore
A noble youth to this inhuman ſhore,
From great Alcides' ſtock his birth he claim'd,
In arms experienc'd, and Elbanio nam'd:
Him, with his crew, they ſeiz'd, and kept in thrall,
Sad victims deſtin'd by their laws to fall,
Where in the fane, by Oronthea rear'd,
A dreadful altar to Revenge appear'd.
Fair was the youth, of ſemblance rarely ſeen,
Of graceful carriage, and commanding mien;

So

So from his lips the honey'd accents broke,
That venom'd aſps might liſten while he ſpoke.
From fame the news of his arrival caught,
To Alexandra's gentle ear was brought;
Fair Alexandra, born of her who ſway'd
The ſceptre ſtill, though now with years decay'd:
Still Oronthea liv'd, but none ſurviv'd,
Save her alone, of all that firſt arriv'd.
Ten knights, renown'd for deeds of arms achiev'd,
With hoſtile welcome all that came receiv'd.
Now Alexandra, eager to behold
A youth, whoſe praiſe report ſo loudly told,
To Oronthea her requeſt preferr'd,
And ſaw Elbanio, and his converſe heard.
But when ſhe ſought to go, her virgin heart
Felt the firſt throbbing of an amorous dart:
Elbanio then—O! faireſt of thy kind,
If pity here could e'er reception find;
Pity, which dwells where'er the ſun diſplay'd
Gives tints to objects, or gives light to ſhade,
Fain would I now (by thoſe tranſcendant charms,
Whoſe powerful influence every gazer warms)
From thee requeſt my life, that what I owe
To thee prolong'd, for thee I might beſtow:

Whate'er

Whate'er my fate—O! give me but to wield
My glorious arms, and die with ſpear and ſhield;
Not like ſome criminal, whom laws arraign,
Or brutal beaſt before the altar ſlain.
Fair Alexandra, in whoſe lovely eyes
Compaſſion pleaded for the youth, replies.
O! would to Heaven I could as well arreſt
Th' inhuman law that binds each wretched gueſt,
As freely now my death I would receive,
And, with my own, thy better life reprieve.
But here no worth avails to break thy chain,
And, what thou aſk'ſt, tho' little, hard to gain:
Yet what I can, expect—while much I dread
New ſufferings hang o'er thy devoted head.
Let me but meet (Elbanio thus rejoin'd)
The ten in field—ſo firm my heart I find,
I truſt to 'ſcape with life the bloody fray,
And every foe, though trebly arm'd, to ſlay.
To this the virgin fair made no reply,
But from her boſom drew a tender ſigh;
Then ſought her mother, and with earneſt prayer
Inclin'd the queen the noble youth to ſpare,
On this condition, that in liſts of fight
The ten ſhould periſh by his ſingle might.

Queen Oronthea then the female train
To council call'd, and thus her ſpeech began.
From every crew, whom chance may hither ſend,
We ſtill ſhould place the braveſt to defend
Our port and ſhores; by trial muſt we chooſe
What fits our wants to take, and what refuſe.
If to my judgment, you O friends! agree,
Let us henceforth a ſovereign law decree,
That every knight, by fortune hither led,
Ere in the dreadful fane his blood we ſhed,
Shall (in ſuch compact if he dares engage)
At once with ten the combat ſingly wage;
And, ſhould he conquer, with a choſen train
Of brave aſſociates, ſhall our guard maintain.
Thus far I ſpeak, ſince in our priſon lies
A captive, who to battle ten defies.
Should he their equal prove—forbid it, Heaven!
But to ſuch worth ſome favour ſhould be given:
Or ſhould he fail in what he raſhly dares,
He meets the puniſhment himſelf prepares.
She ceas'd; her reaſons weigh'd, with one conſent
The council yielded to the queen's intent.
At length 'twas fix'd, the youth ſhould grace obtain
When in the liſt his arm the ten had ſlain;

And pledg'd his faith with ten fair dames to prove
The ſacred bands of hymeneal love.
Th' enſuing day, to liberty reſtor'd,
The knight receiv'd his armour, ſteed, and ſword;
Alone againſt the warrior ten he ſtood,
And one by one he ſhed their vital blood.
For this the youth with Oronthea won
Such ſovereign grace, ſhe choſe him for her ſon,
And gave him Alexandra's charms to wed,
With her nine virgins, whom at choice he led
The lovely partners of his nuptial bed.
She left the youth (with Alexandra fair,
From whom the land was nam'd) her kingdom's heir,
On ſuch condition, that his future reign
Might ſtill this ſtatute through the realm maintain,
That every warrior there ſhould loſe his life,
Or meet ten warriors in unequal ſtrife.
Theſe ſhould he firſt in dangerous combat foil,
Then find, with ten fair dames, his fortune ſmile;
Here ſhould he live, till to the land arriv'd
Some foreign knight that him of life depriv'd.
Two thouſand years have roll'd, ſince firſt was plann'd
This hateful law, and ſtill it rules the land.
Few days elapſe, but for a ſacrifice
Some hapleſs victim in the temple dies.

Oft when, as chance directs, ſome fearleſs knight
Dares like Elbanio arm him for the fight,
Stretch'd in the liſt his lifeleſs limbs are ſpread,
And ah! how few ſurvive the ten to wed!
Thus fell their laſt brave chief—but little ſpace
He, with his wives, maintain'd the ſovereign place;
For hither driven by tempeſts from the deep,
I clos'd his eyes in everlaſting ſleep.
O! had I fall'n with him in bloody ſtrife,
And not prolong'd in bonds a ſhameful life.
Gay pleaſures, ſmiling ſports, and amorous toys;
Each ſoft delight that youth like mine employs;
Rich veſts and jewels that the perſon grace;
And, 'midſt his peers, pre-eminence of place;
Heaven knows avail but little him, who croſt
By envious Fortune, has his freedom loſt!
Ah! wretch! that while I thus my bonds deplore,
Muſt never hope to quit this hateful ſhore!
To ſee vile ſloth my faireſt flower deſtroy
In prime of life, embitters every joy.
The fame of Clarmont wide her wings extends
To higheſt heaven from earth's remoteſt ends—
O! to my brethren's could I join my name,
My deeds with theirs might honour's portion claim!

Here

Here Guido clos'd his ſpeech, and curs'd the day
That gave him o'er the land deteſted ſway;
Gave him from either field the prize to bear,
To ſlay the champions, and to wed the fair.
Aſtolpho ſilent ſtood, awhile conceal'd,
Till now by many a certain mark reveal'd,
In him his kinſman Guido well he knew,
Who by an alien's bed his birth from Amon drew.
Then thus—Behold the Engliſh duke confeſs'd,
Thy own Aſtolpho here—he ſaid, and preſs'd
The youthful champion with a cloſe embrace,
While tears of pleaſure trickled down his face.
What proof ſo certain could we here receive?
What proof, dear kinſman, could thy mother leave
To ſpeak thy birth, like what thy ſword has ſhown
In glorious fight, to ſtamp thee for our own?
He ſaid; o'erjoy'd his kinſman Guido knew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, and to his boſom grew.
Marphiſa then—Unite thee to our band,
And let us quit by force this hated land.
Such hopes, alas! are fruitleſs (he reply'd),
Our combat only muſt our fate decide.
Then ſhe—This heart through fear ſhall never ſhun
The glorious taſk my arms have once begun:

Such in the battle have I prov'd thy might,
With thee I dare the moſt unequal fight.
When, on to-morrow's ſun, the vulgar crew
Shall throng the theatre our fight to view,
Let us on all our deathful rage diſpenſe,
On thoſe that fly, and thoſe that make defence;
To wolves and vultures caſt their bodies dead,
And ſee the flames on all their city ſpread.
Behold me ready (fearleſs Guido cry'd)
To join thy arms, and periſh by thy ſide:
For never muſt we hope with life to fly;
Suffice that unreveng'd we ſhall not die.
Oft have I told, of this inhuman race,
Ten thouſand females in the crowded ſpace;
As many guard the caſtle, walls, and ſtrand,
That none, unqueſtion'd, can depart the land.
To whom Marphiſa—Be their numbers more
Than Xerxes muſter'd on the Grecian ſhore:
Than thoſe rebellious ſpirits, juſtly driven
To endleſs pains from bliſsful ſeats of heaven,
Be thou my aid—at leaſt, aſſiſt not thoſe;
One day ſhall ſee me rout this hoſt of foes.
Then Guido—Hear what haply may prevail;
All other means are vain if this ſhould fail:

Of

Of all my wives, in one I chief confide,
By many a proof of long affection try'd.
She in the bay, ere morn has clear'd the air
From murky ſhade, a pinnace ſhall prepare,
Which, amply ſtor'd, your mariners ſhall find,
To plough the deep and catch the favouring wind.
You cloſe behind my guiding ſteps purſue,
Knights, merchants, ſeamen, (a determin'd crew)
United firmly; every welcome gueſt
That here has deign'd beneath my roof to reſt.
Should aught oppoſe to intercept our courſe,
Your arms and valour muſt a paſſage force;
And thus, I truſt, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
To ſet you free from this deteſted land.
Act as thou wilt (Marphiſa thus reply'd),
I for my ſafety in myſelf confide.
Yet were my ſex diſclos'd, a woman's name
Would fair regard from every female claim.
Here might I dwell eſteem'd in higheſt grace,
And 'midſt their ſenate hold an honour'd place:
But ſince with theſe I came, with theſe to ſhare
One common fortune is alone my care;
Nor would I poorly freedom here retain,
Or hence depart, while theſe in bonds remain.

Marphiſa thus reveal'd her generous mind,
Then to his charge th' important day reſign'd.
Guido, by night, his faithful dame addreſs'd,
Aleria, of his conſorts lov'd the beſt:
And little ſpeech her gentle boſom mov'd,
To ſecond all her deareſt lord approv'd.
A ſhip ſhe choſe with due proviſions ſtor'd,
And all her wealthieſt treaſures plac'd on board;
Then, with her comrades, feign'd at morning break
In ſearch of ſpoil a venturous cruiſe to make.
Meanwhile, beneath her roof ſhe bade prepare
Spears, bucklers, ſwords, each implement of war:
All night, againſt ſurpriſe, the guard they keep,
By turns they hold the watch, by turns they ſleep;
And ſheath'd in armour wait, with longing eyes,
To ſee the dawning red in eaſtern ſkies.
Scarce had the day begun with beamy light
To chace from earth the gloomy veil of night,
When in the theatre the female throng,
To view the combat, pour'd in heaps along:
Thus o'er the threſhold of their peopled hive,
When ſpring returns, the bees in cluſters drive.
With trumpets, drums, and horns, that echo'd round,
The tumult thickens; earth and ſkies reſound;

While

While thus their lord * they ſummon'd to the fight,
To end his battle with the ſtranger knight.
In armour Guido, Sanſonetto came,
Gryphon, and Aquilant, the martial dame †,
With England's duke ‡; and next a mingled crowd,
Some march'd on foot, and ſome the ſteed beſtrode.
From Guido's dwelling, to the port and bay,
Their paſſage through the liſt of combat lay:
Thus ſaid the youth, and urg'd the valiant crew
His bold example fearleſs to purſue.
Silent he led them on, reſolv'd to dare
The dreadful trial in the public ſquare.
He enter'd now, a hundred in his train,
And eager ſtrove the adverſe gate to gain;
In vain he ſtrove, while countleſs throngs enclos'd,
And with their glittering arms his courſe oppos'd.
Guido, his bold compeers with dauntleſs breaſt,
But chief Marphiſa, brave above the reſt,
Forget not now their dreadful ſwords to ply,
And every means to force the paſſage try.
But ſoon ſo thick the arrows rain around,
That wounded ſome, ſome lifeleſs preſs the ground.
Deep, and more deep, th' unequal conflict grows,
Till valour ſhrinks before ſuch hoſts of foes:

* Guido. † Marphisa. ‡ Astolpho.

Beneath

Beneath him Sanſonetto's ſteed is ſlain,
And near him falls Marphiſa's on the plain:
Then thus Aſtolpho thought—What dangerous hour
Can better claim my horn's ſubduing power?
Since all our ſwords avail not—let us prove
If this, as wont, can every foe remove.

Thus he; and to his mouth the horn applies;
The earth reſounds, and echoes rend the ſkies.
Each ſtartled breaſt is ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Each ready foot is turn'd to ſpeedy flight;
Theſe from their ſeats aghaſt and trembling fall,
Thoſe undefended leave the gates and wall.
As, when deep ſlumber every eyelid ſeals,
Where, by degrees, the flame cloſe lurking ſteals
From beam to beam, till all around it preys;
Sudden awaken'd in the fiery blaze,
From room to room the ſhrieking wretches fly,
From roofs and windows leap, while from on high
Some 'ſcape by falling, ſome by falling die.
Thus, careleſs of her life, and wild with fear,
Each flies the ſound that thunders in her ear,
At every gate at once a thouſand preſs;
Heaps fall on heaps; the driving throngs increaſe,
And choke the paſſage: numbers trod beneath
Are ſlain; and numbers meet untimely death,

From

From gates or ramparts caſt: one ſudden dies;
One, with cruſh'd limbs, a lingering victim lies!
Dire is the tumult, mingled cries aſcend,
And loud laments the ſtarry regions rend.
Where'er the horn is heard, they ſpeed their pace;
Nor wonder if the vile ignoble race
With coward looks and panting hearts appear,
Since nature forms the daſtard hare to fear;
But how of bold Marphiſa ſhall I tell?
Of Guido Savage, prov'd in fight ſo well?
Of Olivero's * ſons, whoſe martial praiſe
Such laſting honours to their houſe could raiſe:
Who late whole armies view'd with fearleſs eye,
And now, bereft of courage, trembling fly?
Meantime Aſtolpho through the city goes,
And with new breath his horn terrific blows.
One gains the ſea; one climbs the mountain's ſide,
And one in gloomy foreſts ſeeks to hide.
Some traverſe many a league of country o'er,
And ſome review their native ſeats no more;
While ſome t' eſcape from land would ſtem the wave,
And find in ruthleſs ſeas a watery grave.
Each houſe, or dome, is now an empty ſpace,
And all the city ſhows a deſert place.

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

Marphiſa,

Marphiſa, Guido bold, the brethren two,
Gryphon and Aquilant, their flight purſue;
With theſe the merchants, and the ſailor-train,
In equal terror throng the beaten plain;
And now they come, where near the caſtle rides
A veſſel which Aleria's care provides:
With ſpeed embarking, they forſake the ſhore,
Hoiſt every ſail, and bend to every oar.
Their terror now diſpell'd, the fear of blame
In every feature lights the glow of ſhame:
They dare not meet their comrades' eyes, but ſtand
With down-caſt eyes, a mute dejected band.
The pilot, on his courſe, by Cyprus glides,
By fertile Rhodes, and cuts th' Egean tides.
From Sicily, the Tyrrhene ſurges croſt,
He ſails by Italy's delightful coaſt;
And now to Luna's wiſh'd-for port he bends,
And hails his home and long-forſaken friends.
The warriors here with bold Marphiſa find,
In happy time, a ſhip for France deſign'd.
The pilot theſe invites: the willing train
That day embark, and ſoon Marſeilles they gain.
They quit the ſhip—Marphiſa bids adieu
To Guido's dame, to all the knightly crew,

It ill beſeem'd, in one ſame troop (ſhe cry'd)
To view ſo many knights of valour try'd:
While doves and ſtorks are ſeen together join'd,
And deer and ſtags, with all the timorous kind;
Bears, lions, tigers, beaſts that know not fear,
Unaided ſtill, and ſingle ſtill appear.

Such were her words, tho' not alike they weigh'd
With all the reſt; but hence the wondrous maid
The champions leaves, and travels thence, alone,
Through unfrequented woods and paths unknown.

Druenza paſt, the Seine and Rhodan's ſtream,
At length ſhe near a lofty mountain came;
There by a flood, with ſudden waters ſwell'd,
An aged crone in ſable weeds beheld:
With travel ſpent ſhe ſeem'd, and ſore diſtreſt,
But more with heavy thought than toil oppreſt.
Lo! this was ſhe, who far from haunts of men,
Had liv'd with outlaws in the ſavage den;
Where Heaven Orlando brought with valorous hand
To wreak full juſtice on that impious band.
Beſide the ſtream ſhe waits, and now ſhe meets
The ſeeming knight, and low ſaluting, greets:
Beſeeching, on his ſteed to waft her o'er
Th' oppoſing torrent to the further ſhore.

Marphiſa,

Marphiſa, courteous from her earlieſt years,
Acroſs the flood the ancient beldame bears,
And, paſt the ford, diſdains not to convey
Behind her courſer, till they paſs'd a way
Heavy with ſlough—when clad in armour bright,
With trappings rich they met an unknown knight,
Gay pacing tow'rds the ſtream; with him a dame,
And ſingle ſquire (his ſole attendant) came.
Fair was the dame he brought, but fair in vain,
Her haughty carriage caſt a deepening ſtain
On all her beauty, while her ſcorn and pride
Seem'd well befitting him that grac'd her ſide.
This knight was Pinabel, whoſe guile betray'd,
At Merlin's cave, Albano's martial maid *:
For her, whom now beneath his care he led,
His ſighs were breath'd, his frequent tears were ſhed;
For her, whom then the magic tower detain'd:
But when Atlantes' guile no more reſtrain'd
His captives, freed by brave Dordona's * dame,
She, not unmindful of her former flame,
To Pinabel return'd, and with him ſtill
Wander'd from tower to tower, o'er foreſt, dale, and hill.
Soon as ſhe view'd Marphiſa's aged crone,
The ſhameleſs fair, to taunting ever prone,

* Bradamant.

No more the venom of her tongue ſuppreſs'd,
But gave full vent to many a ſcornful jeſt.
Incens'd Marphiſa to the dame replies:
My partner ſhall with thee diſpute the prize
Of beauty's bloom—then offers on her knight
To vouch the proof; and theſe the terms of fight,
That, if o'erthrown her lover preſs'd the field,
The damſel ſhould her veſt and palfrey yield.
Here Pinabello, rous'd by ſenſe of ſhame
T' accept the challenge and defend his dame,
His ſpear and buckler ſeizing, wheel'd his ſteed,
And on Marphiſa ruſh'd with wrathful ſpeed.
Her mighty ſpear in reſt Marphiſa held,
And full on Pinabello's helm impell'd
The forceful ſtroke that hurl'd him to the plain,
Where ſtunn'd he lay, as number'd with the ſlain.
At length he roſe; when, victor of the day,
Marphiſa from the ſtranger rent away
Her glittering ornaments and youthful veſt,
And with the ſpoils her aged beldame dreſs'd;
Then on the palfrey plac'd, which late before,
With other grace, the haughty damſel bore.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO having left the land of the Amazons, arrives at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, where Rogero, Bradamant, and many other knights were detained. By the help of his horn and book, he deſtroys the enchantment, and ſets the priſoners at liberty: he takes poſſeſſion of the griffin-horſe. Rogero and Bradamant meet and know each other. They depart together in their way to Vallombroſa, where Rogero had engaged to be baptized, promiſing afterwards to demand Bradamant in marriage of her kindred. They are ſtopped at a caſtle, where Rogero jouſts with four knights, who were ſworn to defend a law which Pinabello had made to ſpoil all ſtrangers who paſſed that way. Death of Pinabello. Rogero is parted from Bradamant: he caſts his enchanted ſhield into a well. Bradamant loſes herſelf in a wood, and is met by Aſtolpho, who, preparing to take his flight, entruſts her with the care of his horſe and arms. Bradamant goes to Mount Albano, ſends a meſſenger to Rogero with his horſe, which is afterwards taken by Rodomont. Marphiſa meets and jouſts with Zerbino.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

ASTOLPHO now, amidſt th' inhuman band
Of warlike females, clear'd the hoſtile land;
While his pale friends their ready canvas ſpread,
And from the ſhore diſgrac'd and trembling fled.
At length the noble knight thoſe climes forſook,
And to Armenia's realm his journey took.
Some days elaps'd, he haſten'd to ſurvey
Natolia, then to Bruſia held his way;
Till courſing on beyond the midland tide,
He enter'd Thrace; by Danube's flowery ſide
His rapid progreſs through Hungaria held:
Then, as if wings his courſer's ſpeed impell'd,
He paſs'd Moravia and Bohemia's land,
And where the Rhine o'erflows Franconia's ſtrand;

At Flanders then embark'd, where favouring gales
So fill'd the freighted veſſel's flying ſails,
Ere long he touch'd on England's friendly ſhore,
And gain'd the welcome port at noontide hour.

He preſs'd his ſteed, and reach'd with eager haſte
Fair London's towers ere eve her ſhadows caſt;
There heard that many a month its courſe had run
Since aged Otho lay in Paris' town:
Again he mounts the bark, light zephyr ſweeps
The veſſel's deck, and ſcarcely curls the deeps;
But now, by ſlow degrees, increaſing blows,
And ſoon, beyond the pilot's wiſhes, grows
So near a ſtorm, as claims his ſkilful care,
The conflict of the daſhing waves to bear.
High o'er the furrow'd ſea, before the wind,
The bark is driven, and quits her courſe deſign'd:
Near Roan, at laſt, ſhe anchor'd on the ſtrand:
Aſtolpho, when he trod the wiſh'd-for land,
On Rabicano's back the ſaddle plac'd;
His limbs the mail, his ſide the falchion grac'd;
He graſp'd his fearful horn, a ſurer aid
Than marſhall'd bands in glittering arms array'd.

Now paſſing through a wood, he reach'd a hill
Whoſe foot was moiſten'd by a cryſtal rill;

What

What time the flocks to crop the mead forbear,
And to the fold or mountain cave repair.
With burning heat, with parching thirſt diſtreſt,
The helm unlac'd, whoſe weight his brows oppreſs'd,
Amid the brakes his fiery ſteed he ty'd;
Then to the ſtream, for cooling draughts, apply'd
His eager lips; but ere his lips eſſay'd
The moiſtening liquid, from the neighbouring ſhade
A ſeeming ruſtic ſwift his courſer took,
Leapt on his back, and turn'd him from the brook.
Aſtolpho, rouſing at the noiſe, perceives
Th' inſulting outrage, and the fountain leaves.
Reſentment ſoon the place of thirſt ſupplies,
And ſwift he follows as the caitiff flies.
The caitiff led him on in doubtful chace,
Now check'd, and now impell'd his courſer's pace.
At length (purſuing one, and one purſu'd)
They left the foreſt, and the palace view'd,
Where magic ſpells, without a priſon, hold
In laſting durance many a baron bold.
The ruſtic to the palace drives the ſteed,
Light as the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed.
Aſtolpho, in his plated arms confin'd,
With heavy ſhield encumber'd, lags behind;

Till now arriving, he beholds no more
The hind and courſer he purſu'd before;
Then calls to mind the book that to his hand
Sage Logiſtilla gave in India's land:
There full deſcrib'd was all the coſtly pile,
Each ſtrange enchantment, and each ſecret guile;
What means the foul magician's arts would quell,
And free his priſoners from the potent ſpell.
Beneath the threſhold plac'd, a demon rais'd
The various wonders that the ſenſe amaz'd.
The ſtone remov'd, where clos'd the ſpirit lay,
The palace walls would melt in ſmoke away.
The Paladin advanc'd, with fearleſs pace,
To lift the ponderous marble from its baſe.
Soon as Atlantes ſaw his hands prepar'd
To ſet at large the caſtle's fatal guard,
By magic art, he gives the gentle knight
A different ſhape to each beholder's ſight:
By this, a hind; by this, a giant ſeen;
By that, a warrior of ill-favour'd mien;
While each in him th' illuſive image view'd,
For which he late Atlantes' ſteps purſu'd.
Impatient to retrieve their honours ſtain'd,
All turn'd on him—a fierce determin'd band!

Rogero,

Rogero, Bradamant, Gradaſſo there,
Iroldo, Brandimart in arms, prepare,
With brave Ptaſildo, by the ſpell miſled,
To wreak their vengeance on Aſtolpho's head:
But, mindful of his horn, he ſoon depreſs'd,
With chilling terror, every haughty creſt.
In happy time the fear-diſpenſing breath
Preſerv'd the Paladin from inſtant death.
Soon as his lips have touch'd the narrow vent,
And wide around the deafening clangor ſent,
Like trembling doves, when through the breaking ſkies
Reſounds the gun, each knight affrighted flies:
Not leſs th' enchanter old * the noiſe receives;
Not leſs amaz'd the wondrous dome he leaves,
To diſtance flies, heart-ſtruck with deep diſmay,
Till, dying off, the dreadful ſounds decay.
The keeper * and his priſoners quit the walls;
And numerous ſteeds with theſe forſake their ſtalls,
Even Rabican had fled, but with his hand
Aſtolpho, as he paſs'd, the ſteed detain'd.
And now th' intrepid duke (the ſorcerer gone)
From off the threſhold heav'd a weighty ſtone.

* ATLANTES.

An image there he found, with many a ſpell
Of hidden force, that boots not here to tell.
Eager to quell the charm, with frequent ſtroke,
The knight each myſtic ſign and figure broke,
(For ſo the book, his ſure inſtructor, ſhow'd)
And all the palace vaniſh'd in a cloud.
Held by a chain of beaten gold, he view'd
Where good Rogero's winged courſer ſtood;
That winged courſer which the wizard * Moor
Diſpatch'd to bear him to Alcina's ſhore;
That burſt his reins, when, help'd by magic ſlight,
Albracca's princeſs † vaniſh'd from the knight,
And left him whelm'd in ſhame—with rapid ſpeed
Back to his lord return'd the faithful ſteed,
Wondrous to ſee! and ſtabled there remain'd,
Till the ſtrong ſpell no more its power retain'd.
No chance than this could yield ſincerer joy
To good Aſtolpho, who reſolv'd to employ
Th' occaſion given new regions to explore,
Oceans and realms by him unſeen before.
The thought of Rabicano yet detain'd
The knight, and yet awhile his flight reſtrain'd.
Well had he cauſe to hold the courſer dear;
None better in the liſt with levell'd ſpear

* Atlantes. † Angelica.

Could

Could run at tilt: with him to Gallia's land
He travell'd ſafe from Egypt's burning ſand.
Debating long, Aſtolpho now decreed,
With ſome well-choſen friend to entruſt the ſteed,
Rather than leave him an invalu'd prey,
For him whom Fortune led to paſs the way.
Amidſt the captives, who, by guile detain'd
In old Atlantes' magic walls remain'd,
With noble Bradamant, Rogero found
The ſpell diſſolv'd that long their ſenſes bound.
The lovers ſaw, what, ne'er till then reveal'd,
Atlantes' power from either long conceal'd:
Such miſts of darkneſs o'er their ſight he drew,
That neither, till that hour, the other knew.
On Bradamant Rogero fix'd his eyes;
She on Rogero gaz'd with like ſurpriſe.
Now round her waiſt his eager arms he throws,
Her bluſhes kindling like the maiden roſe,
While from her lips each balmy ſweet he proves,
The bloſſoms of his firſt auſpicious loves!
A thouſand times th' enraptur'd lovers meet
In fond embrace; a thouſand times repeat
Their mutual vows, while ſcarce their breaſts contain
The joy that throbs in every glowing vein.

Yet

Yet much they ſorrow'd, that by magic ſlight,
They liv'd ſo long eſtrang'd from either's ſight,
And loſt ſo many days of dear delight.

While Bradamant ſuch favour'd grace beſtows,
As the chaſte maid to chaſte affection owes,
She tells Rogero, would he hope to prove
The laſt dear bleſſings of connubial love,
He from her father Amon (ere the bands
Of ſacred Hymen join their plighted hands)
Muſt gain conſent, and in the hallow'd wave
With Chriſtian rites his Pagan errors lave.

Rogero, for his deareſt miſtreſs' ſake,
Not only yields a Chriſtian's name to take,
Which once his father and his uncle bore,
Which all his anceſtors profeſs'd before;
But vows, for her, in every chance to give
The remnant years Heaven doom'd him yet to live.

Then firſt to be baptiz'd, and next to wed,
Rogero follow'd as the virgin led:
'Tow'rds Vallombroſa went the martial dame,
That to an ancient abbey gave the name,
Wealthy and fair, in hallow'd rituals bleſt,
And courteous to receive the ſtranger-gueſt.

Athwart

Athwart their way a ſtately caſtle ſtands,
Which Pinabello, Pontier's earl, commands;
Who late an impious law unjuſtly fram'd,
That many a knight and many a damſel ſham'd:
Him from his ſeat to earth Marphiſa ſtruck,
And from his dame her ſteed and veſture took.
The dame diſmounted (whom with rancorous mind
In every evil Pinabello join'd),
Declar'd nor night nor day could reſt afford,
No future hour behold her peace reſtor'd,
Unleſs a thouſand dames and warriors foil'd
She view'd unhors'd, of veſt and armour ſpoil'd.
It chanc'd that day to Pinabello came
Four noble knights, the firſt in martial fame:
Young Sanſonetto; Guido, Savage nam'd;
Gryphon and Aquilant, the brethren fam'd;
Who with Marphiſa late, to knighthood's ſcorn,
With terror fled Aſtolpho's ſpelful horn.
Theſe Pinabello at his gate receives
With ſemblance fair, and courteous welcome gives.
At night, when ſleep has lull'd each ſenſe to peace,
He binds the four, nor will their bonds releaſe,
Till all conſenting, as his laws preſcribe,
A year and day to dwell amidſt his tribe,

Shall

Shall ſwear from knights their ſteeds and arms to wreſt,
And from the damſels take their ſteeds and veſt.
'Tis fix'd, that he who firſt with ſingle force,
Shall paſs the bridge, alone muſt run the courſe:
But ſhould ſuch lance againſt the ſtranger fail,
The reſt united muſt his ſtrength aſſail.

And now in ſweet diſcourſe th' affianc'd pair,
The fearleſs warrior, and the martial fair,
Not paſt three miles their pleaſing way purſu'd,
When now the caſtle's bridge and gates they view'd,
Where arms and veſts are left, where valu'd life
Is put to hazard in the dangerous ſtrife.
The ready warder, on the ramparts plac'd,
Twice rung the warning—when, behold! in haſte,
On a low ſteed an ancient ſire appear'd,
And, as he came, his voice before was heard.

Hold, ſtrangers, hold! (he thus began to ſay)
Here ſtop, and here the fine exacted pay:
If yet you know not—let me now reveal
Our law—and then he ſought their law to tell.

Rogero cut him ſhort—Forbear to ſhow,
In fruitleſs prelude, what prepar'd we know.
No more—I come to prove, if what my will
Aſpires to act, my actions can fulfil.

Arms,

Arms, ſteed, and veſt, I ne'er to others yield
For empty threatenings in an untry'd field;
And well I truſt, for ſounding words alone,
My partner never will reſign his own.
But give me to behold them face to face,
Whoſe ſtrength muſt purchaſe, to my foul diſgrace,
My arms and ſteed—o'er yonder hill we haſte,
Nor longer here the precious hours can waſte.

To whom the ſire—Lo! iſſuing to the plain
One warrior comes—nor were his words in vain.
High on the bridge appear'd a noble knight,
In crimſon ſurcoat deck'd with flowers of white.
Now Bradamant Rogero ſu'd to truſt
With her the firſt fair honours of the jouſt,
From his high ſeat to hurl the knight, who wore
The mantle red, with flowers embroider'd o'er.
In vain ſhe ſu'd, Rogero this deny'd:
Conſtrain'd to yield, ſhe ſilent ſtood beſide
To view the courſe, while on himſelf her knight
Took all the hazard of the dubious fight.
Rogero then enquir'd the warrior's name,
Who foremoſt from the caſtle's portal came.
'Tis Sanſonetto (thus the ſire reply'd)
I know th' embroider'd ſcarf with crimſon dy'd.

Now Pinabello iſſu'd from the gate,
And round their lord his thronging menials wait,
All well prepar'd of arms and ſteeds to ſpoil
The hapleſs knights that fell within the toil.
Swift to the courſe each hardy champion preſs'd,
And firmly held his ponderous ſpear in reſt,
Huge, knotty, long, in native foreſts bred,
The tough aſh ending in a ſteely head.
Now here, now there, impatient of delay,
Each ſilent wheels his ſteed a different way:
Then turning ſwift, with levell'd ſpears, they meet,
The field wide-ſhaking to their courſers' feet.
Againſt their ſhields unerring aim they took:
Rogero's ſhield receiv'd, unhurt, the ſtroke:
Atlantes' buckler, whoſe enchanted light
With powerful ſplendor clos'd the gazer's ſight.
Not ſo the adverſe ſhield, whoſe mortal mold
Could not againſt the furious tourney hold.
As with a thunder-bolt the ſpear impell'd,
Reach'd the ſtunn'd arm that ſcarce the buckler held,
And Sanſonetto, with a grievous wound
Forc'd from his ſeat, fell headlong to the ground.
Again the warder rings th' alarm, and calls
The remnant three to quit the caſtle walls.

In luckleſs hour, lo! Pinabello came
To learn of Bradamant the champion's name
Who from his warrior won the wreath of fame.
Eternal Heaven, to give his crimes the meed
They well deſerv'd, conducts him on the ſteed
Which, ſcarce eight months elaps'd, the wretch before
From Bradamant, by murderous treaſon, bore:
What time the ſhatter'd pole receiv'd her weight,
And Heaven reſerv'd her for a happier fate.
The generous heroine * with a nearer view
Her courſer ſaw, and ſoon the traitor knew;
At once ſhe threatens—to the ſword applies
Her eager hand, and on the caitiff flies.
Between his caſtle and the recreant knight
She cuts off all retreat, nor can his flight
Avail to reach the gate; as to his den
The fox retires beſet by dogs and men.
Defenceleſs, pale, before the martial maid,
He ſeeks, with coward cries, the woodland ſhade:
With trembling heart he ſpurs his rapid ſteed,
And hopes alone for ſafety from his ſpeed.
The Dordan dame purſues, with all the zeal
Of juſt revenge, and whirls her fatal ſteel;

* Bradamant.

Now

Now at his ſide or boſom aims the wound:
The tumult echoes, and the woods reſound.
But at the caſtle Pinabello's crew
Nor heard his clamours, nor his danger knew:
There every eye was fix'd, there every ſenſe
Rogero's conflict held in deep ſuſpenſe.
And now the three remaining champions came
From forth the fort; with theſe the vengeful dame
Who fram'd that baſe device; while every knight
Bluſh'd with a ſingle foe to wage the fight;
And rather wiſh'd to die, in fame unſtain'd,
Than meet a conqueſt ſo ignobly gain'd.
If here my ſingle weapon can ſuffice,
To unhorſe yon' warrior (Savage Guido cries)
Thus ſhall I jouſt!—be mine the ſingle ſtrife,
And if I fail—exact my forfeit life.
Gryphon and Aquilant alike demand
To meet the warlike ſtranger hand to hand.
To theſe th' imperious dame—Why thus delay
In vain debate the buſineſs of the day?
I brought you here yon' champion's arms to take,
Not other compacts, other laws, to make.
Why urge not pleas like this, ere yet ye ſwore
To obſerve my will, when firſt within my power;

Not

Not when th' occaſion calls you to maintain
Your promiſe given, nor make that promiſe vain?
Thus they—Behold (Rogero eager cries)
I ſtand prepar'd—if ſtill you ſeek the prize
Of armour, ſteed, or veſt, why this delay
To ſeize with valiant force the offer'd prey?
The matron there impels each tardy knight;
Here ſtorms Rogero, and demands the fight.
Compell'd at length, though fill'd with generous rage,
All ruſh at once the ſtranger to engage.
Firſt rode the brother chiefs *, of generous race,
Then Guido Savage came with heavier pace;
Rogero with the ſpear to combat drew,
The ſpear that Sanſonetto late o'erthrew:
His nervous arm the blazing buckler bore,
Which in Pyrené's hills Atlantes wore.
At Gryphon now Rogero aim'd the thruſt
Above the buckler's verge—the furious jouſt
His helm confeſs'd; on either hand he reel'd,
Till, falling from his ſteed, he preſs'd the field.
But ere he fell, his ſpear with hiſſing ſound
Glanc'd on the poliſh'd orb's impaſſive round;

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

The veil it rent, and freed the magic rays:
Advancing Aquilant receiv'd the blaze;
On Guido Savage next, who came the laſt,
The wondrous targe its beamy ſplendor caſt.
All fell—but little yet Rogero knew
The finiſh'd jouſt, and ſwift his falchion drew;
Then wheel'd his ſteed, when on the ground he view'd
His ſenſeleſs foes with little force ſubdu'd;
Knights, ſquires, and each that iſſu'd to the plain,
The numerous foot, and all the female train:
Till, caſting down a caſual glance, he ſpy'd
From his left arm, dependent at his ſide,
The veil that ſtill was wont the light to hide.

Rogero's features flufh'd with roſy ſhame,
His down-caſt looks his ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Where ſhall I turn? (he cries) how cleanſe away
The infamy of this ill-omen'd day?
The triumph here achiev'd each tongue ſhall tell,
Not due to valour, but to magic ſpell.

He ſaid; and ſpeaking, miſs'd with anxious care,
His boſom's beſt belov'd, the Dordan fair *;

* Bradamant.

Then

Then ſad and penſive for her loſs, he ſtray'd
With doubtful ſearch through valley, plain and ſhade;
Till in a wood's ſequeſter'd gloom he found,
A cryſtal well, low ſunk beneath the ground:
Hither, when ſated herds their food forſake,
Oppreſs'd with heat they came their thirſt to ſlake.
Rogero then—No more ſhall ſcorn or blame,
From thee, O ſhield! ariſe to taint my name:
No longer mine—I here ſuch arms forego,
Nor more to thee will ſhameful conqueſt owe.
Thus he; and ſwift alighting as he ſpoke,
With generous wrath a craggy ſtone he took;
To this the buckler, well-ſecur'd, he ty'd,
And to the well conſign'd—Lie there (he cry'd)
And with thee there my foul diſhonour hide.
Deep was the well, and high the waters ſwell'd,
Ponderous the ſtone, and ponderous was the ſhield:
At once it ſunk, a bed the bottom gave,
And ſudden o'er it cloſ'd the limpid wave.
Soon Fame divulg'd the deed, with trumpet's ſound,
Thro' France, thro' Spain, thro' every region round;
From tongue to tongue it ſpread, and many a train
Of noble knights aſpir'd the prize to gain;

And vainly ſearch'd the foreſt, where, conceal'd
From human ſight, remain'd the precious ſhield.
Far in a vale, with gloomy woods confin'd,
The martial dame * the recreant warrior † join'd;
Where, in his panting breaſt and bleeding ſide,
A hundred times the vengeful blade ſhe dy'd;
And from its ſeat the hateful ſpirit chac'd,
Whoſe impious deeds had all the land diſgrac'd.
Then with that ſteed, which late with guileful art
The traitor took, ſhe haſten'd to depart
And find her knight, but now explor'd in vain
Her former way, and rov'd o'er hill and plain:
For envious Fortune through the dreary ſhade,
By winding paths, her wandering ſteed convey'd;
And to the woodland's deep receſſes led,
What time, at ſun-ſet, eve her ſhadows ſpread.
Unknowing where th' approaching night to paſs,
She checks her reins, and on the verdant graſs,
Beneath the covering trees, her limbs ſhe throws,
To cheat the tedious hours with ſhort repoſe;
Now watches Venus, Saturn, Mars, or Jove,
With every wandering ſtar that ſhines above:

* Bradamant. † Pinabello.

But

But from her ſleeping ſenſe, or waking mind,
Her dear Rogero never is disjoin'd.
She ſighs to think revenge her ſoul could move
Beyond the ſofter claims of faithful love.
Inſenſate rage has ſever'd me (ſhe cries)
From all I hold moſt dear—Unheeding eyes!
That when I firſt my treacherous foe purſu'd,
Mark'd not the tracks of this perplexing wood:
Then had I known in ſafety to return,
Nor here been loſt, dejected and forlorn.
In words like theſe ſhe mourns without relief;
And now ſhe broods in ſilence o'er her grief;
While winds of ſighs, and floods of tears, that ſhake
Her gentle breaſt, a cruel tempeſt make.
At length the long-expected morn appears,
When ſtreaky light the grey horizon cheers:
She takes her ſteed, that graz'd beſide the way,
And, mounting, turns to meet the riſing day.
Not far ſhe paſs'd, when iſſuing from the wood,
She came to where the wizard's palace ſtood.
Aſtolpho here ſhe met, whoſe proweſs gain'd
The griffin-ſteed, and but his flight reſtrain'd
For Rabicano's ſake, till chance ſhould give
Some truſty friend, his courſer to receive.

The thoughtful Paladin his face diſplay'd
Without his caſque, when through the miſty ſhade
The valiant Bradamant her kinſman knew,
And, greeting fair, impatient nearer drew;
Declar'd her name, her covering helm unlac'd,
Reveal'd her features, and the knight embrac'd.

Their greeting done—Too long I here delay
My purpos'd voyage through a trackleſs way,
(Aſtolpho cry'd)—then to the maid he told
His flight deſign'd, and bade his ſteed behold.
She ſaw—the tear ſtood trembling in her eye,
And from her boſom heav'd a gentle ſigh,
That dangerous day recall'd, on which ſhe view'd
The parting pinions, and his courſe purſu'd
With ſharpen'd ſight, when, ſoaring to the ſkies,
He bore Rogero from her longing eyes.

Aſtolpho tells, that to her friendly care,
He Rabicano gives, beyond compare
Firſt in the courſe, whoſe ſwiftneſs leaves behind
The arrow parting on the wings of wind.
To Bradamant he gave the golden lance,
Which once the ſon of Galaphron to France
From India brought, whoſe hidden power was ſuch,
To unhorſe each champion with its magic touch.

Aſtolpho

Aſtolpho now beſtrode the winged horſe,
And ſlowly through the air impell'd his courſe,
Till Bradamant, who watch'd his upward flight,
All in a moment loſt him from her ſight.
So from the port the guiding pilot ſteers,
Who dangerous ſands and rocky ſhallows fears;
But when he leaves the rocks and ſands behind,
He ſhifts each ſail, and ſcuds before the wind.
And now, with fond deſire, the virgin burn'd
To ſee Rogero, in his abſence mourn'd,
Whom (yet deny'd to meet) her anxious mind
At leaſt in Vallombroſa hop'd to find.
Debating thus ſhe ſtood in penſive mood,
At length a peaſant drawing near ſhe view'd,
And him ſhe bade Aſtolpho's armour take,
And place the weight on Rabicano's back;
Then lead the courſer, which the burden bore,
With that which Pinabello rode before.
To Vallombroſa now ſhe ſought the way,
But doubtful of the track, ſhe fear'd to ſtray
From where ſhe wiſh'd; nor knew the peaſant well
The country round; and thus, as chance befel,
A path ſhe took, and through the foreſt wide
She wander'd long, without a certain guide.

At noontide hour ſhe left the covert ſhade,
And on a hill a caſtle near ſurvey'd
Of ſtately ſcite; the damſel at the view
Full well the walls of Mount Albano knew:
Theſe, when ſhe ſaw, a ſudden dread oppreſs'd
Her heart, that flutter'd in her tender breaſt.
Her coming known, ſhe fear'd the preſſing train
Of friends and kindred would her ſteps detain,
Where ſhe, a prey to love's conſuming fire,
Might view no more the lord of her deſire;
No more at Vallombroſa hope to meet
Her dear Rogero, and their vows complete.

While various thoughts the martial dame revolv'd,
Nor this, nor that, her anxious mind reſolv'd,
She on Alardo ſudden chanc'd to light,
And ſought in vain to elude her brother's ſight.

This youth had ſtation'd many a warlike band
Of horſe and foot, which, at the king's command,
He lately rais'd from all the neighbouring land.
Return'd, he chanc'd his ſiſter here to meet:
With ſeeming joy the pair each other greet;
And now, in friendly converſe, ſide by ſide,
Together join'd, to Mount Albano ride.

Thus

Thus to her native ſeats the fair return'd,
Where Beatrice had long her abſence mourn'd.
But what are all the joys ſhe here may prove,
Her mother's fondneſs, or her brethren's love,
Compar'd to happineſs ſo late poſſeſt,
When lov'd Rogero claſp'd her to his breaſt!
Herſelf reſtrain'd, ſhe purpos'd one ſhould bear
To Vallombroſa, with a faithful care,
Her greetings kind; with theſe his generous ſteed
She meant to ſend, which, fam'd for ſtrength and ſpeed,
Rogero priz'd; for through the Pagan lands,
No ſteed ſo fam'd obeys a maſter's hands.
When good Rogero on the winged horſe
Was borne aloft, a ſtrange and fearful courſe,
He left Frontino, which the martial dame
Receiv'd in truſt (Frontino was his name),
And ſent to Mount Albano, where, at large,
Wanton he rov'd, or fed beneath her charge
In plenteous ſtalls; or when he felt the rein,
Was gently pac'd along the level plain:
Thus, pamper'd high in eaſe, and nurs'd with care,
His ſhining ſkin more ſleek, more noble ſeem'd his air.

And

And now ſhe urg'd her virgins to divide
The pleaſing taſk: each virgin ſoon apply'd
Her ready ſkill, and wrought, of golden thread,
A coſtly net, which o'er a pall they ſpread
Of fineſt ſilk, and on the courſer plac'd,
With trappings gay, and rich embroidery grac'd.
A maid ſhe choſe, of long-experienc'd truth,
Whoſe mother, Callitrephia, nurs'd her youth
From infant years: to whom ſhe oft confeſs'd
The love that long had ſway'd her gentle breaſt.
To her ſhe ſpoke—Whom ſooner ſhall I truſt
Than thee, Hippalca dear, diſcreet and juſt?
In whom, like thee, of all my train (ſhe cry'd),
Can I the meſſage of my heart confide?
Then to her liſtening maid ſhe told at large,
To him (her boſom's lord) the tender charge.
And now ſhe bade Hippalca mount her ſteed,
And by the golden reins Frontino lead:
But ſhould ſhe, in her travel, chance to find
A wretch ſo ſenſeleſs, or ſo baſe of mind,
To ſeize the ſteed, ſhe will'd her but to tell
The courſer's lord, his folly to repel:
For every knight ſhe deem'd, whate'er his fame
In arms, muſt tremble at Rogero's name.

For ten long miles the dame her journey held,
Through beaten path, thick wood, or open field:
One noon of day, deſcending from a height,
As on a narrow paſs ſhe chanc'd to light
Stony and rough, fierce Rodomont ſhe view'd,
Who arm'd, on foot a guiding dwarf purſu'd,
That from the banks of Seine the warrior led,
To wreak his vengeance on the Tartar's head,
Who durſt with daring arms his right invade,
In Doralis, Granada's peerleſs maid.
The Pagan on Hippalca caſt his eye,
And loud blaſphem'd th' eternal Hierarchy,
To find a ſteed ſo ſtately and ſo fair,
Without his lord, beneath a damſel's care.
With eager looks he ſtood, and, gazing, cry'd,
Why art thou here without thy warlike guide?
O! were he here (Hippalca ſaid) thy mind
Would ſoon forego the purpoſe it deſign'd:
Who this beſtrides, excels thy arms in fight,
And through the world ſcarce breathes ſo brave a knight.
What chief (return'd the Moor) thus treads the fame
Of others down?—Rogero (ſaid the dame).
Then he—The ſteed I mine can nobly make,
Which from Rogero fam'd in arms I take;

And ſhould he ſeek his courſer to regain,
I here defy him to the martial plain.
The weapon's choice be his—this prize I claim—
War is my ſport, and Rodomont my name!
I ſhine by my own light, and mark my courſe
With tracks more fatal than the thunder's force.
Thus he; and turning, as theſe words he ſaid,
The golden bridle o'er Frontino's head,
Leap'd in the ſeat, and ſudden left behind,
Hippalca weeping with diſtreſsful mind.
Three days Marphiſa with that aged crone,
For whom was Pinabello late o'erthrown,
Had journey'd on, yet no adventure fell
In length of travel, worthy here to tell.
The fourth, they met a knight, who, bent on ſpeed,
With goring rowels urg'd his flying ſteed;
The prince Zerbino, who, incens'd, purſu'd
The wretch whoſe weapon ſhed Medoro's blood;
Who knew ſo well to wind each tangled brake,
So well th' advantage of the ground to take,
He 'ſcap'd purſuit, by woods conceal'd, and veil'd
In miſty vapours by the morn exhal'd.
Though ill-diſpos'd, Zerbino could not hold
From laughter, when he view'd the beldame old,

Whoſe

Whoſe youthful habit ſeem'd ſo ill to grace
Her doating age, and wither'd homely face.
Then to Marphiſa, prancing at her ſide:
Thy prudence merits praiſe, Sir Knight (he cry'd)
That chooſing for thy mate ſo fair a dame,
Thou need'ſt not fear a rival in thy flame.

The noble maid, here feigning wrath, to try
What haply might enſue, made this reply.

She whom I guard, I ſwear by Heaven, has more
Of beauty's claim, than thou of courteous lore.
Thou ſeem'ſt to her tranſcendent graces blind,
To veil the baſeneſs of thy daſtard mind.
What other knight that here ſhould chance to meet
A maid ſo young, in every charm complete,
By one defended, but his ſtrength would prove
To win in her the ſweet reward of love?

So well with thee ſhe ſuits (Zerbino cries),
'Twere much injuſtice to diſpute the prize;
Nor ſhall I, loſt to ſenſe, my arms employ
In ſuch a cauſe—thou, what thou haſt, enjoy.
Homely or fair, with thee ſhe ſhall abide,
Nor will I love, ſo aptly pair'd, divide:
Heaven knows you both are join'd beyond compare,
If thou art valiant as the nymph is fair.

Marphiſa

Marphiſa then return'd—In thy deſpite,
To win this damſel muſt thou prove the fight:
Ne'er ſhalt thou view her beauties with deſire,
And not to win thoſe peerleſs charms aſpire.
I know not who (Zerbino made reply)
For ſuch a conqueſt would the combat try;
Where courting danger with unfruitful pains,
The victor loſes while the vanquiſh'd gains.
Since terms like theſe diſpleaſe thee, hear me make
Another offer which thou well may'ſt take,
(Marphiſa anſwer'd) if in jouſt to thine
My arms ſubmit, this dame ſhall ſtill be mine;
But, if I conquer, her thou ſhalt receive;
Thus be our trial, who the dame ſhall leave.
Should Fortune bid thee now reſign the day,
'Tis thine to guard her as ſhe points the way.
Agreed—Zerbino ſaid, and ſpeaking, wheel'd
His rapid courſer to diſpute the field:
Firm on his ſtirrups, with collected might,
He ſtood; and, to direct his ſpear aright,
Againſt her buckler drove the pointed wood;
Which, like a mount of ſteel, the ſhock withſtood;
While ſhe, with mightier force, his helmet found,
And inſtant hurl'd him ſenſeleſs to the ground.

High-

High-ſeated on her ſteed, the conquering maid
Turn'd with a ſmile—Accept my gift (ſhe ſaid);
The more I ſee the dame in beauty ſhine,
It joys me more to ſee ſuch beauty thine.
Thou, in my place, her champion's charge ſuſtain,
Nor let thy faith, ſo lately pledg'd, be vain.
She ſtay'd not for reply, but left the knight,
And ſoon the foreſt ſhut her from his ſight.
Then to the crone he ſpoke (for ſure he deem'd
His conquering foe a warrior as ſhe ſeem'd)
Give me to hear what chief has ſtain'd my fame?
The beldame anſwer'd, eager to proclaim
What known would deeper wound the noble knight,
Thou fall'ſt (ſhe cry'd) beneath a virgin's might;
Who now from eaſtern realms, with ſword and lance,
Is come to prove the Paladins of France.
At this, Zerbino's ſoul indignant glow'd,
While o'er his viſage flufh'd the changing blood;
Thro' all his frame the deep contagion ſpread,
And ev'n his armour ſeem'd to bluſh with red.
Remounting on his ſteed, he curs'd in vain
The nerves that could not late his ſeat maintain.
The hag in ſecret ſmil'd, and every art
Of malice try'd to afflict his generous heart

With

With cruel taunts, and bade him call to mind
That chance had now to hers his will reſign'd.
Zerbino heard abaſh'd, nor aught reply'd,
Conſtrain'd the worſt, like weary ſteed, to abide,
That feels the bit in mouth, and rowels at his ſide.
In frequent ſighs he gave his anguiſh vent:
What dire reverſe (he cry'd) has fortune ſent!
While ſhe, the firſt in virtue as in charms,
Untimely torn from theſe deſiring arms,
Is daſh'd on rocks, or given the precious food
Of ravenous fiſh and fowls that haunt the flood;
Lo! her, that buried in her earthy bed,
Should long ere this the hungry worms have fed,
Thou now preſerv'ſt beyond her loathſome date,
To add new torments to my wretched ſtate.
Thus he; but when his loathſome partner heard
Theſe words, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
She found 'twas he, who, by report miſled,
His deareſt Iſabella mourn'd as dead,
The fair who, captive in the outlaw's celf,
On loſt Zerbino's virtues lov'd to dwell;
Who oft rehears'd her mournful ſtory o'er,
How firſt ſhe left her dear paternal ſhore,
Then, ſhipwreck'd on the ſeas and ſhelfy ſtrand,
Preſerv'd her life in Rochelle's welcome land.

Zerbino

Zerbino known, the hag, with impious ſpite,
To exclude all gleam of comfort from the knight,
What beſt might raiſe his hope ſtill kept conceal'd,
And what would give him pain alone reveal'd.
Hear thou (ſhe cry'd) from whom I thus have borne
Such haughty carriage, ſuch inſulting ſcorn,
Didſt thou but think what tidings I could tell
Of her on whom thy fond affections dwell,
How might'ſt thou ſpeak me fair—but all in vain
Would force or ſoothing now that ſecret gain,
Which, had thy ſpeech more gentle manners ſhown,
Thou might'ſt, perchance, diſcourteous youth, have known:
As the grim maſtiff, who with fury threats
Th' invading robber, ſoon his rage forgets,
Whene'er by ſcent of ſavoury meat allur'd,
Or lull'd with ſpells by magic art procur'd;
Thus ſoon Zerbino, with a ſoften'd air,
Beſought the hag with tears and humble prayer,
By Gods and men, no longer to conceal,
But every good or evil chance reveal.
Nought canſt thou know, that known would yield delight
(Th' unfeeling beldame anſwer'd to the knight);

She lives, whom now as dead thy ſighs deplore,
But lives to envy thoſe who live no more.
Full twenty, not by laws nor faith reſtrain'd,
Thy Iſabella long in bonds detain'd:
Then think, ſhould fate reſtore her to thy arms,
What hope remains to enjoy her virgin charms.
Ah! hag accurs'd! (Zerbino made reply)
How haſt thou fram'd a foul deteſted lie!
Though twenty might the captive fair detain,
Not one would dare her ſpotleſs honour ſtain.
Thus he—then queſtion'd when and where ſhe view'd
His beſt belov'd; but ſhe, in ſullen mood,
Was mute; determin'd to diſcloſe no more,
Nor add a word to what ſhe told before.
Zerbino mildly firſt his ſpeech addreſs'd,
Then held his threatening weapon to her breaſt.
Alike in vain his prayer, his menace prov'd,
Nor prayer, nor threat, the ſtubborn beldame mov'd.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ZERBINO, to defend Gabrina, engages in ſingle combat with Hermonides, from whom he hears the particulars of her wicked life. Travelling afterwards with Gabrina, he finds the dead body of Pinabello, who had been ſlain by Bradamant. He is accuſed of the murder by Gabrina, and led to be put to death. The arrival of Orlando and Iſabella, who had journeyed together ſince the deliverance of the latter from the outlaw's cave. Zerbino is ſaved from death by Orlando. Meeting of the two lovers. Mandricardo overtakes Orlando: their combat. Orlando, parting from Zerbino and Iſabella, comes to the grotto where Angelica and Medoro uſed to meet. The manner in which he diſcovers the whole ſtory of their love, which diſcovery ends in the total loſs of his ſenſes.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THUS journey'd they, till from the weſtern hills
The ſetting ſun diſplay'd his hindmoſt wheels,
When, near advancing, with a fearleſs look,
A wandering warrior on their ſilence broke.
Well was he noted by the hateful dame,
Hermonides of Holland was his name;
Who bore athwart, depicted on his ſhield,
A band vermilion in a ſable field.
By features chang'd the crone her fears expreſs'd,
And to the prince her humble ſpeech addreſs'd.
She bade him ſtill in mind his promiſe bear
To her, who plac'd her in his guardian care;
For he, the knight, who met them face to face,
Was foe to her, and foe to all her race:

Her dear-lov'd father periſh'd by his guilt;
By him her only brother's blood was ſpilt;
And ſtill he ſought, with more than ruthleſs mind,
To glut his rage on all her wretched kind.
Woman! in me behold thy champion near,
(Zerbino cry'd) and baniſh every fear.
When now, with heedful eyes, th' approaching knight
Beheld that face, ſo odious to his ſight,
Prepare with me in ſingle fight to meet,
(Aloud he threatening cry'd with generous heat)
Or quit yon' female's ſide, and by my hand
Give her to periſh, as her crimes demand:
If thou defend'ſt her cauſe, thou muſt be ſlain,
For thus it falls to thoſe who wrong maintain.
Zerbino then with courteous ſpeech reply'd,
Such thoughts could only with the baſe reſide;
Yet if he preſs'd the fight, he ſhould not find
A flying foe; but will'd him firſt in mind
To ponder, how a knight of gentle ſtrain,
In helpleſs woman's blood his hand could ſtain.
Theſe words, and many more, in vain enſu'd;
For deeds at length the conteſt muſt conclude.
Now for the tilt they wheel around the plain,
Then, turning furious, meet with looſen'd rein.

Not

Not with ſuch ſpeed the whizzing rocket flies,
Diſmiſt with joy to burſt in upper ſkies;
As in the dreadful ſhock each fiery horſe
Bore either champion to the headlong courſe.
Low aim'd Hermonides his ſpear, and try'd
Through the left flank his pointed wood to guide:
The feeble wood in craſhing ſplinters broke,
And ſcarce the knight of Scotland felt the ſtroke.
Far different came his lance; with force impell'd,
The targe it pierc'd, and in the ſhoulder held
Its raging way, through plate and mail it flew,
And on the plain Hermonides o'erthrew.

Zerbino deem'd him ſlain; with pitying haſte
He lighted, and his glittering helm unlac'd.
At length, as from a trance, the wounded knight
Recovering, on Zerbino fix'd his ſight
Awhile in ſilence, till in mournful ſtrain
He ſaid—It grieves me little to ſuſtain
This ſhame from one, whom well his deeds beſpeak
The flower of wandering knights that danger ſeek.
But much to ſuffer in her cauſe I grieve,
Whoſe murderous guile, accuſtom'd to deceive,
Could ſuch a knight in her defence engage,
Whom ill it ſuits a ſtrife like this to wage;

And if my ſpirits laſt (though much I fear
My ſtrength may fail) a ſtory ſhalt thou hear,
Which told, will prove how far her deeds diſgrace
A woman's name, and all the human race.
My youthful brother, on his fame intent,
From Holland once, our native dwelling, went,
And to Heraclius ſoon a knight was made
(Heraclius, who the Grecian empire ſway'd);
A baron's friendſhip in the court he prov'd,
And he no leſs the courteous baron lov'd;
Who kept, near Servia's lands, a lonely ſeat,
A guarded fortreſs and a calm retreat.
Argeo was his name, whoſe choice had led
Yon loathſome woman to his nuptial bed;
But ſhe, more changeful than the wither'd leaves
Which autumn every year of ſap bereaves,
Now ſudden chac'd from her inconſtant breaſt
The love her huſband there had once poſſeſt;
And every art eſſay'd of looſe deſire,
To make my brother burn in lawleſs fire.
Not firmer, 'midſt the northern blaſt, appears
A pine, the produce of a hundred years,
Than he, indignant, met the dame's requeſt,
A dame, of every vice the fertile neſt!

Meantime,

Meantime, as ſtill befals a wandering knight,
Who danger ſeeks, on dangers oft to light;
It chanc'd my brother, on adventures bound,
Receiv'd in combat many a grievous wound.
Argeo's fort was near; no need to wait
For leave to enter at his friendly gate;
He came, as wont, with med'cine's lenient power,
And reſt, his health and vigour to reſtore.
Argeo, on ſome ſecret purpoſe bent,
As need requir'd him, from the caſtle went:
His conſort then the welcome time embrac'd,
To tempt my brother with her ſuit unchaſte:
But he, a loyal friend as virtuous youth,
Impatient to behold his ſpotleſs truth
So cloſe beſet, at length the choice purſues
To fly Argeo, and his friendſhip loſe;
And dwell an outcaſt, where the ſhameleſs dame
Might never hear again his luckleſs name.
Hard was this fate—but harder to fulfil,
Againſt his duty, her ungovern'd will;
Or to her lord accuſe a faithleſs wife,
Her lord, who priz'd her dearer than his life.
Still pale and feeble with his wounds, he took
His arms and courſer, and the place forſook;

In willing exile from his friend he went,
But envious Fortune croſs'd his good intent.
Lo! to his home the huſband came, and found
His wife in floods of ſeeming ſorrow drown'd,
With haggard features and diſhevell'd hair:
Surpris'd, he queſtion'd whence her deep deſpair,
Again, and yet again, her ſpeech he woo'd
To learn the cauſe, while ſhe, in ſullen mood,
Within her boſom ſchemes of malice bred,
To avenge her ſlighted flame on him who fled.

At length—Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſeek (ſhe cry'd)
The guilt, incurr'd when thou wert gone, to hide?
Though from the world the horror I diſguiſe,
It ever naked to reflection lies!
Know then—thy friend, thy boſom friend, aſſail'd
My matron honour, and by force prevail'd:
Then dreading leſt I ſhould his crime recite,
The villain parted hence with ſpeedy flight.

Thus ſhe; and with theſe impious words addreſt,
Againſt his friend, inflam'd her huſband's breaſt:
Too eaſy of belief, Argeo flew
With arms and ſteed his victim to purſue;
Who, faint with ſcarce-heal'd wounds, in journey flow,
Paſs'd penſive on, and little fear'd a foe.

Now,

Now, in a lonely ſhade, with eager rage,
The baron ruſh'd th' unequal fight to wage,
My hapleſs brother vain excuſes fram'd;
Incens'd Argeo loud the combat claim'd.
The one was ſtrong, with deep reſentment mov'd;
The other weak, and much his friend he lov'd.
Philander then (ſo call th' unhappy youth,
The guiltleſs victim of unſpotted truth)
Who ſuch a foe with ſtrength unequal found,
Was vanquiſh'd in the fight, and captive bound.
Forbid it, Heaven! tho' now to juſtice ſway'd
By guilt ſo deep as thine (Argeo ſaid)
I e'er ſhould kill the man I held ſo dear,
The man I cheriſh'd once for faith ſincere.
Let other puniſhment thy deeds attend,
Than death from him who call'd thee once his friend.
Thus he; and on a courſer bade be plac'd
A ruſtic bier of branches interlac'd,
Half dead thereon the wretched youth was laid,
And to the caſtle's neighbouring walls convey'd,
Where, in the lone retreat, he lay confin'd,
The penance for his future life deſign'd.
But that abandon'd dame, inſatiate, preſs'd
My brother ſtill, and urg'd her foul requeſt.

What

What more avails thy boaſted truth (ſhe cry'd),
Since my report has ſet that boaſt aſide?
Behold the guerdon of thy mighty pains!
Of all thy rigour, lo! what fruit remains!
Thou dwell'ſt in durance, never hence to part,
Till pity ſoften thy obdurate heart;
But if thou yield'ſt—I ſome device will frame
To ſet thee free, and heal thy wounded fame.
Philander anſwer'd—Hope not to prevail;
Nor think Philander's faith ſhall ever fail,
Though now it meets ſuch unexpected lot:
Howe'er the world my merits has forgot,
One Power above my innocence can ſee,
And, at his will, my ſoul from trouble free.
Even he, who now deteſts my hated name,
When life ſhall ceaſe to warm this mortal frame,
May to my memory wrong'd at laſt be juſt,
And weep his dear companion laid in duſt.
Thus oft the ſhameleſs woman ſtrives to gain
Philander's love, as oft ſhe ſtrives in vain;
Each rack'd invention in her thought applies,
And ponders all her magazine of lies;
Till Fortune, friendly to the wicked, brought
The wiſh'd occaſion, which ſhe long had ſought.

Between her huſband and a baron reign'd
A hatred, in their houſes long maintain'd:
Morando was he call'd, ſurnam'd the Fair,
Who oft, Argeo abſent, would repair
Within his caſtle gates, and every outrage dare.
Argeo, to entice him thither, feigns
A vow to viſit Sion's hallow'd plains:
Thus went the fame, while to his wife was known
The truth entruſted to her faith alone.
At cloſe of eve the caſtle he regain'd,
And every knight within the walls remain'd.
With arms and enſigns chang'd, at dawn of day,
Each morning to the woods he took his way.

Now here, now there, with heedful watch he ſtray'd
Around his caſtle, lurking in the ſhade,
To mark, if truſting to the well-form'd tale,
Morando durſt, as wont, his walls aſſail.
All day abroad he roam'd, but when he view'd
The light extinguiſh'd in the briny flood,
He came, where ſtation'd his return to wait,
His wife receiv'd him at a ſecret gate.
The fatal time ſhe ſeiz'd, my brother found,
And with dire fraud her impious wiſhes crown'd;
While from her eyes, for ever brew'd at will,
She pour'd a ſhower of tears her breaſt to fill.

Where

Where ſhall I fly? (ſhe cry'd) what ſuccour claim
To guard my own, to guard my huſband's fame?
Thou know'ſt Morando well—Argeo hence,
Scarce Gods or men can yield me now defence
Againſt the traitor, who, with many a bribe
And menace, has ſeduc'd my menial tribe.
The ſuit he once by diſtant meſſage preſs'd,
He boldly now has face to face addreſs'd;
So cloſe addreſs'd, I dread that future ſhame
And dire misfortune will attend my name:
And but I late, with more attentive ear,
Gently appear'd his amorous tale to hear,
His paſſion would have ſeiz'd, by open force,
What now he hopes to win by milder courſe.
I promis'd ſoon to yield—yet ne'er deſign'd
To keep what, made through fear, can never bind.
For this, in thee alone I truſt for aid;
Unhelp'd by thee my honour is betray'd,
With my Argeo's—which, if truth may lie
In friendſhip's words, you once eſteem'd ſo high.
There needs not this (Philander cries) to move
A ſpirit ever prompt the moſt to prove
For my Argeo's ſake——thy wiſh explain—
The faith I once poſſeſs'd, I ſtill retain.

Then

Then impious ſhe—Thy weapon muſt deſtroy
The wretch who ſeeks to poiſon all my joy.
Morando will return when riſing night
With murky ſhade obſcures the ſetting light,
While, at a ſignal fix'd, prepar'd I wait
Unſeen, to give him entrance at the gate.
Thee will I ſafe in ſecret ambuſh place,
Without a ray the friendly gloom to chace;
Till, urg'd by me his arms aſide to lay,
He to thy juſtice falls an eaſy prey.

With cruelty unheard, the ruthleſs wife
Thus form'd the ſnare to entrap her huſband's life:
If wife ſhe may be call'd, or rather nam'd
A fiend, with more than fiend-like rage inflam'd.

When now the fatal night her ſhadows ſpread,
She to her room my wretched brother led;
There plac'd him with his arms and truſty ſword,
Till home return'd the caſtle's abſent lord.
All to her impious hopes in courſe befel;
'Tis rare but evil deeds ſucceed too well.
Philander view'd in him Argeo's foe,
And at his own Argeo aim'd the blow:
Speechleſs he fell; and bleeding as he lay,
Without a ſtruggle groan'd his life away.

The husband thus dispatch'd, his murdering sword
My brother to Gabrina's hand restor'd.
Gabrina is her name, who every day
Is born to curse, and lives but to betray!
She who, till then, conceal'd the horrid truth,
With lighted torch approach'd th' unhappy youth,
And bade him view how well his arm had sped,
And show'd where lay his friend Argeo dead.
She menac'd then, unless his pliant will
The dictates of her hateful love fulfil,
In every part to make his trespass known,
Which all should tell, and he in vain disown.
So must he die, with guilt of murder stain'd,
A public victim to the hangman's hand.
She bade him ponder, though to die he dar'd,
If for a shameful death he stood prepar'd.
Philander, when his dire mistake he view'd,
Congeal'd with horror and amazement stood:
As when a ship, that in mid ocean sails,
Drives to and fro by two opposing gales:
Between two evils thus Philander prest,
Debating long, he fixes on the least:
Fate urges now the dreadful choice to make:
Though all her arts before could never shake

His

His conſtant faith; the dread of death with ſhame
Compels him, while he loaths her impious flame,
To plight his vow to join with hers his hand,
When both had ſafely left the Grecian land.

Thus the foul ſorc'reſs won his forc'd conſent,
And with him cloſely from the caſtle went.
Again his home and friends Philander view'd,
But infamy in Greece his name purſu'd.
Still in his mind he bears, with thrilling pain,
His lov'd companion by his weapon ſlain;
Deep, and more deep, grief work'd its canker'd way,
Till on his bed of ſickneſs ſad Philander lay.

The foul adultreſs, who his heart beheld
Still to her flame averſe, indignant ſwell'd
To fierce reſentment; till her thoughts, eſtrang'd
From all her love, again to hatred chang'd:
And ſoon, as once againſt the baron's life,
Againſt my brother's wrought this impious wife,
From this bad world to ſend, with arts accurſt,
The ſecond huſband, as ſhe ſent the firſt.

A leech ſhe found, far better taught to kill
With poiſonous, than with wholeſome drugs to heal;
And him ſhe drew, by hopes of vaſt reward,
With her infernal purpoſe to accord,

The ſtrength of ſome envenom'd juice to prove,
And from her loathing ſight her lord remove.
  Join'd with myſelf, a mourning friendly band
Enclos'd his bed, when with the cup in hand
The leech approach'd, and ſaid the drink he bore
Would ſoon my brother's waſted health reſtore.
Gabrina then, a witneſs to remove
Who knew th' effects of her deteſted love;
Perchance in avarice to withhold his gains,
The price agreed to recompenſe his pains,
Exc'aim'd—Be not diſpleas'd, if thus I fear
For one whoſe life I ever held ſo dear:
Give me, by proof, to know thou haſt not brought
Some potion here with fatal venom fraught:
Think not my lord the proffer'd cup ſhall take,
Till firſt thy lips the medicine's trial make.
  Reflect, ſir knight! how ſtood, depriv'd of ſpeech,
In his own treaſon caught, the wretched leech;
The time that preſs'd allow'd not to revolve,
And fix his mind on what he ſhould reſolve:
Fearful to expoſe his guilt, he deem'd it beſt,
Without delay, to give th' exacted teſt.
The ſick man then, with unſuſpecting thought,
Quaff'd all the remnant of the deadly draught.

The

The deed complete, the leech prepar'd to take
His journey home, ſome antidote to make,
Ere yet too far the poiſon through his blood
Had ſpread; but fell Gabrina this withſtood.
In vain with prayers, in vain with bribes, he try'd
To be diſmiſs'd; the traitreſs this deny'd.
All deſperate now, he ſees before his eye
Immediate death, nor from that death can fly.
Then to th' aſſiſtants he the truth expos'd,
Nor could the hag diſprove the truth diſclos'd.
Thus on himſelf that good phyſician brought
Such evil, as he oft for others wrought.
And now his ſpirit follow'd, to purſue
My brother's ſpirit that before him flew;
While we, who late with freezing horror heard
The truth that by the leech's tale appear'd,
Seiz'd on that fiend, more cruel than the brood
Of ſavage beaſts that haunt the gloomy wood;
And in a dungeon ſhut, condemn'd by fire
For all her crimes in torture to expire.
Thus ſaid Hermonides, and more had ſpoke,
To tell how from her priſon walls ſhe broke,
But, fainting with the anguiſh of his wound,
He backward fell, half ſenſeleſs, on the ground;

While two attending ſquires, with ready care,
Of branches lopt a ruſtic bier prepare:
Here, as he will'd, Hermonides they laid,
And thus, diſabled, from the field convey'd.
Zerbino ſeeks to excuſe his luckleſs deed,
Much griev'd by him to ſee the champion bleed;
Yet knightly faith compell'd him to oppoſe,
In her behalf, whoe'er appear'd her foes.
In all beſide, he ſtood by deed or word
Prepar'd to aid, with counſel or with ſword,
A knight whoſe chance his generous heart deplor'd.

The knight return'd—he wiſh'd him to beware,
And rid his hands of fell Gabrina's care,
Ere her black arts had fram'd ſome guileful train
To make his grief and late repentance vain.
Gabrina ſilent ſtood, with downcaſt eye;
For truth confirm'd admits not a reply.

Departing thence, Zerbino took his way
Where with the hag his deſtin'd journey lay,
His hatred kindled to ſo fierce a height,
He turn'd with horror from her loathſome ſight.
She, who beholds Zerbino's ſecret mind,
Nor will in enmity remain behind,

Bates

Bates not an inch of malice, but repays
His hatred with her own a hundred ways:
Black poiſon rankles in her impious breaſt,
In every feature rancour ſtands confeſt.
When from the weſt the ſetting rays appear,
The noiſe of blows and claſhing arms they hear;
The path purſu'd, that to a valley led,
They ſee a body warm and newly dead:
There Pinabello lay, and, drench'd in blood,
Pour'd from his numerous wounds a crimſon flood.
The pitying warrior turn'd aſide to trace
The track of horſes' feet, that mark'd the place,
In hope to find where lurk'd, conceal'd from ſight,
The unknown aſſaſſin of the murder'd knight:
Meantime he bade Gabrina to remain,
And there expect his quick return again.

Now near the ſcene of death Gabrina drew,
Exploring all the corſe with greedy view;
For ſtill to every other vice ſhe join'd
The deepeſt avarice of a female mind:
And, but ſhe knew not to conceal her theft,
Her hands rapacious had the knight bereft
Of every ſpoil; the ſcarf embroider'd o'er
With gold, and all the glittering arms he wore.

A belt of coſtly work ſhe ſafely plac'd
Beneath her veſt, conceal'd around her waiſt:
'Twas all ſhe could; and, while of this poſſeſt,
The beldame griev'd in heart to leave the reſt.

Zerbino, now return'd, who, through the wood,
With fruitleſs ſearch had Bradamant purſu'd;
The day declin'd, he thence his courſe addreſs'd,
With that dire hag, to find a place of reſt.

Two miles remote they to a caſtle came,
(Fam'd Altariva was the caſtle's name)
And here they ſtay'd to paſs the approaching night,
That quench'd the ſplendor of departing light.

Here ſcarce arriv'd, on every ſide they hear
The voice of loud laments invade their ear.
Zerbino aſk'd what cauſe their anguiſh wrought;
And heard of tidings to Anſelmo brought,
How, 'twixt two mountains, in a ſhady dell,
His ſon, his Pinabello, murder'd fell.

Soon came the bier with Pinabello dead,
While torches round their ſolemn ſplendor ſhed,
To where the thickeſt ranks lamenting ſtand,
Raiſe the ſhrill cry, and wring the mournful hand;
Where every eye is fill'd with guſhing woe,
And down the beard the trickling currents flow.

Above the reſt, ſee, impotent in grief,
The wretched father mocks each vain relief;
While all, as ſacred cuſtom each invites,
Prepare, with pomp, the laſt funereal rites.
The herald from the prince declares aloud
The ſovereign will, and to the murmuring crowd
Proclaims, that he ſhall vaſt rewards obtain,
Who tells the wretch by whom his ſon was ſlain.
Theſe tidings reach'd the hag, whoſe fury fell
Not bears or tigers of the woods excel;
While impious treaſon in her boſom wrought,
The preſence of th' afflicted earl ſhe ſought;
There firſt with plauſive ſpeech his ear amus'd,
And good Zerbino of the deed accus'd;
Then from her lap, to prove the ſtory true,
The coſtly belt produc'd in open view,
Which, ſeen, too well the wretched parent knew.
With tears, his hands uplifting to the ſkies,
Thou ſhall not periſh unreveng'd—he cries;
Then bids ſurround the houſe.—With furious zeal
The people, rous'd, obey their ruler's will;
And while no danger near Zerbino knows,
He finds himſelf a priſoner to his foes,

Given to Anſelmo's rage, when ſunk to reſt
Refreſhing ſleep his heavy eyes depreſs'd.
Him in a darkſome cell that night detain'd,
They kept in ſhackles and with bolts reſtrain'd,
Condemn'd to ſuffer for imputed guilt,
In that ſad valley where the blood was ſpilt.
No further proof there needs the fact to try;
Their lord has ſentenc'd, and th' accus'd muſt die.

When from her couch Aurora made return,
With many-coloured beams to paint the morn,
With horſe and foot, Zerbino thence was led
To atone the blood another's hand had ſhed.
On a low ſteed the knight of Scotland rides,
His noble arms cloſe pinion'd to his ſides,
And head caſt down; but Heaven, that ſtill defends
The guiltleſs, that for help on him depends,
Already watchful o'er the warrior's ſtate,
Prepares to ſnatch him from impending fate.
Orlando thither comes, and comes to ſave
The prince from ſhame and an untimely grave:
Galego's daughter, Iſabella fair,
With him he brought, whom from the watery war
And bulging veſſel ſav'd, his noble hand
Had freed, when captive of a lawleſs band;

She,

She, whoſe lov'd form Zerbino's heart poſſeſs'd,
More dear than life that warm'd his faithful breaſt.
The knight and virgin from a mountain's brow
Beheld the ſwarming populace below:
He left his charge, and ruſhing to the plain,
Zerbino ſingled from th' ignoble train;
And by his outward looks at once divin'd
The chief a baron of no vulgar kind.
Approaching near, he aſk'd his cauſe of ſhame,
And whither led in bonds, and whence he came.
At this, his head the mourning champion rear'd,
And, when the Paladin's demand he heard,
With brief reply his piteous tale diſclos'd,
In truth ſincere, that ſoon the earl diſpos'd,
For his defence, to combat on his ſide,
Who, guiltleſs of the charge, unjuſtly dy'd.
But when he found that Altariva's lord
The ſentence paſt, the noble ſufferer's word
Stood more confirm'd; for in Anſelmo's breaſt
He deem'd that juſtice ne'er her ſeat poſſeſs'd.
Between Maganza's houſe, and Clarmont, reign'd
A lineal hate, from ſire to ſon maintain'd.
Then to the herd he turn'd with threatening cry:
Ye caitiff bands! releaſe the knight, or die!

And who is he (ſaid one, to prove his zeal,
In luckleſs hour) that thus with words would kill?
Well was his menace, were our feeble frame
Of wax or ſtraw, and his conſuming flame.
He ſaid; and ſpurr'd to aſſail the peer of France;
And him Orlando met with ready lance.

That glittering armour, which, the night before,
The fierce Maganzan from Zerbino tore,
Now proudly worn, could not the death prevent,
Which from his ſpear Anglante's warrior ſent.
On his right cheek was driven the pointed wood,
And, though the temper'd helm the point withſtood,
The neck refus'd the furious ſtroke to bear;
The bone ſnapt ſhort, and life diſſolv'd in air.

At once, while yet the ſpear remain'd in reſt,
He pierc'd another through the panting breaſt;
There left the lance, and Durindana drew,
And midſt the thickeſt preſs reſiſtleſs flew.
Of this, the ſkull in equal parts he cleaves;
That, of his head at one fierce ſtroke bereaves;
One quits his helmet; one his cumbrous ſhield;
All caſt their uſeleſs weapons on the field.
Some leap the foſſe, ſome ſcour the broad-way ſide;
In foreſts ſome, and ſome in caverns hide.

The throng diſpers'd, he to Zerbino preſs'd,
Whoſe anxious heart yet trembled in his breaſt:
Low had he fall'n, and proſtrate on the ground
Ador'd the knight, from whom ſuch aid he found;
But to the ſteed his feet with cords were bound.
Orlando now his limbs from ſhackles freed,
And help'd him to reſume his warlike weed,
Which late the captain of Maganza's train
Had worn in battle, but had worn in vain.
When Iſabella, by Orlando's ſword
The noble ſufferer ſaw to life reſtor'd,
She left the hill, and as ſhe nearer drew,
In her his beſt-belov'd Zerbino knew:
Her, whom from lying Fame he mourn'd as loſt
In roaring billows on the rocky coaſt.
As with a bolt of ice, his heart became
All freezing cold; a trembling ſeiz'd his frame:
But ſoon a feveriſh heat ſucceeding, ſpread
Through every part, and dy'd his cheeks with red.
Love bade him ruſh, and claſp her to his breaſt;
But reverence for Anglante's lord repreſs'd
His eager wiſh——and, ah! too ſure he thought
Her virgin grace the ſtranger's ſoul had caught.
From ſorrows thus to deeper ſorrows caſt,
He finds how ſoon his mighty joys are paſt:

And better could he bear to loſe her charms
By death, than ſee her in another's arms.
Thus journeying on, the knights and princely maid,
At length diſmounting, near a fountain ſtay'd:
The wearied earl releas'd his laden brows,
And bade Zerbino there his helm uncloſe.
Soon as the fair her lover's face eſpies,
From her ſoft cheek the roſy colour flies,
Then ſwift returns——So looks the humid flower
When Sol's bright beams ſucceed the drizzling ſhower:
Careleſs of aught, ſhe runs with eager pace,
And claſps Zerbino with a dear embrace;
There, while in ſilence to his neck ſhe grows,
Tear following tear, his face and breaſt o'erflows.
Orlando, by their ſide, attentive ſtands,
Their meeting marks, nor other proof demands
That this unknown, who late his ſuccour prov'd,
Was prince Zerbino, by the dame belov'd.
Soon as the fair-one rais'd her voice to ſpeak,
(The drops yet hanging on her tender cheek)
Her grateful lips no other could proclaim,
Than the full praiſes of Orlando's name,
His matchleſs valour for her ſake beſtow'd,
And every courteſy the warrior ſhow'd.

Zerbino

Zerbino now the generous earl ador'd,
Who in one day had twice his life reſtor'd.
Thus they: when ſudden from the neighbouring brake
They heard, with ruſtling ſound, the branches ſhake;
Each to his naked head his helm apply'd:
Each ſeiz'd the reins; but, ere he could beſtride
His foaming courſer, from the woodland came,
Before their ſight, a champion and a dame.
The knight was Mandricardo, who purſu'd
Orlando's track, till Doralis he view'd:
He knew not yet the ſable chief, whoſe might
Had rais'd his envy, was Anglante's knight;
Him (while beſide unmark'd Zerbino ſtood)
From head to foot he now attentive view'd,
And, finding every ſign deſcrib'd agree,
Lo! thou the man (he cry'd) I wiſh'd to ſee.
Ten days my anxious ſearch, from plain to plain,
Has trac'd thy courſe, but trac'd till now in vain:
So have thy deeds, in all our camp confeſt,
With emulation fir'd my ſwelling breaſt,
For hundreds ſent by thee to Pluto's ſtrand,
Where ſcarcely one eſcap'd thy dreadful hand,
From Tremizen and Norway's valiant band.

Full

Full well inform'd, I know thy ſable dreſs;
Thy veſt and armour him I ſeek confeſs.
And ſure thy looks and bold demeanour tell
That thou art he in battle prov'd ſo well.
  Thee too no leſs (Orlando thus reply'd)
All muſt pronounce a knight of valour try'd;
For thoughts ſo noble never ſhall we find
The tenants of a baſe degenerate mind.
If me thou com'ſt to view—indulge thy will—
Unlooſe my helmet, and behold thy fill—
But having view'd me well, proceed to prove
(What moſt thy generous envy ſeems to move)
How much in arms my proweſs may compare
With that demeanour thou haſt held ſo fair.
  'Tis there I fix my wiſh (the Pagan cry'd);
My firſt demand is fully ſatisfy'd.
  Meanwhile the earl from head to foot explor'd
The Tartar round, but view'd nor ax nor ſword;
Then aſk'd what weapon muſt the fight maintain,
Should his firſt onſet with the lance be vain.
Heed not my want (he ſaid)—this ſingle ſpear
Has often taught my braveſt foes to fear.
A ſolemn oath I took, no ſword to wear,
Till Durindana from the earl I bear.

Yet

Yet more—my boſom glows with fierce deſire
To avenge the death of Agrican, my ſire,
Whom baſe Orlando ſlew in treacherous ſtrife,
Nor could he elſe have reach'd his noble life.
The earl, no longer ſilent, ſtern replies:
Thou ly'ſt, and each that dares affirm it, lies.
Chance gives thee what thou ſeek'ſt—Orlando view
In me, who Agrican with honour ſlew.
Behold the ſword thou long haſt wiſh'd to gain,
And, if thou ſeek'ſt, with glory may'ſt obtain.
He ſaid; and inſtant from his ſide unbrac'd,
And Durindana on a ſapling plac'd.
Already each on each impels his ſteed,
And gives the reins at freedom to his ſpeed:
Already each directs his ſpear aright,
Where the clos'd helmet but admits the light.
The aſh ſeems brittle ice, and to the ſky
With ſudden craſh a thouſand ſplinters fly.
The ſtaves break ſhort—yet neither knight would yield
One foot, one inch—then wheeling round the field,
Again they meet, and with the vant-plate rear,
Firm in each graſp, the truncheon of the ſpear
That yet remain'd—theſe chiefs that once engag'd
With ſword or lance, like ruſtics now enrag'd,

Whoſe

(Whoſe blows diſpute the ſtream or meadow's right,)
With ſhatter'd ſtaves purſu'd a cruel fight.
Four times they ſtruck, the fourth the truncheon broke
Cloſe to the wriſt, nor bore another ſtroke:
While either knight, as mutual fury reign'd,
Alone with gauntlet arm'd the ſtrife maintain'd:
Where'er they grapple, ſteely plate and ſcale
They rend aſunder, and disjoint the mail:
Each nerve exerting, with Orlando clos'd
The Pagan warrior, breaſt to breaſt oppos'd,
In hope with him the like ſucceſs to prove,
As with Antæus once the ſon of Jove.
With both his arms he graſps the mighty foe,
Tugs with full force, and draws him to and fro:
He foams, he raves—he ſcarcely can contain
His riſing rage, nor heeds his courſer's rein.
Collected in himſelf, Orlando tries
Whate'er advantage ſtrength or ſkill ſupplies.
His hand he to the Pagan's ſteed extends,
And from his head by chance the bridle rends.
The Saracen with every art eſſays,
In vain, his rival from the ſeat to raiſe;
Till, yielding to the Pagan's furious force,
The girth breaks ſhort, and ſudden from his horſe

Orlando

Orlando falls to earth; but ſtill his feet
The ſtirrups keep, and ſtill, as in the ſeat,
His thighs are ſtrain'd, while, with a clanking ſound,
His armour rattled as he touch'd the ground.
The adverſe courſer, from the bridle freed,
Acroſs the champaign bends with rapid ſpeed
His devious way: when thus the fair * eſpy'd
Her lover borne from her unguarded ſide;
Without his preſence fearful to remain,
His flight to trace, ſhe turns her palfrey's rein.

The haughty Pagan, as his courſer flies,
Now ſoothes, now ſtrikes, and now with angry cries
He threats the beaſt, as if with ſenſe indu'd,
That, mindleſs of his lord, his way purſu'd.
Three miles he bore, and ſtill had borne the knight,
But that a croſſing ditch oppos'd their flight:
There fell both man and horſe: the Pagan ſtruck
Againſt the ground, but from the dangerous ſhock
Eſcap'd unhurt.—To whom the damſel cry'd,
Lo! from my palfrey be your need ſupply'd;
Bridled or looſe, mine, patient of command,
Obeys the voice, and anſwers to the hand.

* Doralis.

The Pagan deem'd it ill a knight became
To accept the proffer of the courteous dame;
But Fortune, wont her kindly aid to give,
Found better means that might his wants relieve,
And foul Gabrina to the place convey'd,
Who, ſince her guile Zerbino had betray'd,
Shunn'd every ſtranger, like the wolf that flies
The hunters' voice, and dogs' purſuing cries.
This beldame now the youthful veſtments wore,
Which Pinabello's dame had worn before.
King Stordilano's daughter, and her knight,
Beheld with laughter ſuch an uncouth ſight:
From her, his courſer's bridle to ſupply,
He takes the reins; then, with a ſhouting cry,
Her palfrey drives, that to the foreſt bears
The trembling crone expiring with her fears,
Through rough or even paths, o'er hills and dales,
By hanging cliffs, deep ſtreams, or gloomy vales.
Orlando ſtay'd, in hopes, ere long, to view
His foe return, the combat to renew;
At length reſolv'd the Tartar to purſue.
Yet, ere he went, as one whoſe deeds expreſs'd
The ſoft effuſions of a courteous breaſt,

With

With gentle ſpeech, fair ſmiles, and open look,
He friendly leave of both the lovers took.
Zerbino mourn'd to quit the generous chief;
And Iſabella wept with tender grief:
The noble earl their earneſt ſuit refus'd
To ſhare his fortune, and to each excus'd
What honour muſt deny; for greater ſhame,
He urg'd, could never ſtain a warrior's name,
Than, in the day of glorious ſtrife, to make
A friend his danger and his toils partake.
This ſaid: as each his ſeparate fortune guides,
Zerbino here, and there Orlando rides:
But ere the valiant earl the place forſook,
His truſty falchion from the tree he took.
The winding courſe the Pagan's ſteed purſu'd
Through the thick covert of th' entangled wood,
Perplex'd Orlando, who, with fruitleſs pain,
Two days had follow'd, nor his ſight could gain;
Then reach'd a ſtream that through a meadow led,
Whoſe vivid turf an emerald carpet ſpread,
Spangled with flowers of many a dazzling hue,
Where numerous trees in beauteous order grew,
Whoſe ſhadowy branches gave a kind retreat
To flocks, and naked ſwains, from mid-day heat.

With ponderous cuiraſs, ſhield, and helm oppreſt,
Orlando ſoon the welcome gales confeſs'd;
And entering here to ſeek a ſhort repoſe,
In evil chance a dreadful ſeat he choſe.

There, caſting round a caſual glance, he view'd
Full many a tree, that trembled o'er the flood,
Inſcrib'd with words, in which, as near he drew,
The hand of his Angelica he knew.

This place was one, of many a mead and bower,
For which Medoro, at the ſultry hour,
Oft left the ſhepherd's cot, by love inſpir'd,
And with Cathay's unrivall'd queen retir'd.
Angelica and her Medoro, twin'd
In amorous poſies on the ſylvan rind,
He ſees; while every letter proves a dart,
Which love infixes in his bleeding heart.
Fain would he, by a thouſand ways, deceive
His cruel thoughts—fain would he not believe
What ſight confirms—then hopes ſome other fair
The name of his Angelica may bear.
But ah! (he cry'd) too ſurely can I tell
Thoſe characters oft ſeen and known ſo well—
Yet ſhould this fiction but conceal her love,
Medoro then may bleſt Orlando prove.

Thus,

Thus, ſelf-deceiv'd, forlorn Orlando ſtrays
Still far from truth, ſtill wanders in the maze
Of doubts and fears, while in his breaſt he tries
To feed that hope his better ſenſe denies.
So the poor bird, that from his fields of air
Lights in the fraudful gin or viſcous ſnare,
The more he flutters, and the ſubtle wiles
Attempts to 'ſcape, the faſter makes the toils.
Now came Orlando where the pendent hill,
Curv'd in an arch, o'erhung the limpid rill:
Around the cavern's mouth were ſeen to twine
The creeping ivy and the curling vine.
Oft here the happy pair were wont to waſte
The noontide heats, embracing and embrac'd;
And chiefly here, inſcrib'd or carv'd, their names
Innumerous witneſs'd to their growing flames.
Alighting here, the warrior penſive ſtood,
And at the grotto's ruſtic entrance view'd
Words by the hand of young Medoro trac'd,
Such as, when late with beauty's favour grac'd,
For bliſs conferr'd his grateful thanks expreſs'd,
And thus in tuneful verſe his paſſion dreſs'd.

Hail! lovely plants, clear ſtreams, and meadows green;
And thou, dear cave, whoſe cool ſequeſter'd ſcene

No ſun moleſts! Where ſhe, of royal ſtrain,
Angelica, by numbers woo'd in vain,
Daughter of Galaphron, with heavenly charms,
Was oft enfolded in theſe happy arms!
O! let me, poor Medoro, thus repay
Such nameleſs rapture; thus with every lay
Of grateful praiſe the tender boſom move,
Lords, knights, and dames, that know the ſweets of love;
Each traveller, or hind of low degree,
Whom choice or fortune leads this place to ſee;
Till all ſhall cry—Thou ſun, thou moon, attend!
This fountain, grotto, mead, and ſhade defend!
Guard them, ye choir of nymphs! nor let the ſwain
With flocks or herds the ſacred haunts profane!
Three times he reads, as oft he reads again
The cruel lines; as oft he ſtrives, in vain,
To give each ſenſe the lie, and fondly tries
To diſbelieve the witneſs of his eyes;
While at each word he feels the jealous ſmart,
And ſudden coldneſs freezing at his heart.
Fix'd on the ſtone, in ſtiffening gaze, that prov'd
His ſecret pangs, he ſtood with looks unmov'd,
A breathing ſtatue! while the godlike light
Of reaſon nearly ſeem'd eclips'd in night:

Confide

Confide in him, who by experience knows,
This is the woe ſurpaſſing other woes!
From his ſad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breaſt declines his drooping head;
Nor can he find (while grief each ſenſe o'erbears)
Voice for his plaints, or moiſture for his tears:
Impatient ſorrow ſeeks its way to force,
But with too eager haſte retards the courſe.
As when a full-brimm'd vaſe, with ample waiſt
And ſlender entrance form'd, is downward plac'd,
And ſtands revers'd, the ruſhing waters pent,
All crowd at once to iſſue at the vent;
The narrow vent the ſtruggling tide reſtrains,
And ſcarcely drop by drop the bubbling liquor drains.

When ſetting Phœbus to his ſiſter's reign
Reſign'd the ſkies, Orlando mounts again
His Brigliadoro's back, and ſoon eſpies
The curling ſmoke from neighbouring hamlets riſe:
The herds are heard to low, the dogs to bay;
And to the village now his lonely way
Orlando takes; there pale and languid leaves
His Brigliadoro, where a youth receives
The generous courſer; while, with ready haſte,
One from the champion has his mail unbrac'd;

One takes his ſpurs of gold; and one from ruſt
His armour ſcours, and cleanſes from the duſt.
Lo! this the cot, where feeble with his wound
Medoro lay, where wondrous chance he found.
No nouriſhment the warrior here deſir'd;
On grief he fed, nor other food requir'd.
He ſought to reſt, but ah! the more he ſought,
New pangs were added to his troubled thought:
Where'er he turn'd his ſight, he ſtill deſcry'd
The hated words inſcrib'd on every ſide:
He would have ſpoke, but held his peace in fear
To know the truth he dreaded moſt to hear.
The gentle ſwain, who mark'd his ſecret grief,
With cheerful ſpeech to give his pains relief,
Told all th' adventure that the pair befel,
Which oft before his tongue was wont to tell
To every gueſt that gave a willing ear;
For many a gueſt was pleas'd the tale to hear.
He told, how to his cot the virgin brought
Medoro wounded; how his cure ſhe wrought,
While in her boſom Love's impoiſon'd dart
With deeper wound transfix'd her bleeding heart:
Hence, mindleſs of her birth, a princeſs bred,
Rich India's heir, ſhe deign'd, by paſſion led,
A friendleſs youth of low eſtate to wed.

In

In witneſs of his tale, the peaſant ſhow'd
The bracelet by Angelica beſtow'd,
Departing thence, her token of regard
His hoſpitable welcome to reward.
This fatal proof, his well-known preſent, left
Of every gleam of hope his ſoul bereft:
Love, that had tortur'd long his wretched thrall,
With this concluding ſtroke determin'd all.
At length, from every view retir'd apart,
He gives full vent to his o'erlabour'd heart;
Now from his eyes the ſtreaming ſhower releas'd,
Stains his pale cheek, and wanders down his breaſt;
Deeply he groans, and, ſtaggering with his woes,
On the lone bed his liſtleſs body throws;
But reſts no more than if in wilds forlorn,
Stretch'd on the naked rock or pointed thorn.
While thus he lay, he ſudden call'd to mind,
That on the couch, where then his limbs reclin'd,
His faithleſs miſtreſs and her ſpouſe repos'd,
And oft their eyes in balmy ſlumber clos'd.
Stung with the thought, the hated down he flies:
Not ſwifter from the turf is ſeen to riſe
The ſwain, who, courting grateful ſleep, perceives
A ſerpent darting through the ruſtling leaves.

Each object now is loathſome to his ſight;
The bed—the cot—the ſwain—he heeds no light
To guide his ſteps, not Dian's ſilver ray,
Nor cheerful dawn, the harbinger of day.
He takes his armour, and his ſteed he takes,
And through ſurrounding gloom impatient makes
His darkling way, there vents his woes alone,
In many a dreadful plaint and dreary groan.
Unceaſing ſtill he weeps, unceaſing mourns;
Alike to him the night, the day, returns;
Cities and towns he ſhuns; in woods he lies,
His bed the earth, his canopy the ſkies.
He wonders oft what fountain can ſupply
His floods of grief; how ſigh ſucceeds to ſigh.
Theſe are not tears (he cry'd) that ceaſeleſs flow;
Far other ſigns are theſe that ſpeak my woe.
Before the fire my vital moiſture flies,
And now, exhaling, iſſues at my eyes:
Lo! thus it ſtreams, and thus ſhall ever ſpend,
Till with its courſe my life and ſorrows end.
Theſe are not ſighs that thus my torments ſhow;
Sighs have a pauſe, but theſe no reſpite know.
Love burns my heart! theſe are the gales he makes,
As round the flame his fanning wings he ſhakes.

How canſt thou, wondrous Love! ſurround with fire,
Yet, unconſum'd, preſerve my heart entire?
I am not he, the man my looks proclaim,
The man that lately bore Orlando's name;
He, by his fair one's cruel falſehood, dies;
And now, interr'd, her hapleſs victim lies.
I am his ſpirit freed from mortal chains,
Doom'd in this hell to rove with endleſs pains;
A wretched warning here on earth to prove
For all henceforth who put their truſt in love.

Through the ſtill night, the earl from ſhade to ſhade
Thus lonely rov'd, and when the day diſplay'd
Its twilight gleam, chance to the fountain led
His wandering courſe, where firſt his fate he read
In fond Medoro's ſtrains—the ſight awakes
His torpid ſenſe, each patient thought forſakes
His maddening breaſt, that rage and hatred breathes,
And from his ſide he ſwift the ſword unſheaths.
He hews the rock, he makes the letters fly;
The ſhatter'd fragments mount into the ſky:
Hapleſs the cave whoſe ſtones, the trees whoſe rind
Bear with Angelica Medoro join'd;
From that curs'd day no longer to receive,
And flocks or ſwains with cooling ſhade relieve;

While

While that fair fountain, late ſo ſilvery pure,
Remain'd as little from his rage ſecure:
Together boughs and earthen clods he drew,
Crags, ſtones, and trunks, and in the waters threw;
Deep in its bed, with ooze and mud he pil'd
The murmuring current, and its ſpring defil'd.
His limbs now moiſten'd with a briny tide,
When ſtrength no more his ſenſeleſs wrath ſupply'd,
Low on the turf he ſunk, unnerv'd and ſpent,
All motionleſs, his looks on heaven intent,
Stretch'd without food or ſleep; while thrice the ſun
Had ſtay'd, and thrice his daily courſe had run.
The fourth dire morn, with frantic rage poſſeſt,
He rends the armour from his back and breaſt:
Here lies the helmet, there the boſſy ſhield,
Cuiſhes and cuiraſs further ſpread the field;
And all his other arms, at random ſtrow'd,
In divers parts he ſcatters through the wood;
Then from his body ſtrips the covering veſt,
And bares his ſinewy limbs and hairy cheſt;
And now begins ſuch feats of boundleſs rage,
As far and near th' aſtoniſh'd world engage.
His ſword he left; elſe had his dreadful hand
With blood and horror fill'd each waſted land:

But

But little pole-ax, ſword, or mace he needs
To aſſiſt his ſtrength, that every ſtrength exceeds.
Firſt his huge graſp a lofty pine up-tears
Sheer by the roots; the like another fares
Of equal growth; as eaſy round him ſtrow'd,
As lowly weeds, or ſhrubs, or dwarfiſh wood.
Vaſt oaks and elms before his fury fall;
The ſtately fir, tough aſh, and cedar tall.
As when a fowler for the field prepares
His ſylvan warfare; ere he ſpreads his ſnares,
From ſtubble, reeds, and furze, th' obſtructed land
Around he clears: no leſs Orlando's hand
Levels the trees that long had tower'd above,
For rolling years the glory of the grove!
The ruſtic ſwains that 'mid the woodland ſhade
Heard the loud craſh, forſook their flocks that ſtray'd
Without a ſhepherd, while their maſters flew
To learn the tumult and the wonder view.
As nearer now the madman they beheld,
Whoſe feats of ſtrength all human ſtrength excell'd,
They turn'd to fly; but knew not where nor whence,
Such ſudden fears diſtracted every ſenſe.
Swift he purſu'd, and one who vainly fled,
He ſeiz'd, and from the ſhoulders rent the head;

Eaſy, as from the ſtalk or tender ſhoot,
A peaſant crops the flower or plucks the fruit.
Now might ye hear in every village riſe
Tumultuous clamours, blending human cries
With ruſtic horns and pipes, while echo'd round
The pealing bells from neighbouring ſteeples ſound.
All ſeize ſuch weapons as the time provides,
Bows, ſlings, and ſtaves; and down the mountain's ſides
A thouſand ruſh; while from the dells below
As many ſwarm againſt a naked foe.
Ten wretches firſt, then other ten he ſlew,
That near his hand in wild diſorder drew.
None from his fated ſkin could lance the blood;
His ſkin unhurt the ſharpeſt edge withſtood.
The crowd, that ſaw each weapon aim'd in vain,
With backward ſteps retreated from the plain;
Then through the country round, with rapid pace,
To man or beaſt alike he gave the chace;
Through the deep covert of the tangled wood,
The nimble goat or fleeter deer purſu'd;
Oft on the bear or tuſky boar he flew,
And with his ſingle arm in combat ſlew.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ZERBINO and Iſabella are met by Almonio and Corebo, who bring Odorico priſoner. Arrival of Gabrina, and the ſentence paſſed on theſe two by Zerbino. Zerbino fights with Mandricardo in defence of Orlando's ſword: iſſue of the combat. Meeting of Mandricardo and Rodomont: their battle; they are parted, and agree to go to the aſſiſtance of Agramant. Rogero, after having caſt his ſhield into the well, arrives at the caſtle of Agriſmont, where he meets Richardetto, and is entertained by Aldiger of the houſe of Clarmont. Rogero's letter to Bradamant in excuſe for his abſence. Rogero, Richardetto and Aldiger ſet out next day to reſcue Malagigi and Vivian from the hands of Pagans.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO.

ORLANDO gone, awhile Zerbino ſtood,
Then took the path the Paladin purſu'd;
Scarce paſt a mile, ſlow riding, when he ſpy'd
A recreant knight, with hands behind him ty'd,
Plac'd on a humble ſteed, and for his guard,
On either ſide a knight in arms prepar'd.
Full ſoon Zerbino, as he nearer drew,
Full ſoon the lovely Iſabella knew
Falſe Odorico, truſted late to keep
Her virgin charms, like wolves to watch the ſheep.
The two, who thither brought the faithleſs knight,
On Iſabella caſt their wondering ſight,
As one they oft had ſeen; with her they gueſs'd
Their deareſt lord, the partner of her breaſt,

Companion rode; for well his blazon'd ſhield
The colours of his noble line reveal'd.
Approaching near, they ſaw with raptur'd eyes
His well-known face confirm their firſt ſurmiſe.
Swift from their ſteeds they leapt, with eager pace,
And open arms, impatient to embrace
Zerbino's knees: bareheaded now they ſtood
Before his ſight, and lowly reverent bow'd.
Zerbino fix'd on each his earneſt view,
And ſoon Corebo and Almonio knew;
Thoſe well-try'd friends, to whom he gave the care
With Odorico to protect the fair.
Almonio then—Since Heaven has pleas'd once more
To thee thy Iſabella to reſtore,
Why ſhould I now, my much-lov'd lord, relate
What well thou know'ſt—why in this captive ſtate
Yon caitiff rides—for ſhe, the fair betray'd,
Has long ere this his treacherous guilt diſplay'd;
Has told, how by his baſe and guileful art
Deceiv'd, the wretch induc'd me to depart;
How brave Corebo to defend her ſtood,
And, deeply wounded, ſhed his generous blood.
Attend the ſequel—From the town in haſte,
With ſteeds and menials, to the ſtrand I paſs'd;

Still

Still caſting round my eager eyes, to find
The friends and virgin whom I left behind.
Foremoſt I ſpurr'd, and travers'd all the ſhore,
Search'd every part their feet had trod before:
In vain—no ſign appear'd on either hand,
But ſome new marks of footſteps on the ſand.
I follow'd theſe, and theſe my courſe convey'd
Beneath the covert of the woodland ſhade:
Led by the ſound of arms, at length I found
Unbleſt Corebo bleeding on the ground——
Where is our virgin-charge I left ſo late?
Where Odorico? ſay, what adverſe fate
Has here reduc'd thee to this wretched ſtate?
Thus I—and now, the fatal truth reveal'd,
I ſought th' apoſtate wretch; the wretch conceal'd
Deceiv'd my ſearch, and all the day beguil'd,
Through wood and brake I wander'd in the wild;
At length return'd to where a crimſon tide
From pale Corebo's wounds the herbage dy'd.
Then from the woodland to the town I bore
The fainting youth, his vigour to reſtore.
Corebo cur'd, he took his arms and horſe;
To find the wretch we bent our eager courſe:
Him in Alphonſo's regal court I met,
And, dar'd in open liſt, againſt him ſet

My truſty lance: the king allow'd the fight
With every legal form to prove the right.
My cauſe prevail'd;—to me the monarch gave
His forfeit life, to puniſh or to ſave.
Nor would I free, nor take his guilty head,
But thus to thee in captive chains have led,
That thy decree might doom him to be ſlain,
Or kept alive, reſerv'd for further pain.
All thanks to Heaven! that thus, when leaſt I thought
To ſee my prince, my happy ſteps has brought:
Nor leſs my thanks, that thus I ſee reſtor'd
Thy Iſabella to her plighted lord.

Zerbino ſilent, while Almonio ſpoke,
On Odorico fix'd his earneſt look;
Till, with a deep-drawn ſigh, he rais'd his head,
And thus, benignant, to the priſoner ſaid:
Declare, unhappy, nor the truth ſuppreſs;
And, if we right have heard, thy guilt confeſs.
At this the faithleſs friend, low-bending, preſs'd
His knee to earth, and thus his lord addreſs'd.

To err is ſtill the lot of man below:
But hence the good from wicked minds we know;
The laſt, by nature prone to every fault,
At once give way to evil's firſt aſſault.

The

The good for brave defence their weapons wield,
But, if the foe be ſtrong, no leſs they yield.
Hadſt thou, O prince! conſign'd to my command
Some frontier poſt, and had my daſtard hand
Without reſiſtance given the hoſtile powers
To plant their ſtandard on thy conquer'd towers;
Then might the fouleſt curſe purſue my name,
The traitor's danger, and the coward's ſhame:
But, if compell'd to yield, not blame would meet,
But praiſe itſelf might follow ſuch defeat.
'Twas mine to guard my faith from mental foes,
Like ſome ſtrong fort which numerous troops encloſe.
With all the force ſupply'd me from above
By Heaven's ſupreme decree, full long I ſtrove
To guard the fortreſs, till my vigour fail'd,
And the ſtrong foe with ſtronger arms prevail'd.
He ceas'd: Zerbino ſtood in deep ſuſpenſe,
Or to forgive, or puniſh ſuch offence.
Thoughts of the heavy crime now ſeem'd to wake
His ſleeping wrath, the traitor's life to take:
Now dear remembrance of their friendſhip paſt,
Which, till that fatal chance, ſo firm could laſt,
With pity's ſtream reſentment's flame ſuppreſs'd,
And nouriſh'd mercy in his generous breaſt.

While unreſolv'd Zerbino ſtill remains
To free the offender, or to hold in chains;
By death to ſweep him from his ſight, or give
The wretch in lengthen'd ſufferings yet to live;
Behold loud neighing comes th' affrighted ſteed,
Which Mandricardo from his bridle freed,
And with him bears Gabrina pale for breath,
Whoſe guile had nearly wrought Zerbino's death.
Soon as Zerbino thither bends his eyes,
He lifts his hands in praiſes to the ſkies,
For two ſo wicked to his power reſign'd,
Whoſe deeds deſerv'd his deepeſt hate to find.
Then, turning to his friends, he cries—I give
My free conſent the faithleſs youth ſhall live:
Though ſuch offence may ſcarce forgiveneſs gain,
At leaſt it merits not ſevereſt pain.
Love has ere this a firmer boſom brought
To guilt more deep than Odorico's fault,
Which now we judge—to him let grace be ſhown,
The ſuffering ſhould be mine, and mine alone:
Blind as I was, ſo vaſt a truſt to yield,
Yet knew how flame can catch the ſtubble field!
To Odorico then—Be this thy doom,
The penance of thy deed—thy taſk to come;

One circling year this woman's ſteps attend,
From all that ſeek her life, her life defend;
Her foes be thine—and range, at her command,
The realms of ſpacious France from land to land.
He ſaid; and fram'd a ſolemn oath to bind
The recreant knight to keep the terms enjoin'd;
And vow'd, if e'er he broke the faith he ſwore,
And fell again the captive of his power,
No longer prayer or mercy to regard,
But with his death his perjury reward.
Then to Almonio and his friend he made
A ſign to free their priſoner; theſe obey'd:
And now the faithleſs knight the place forſook,
And with him thence that aged beldame took.
But ſoon the traitor, deaf to every call
Of plighted faith, to free himſelf from thrall,
Around her neck a ready halter flung,
And to an elm the crone deteſted hung:
One year he led a life of wandering ſtate;
Then from Almonio found Gabrina's fate.
Zerbino, who the Paladin purſues
With earneſt ſearch, and fears the track to loſe,
Now ſends Almonio to his martial train,
Anxious what cauſe could thus their lord detain.

With good Almonio is Corebo join'd,
And Iſabella ſole remains behind.
Great was the love that Scotland's prince profeſs'd,
And great in Iſabella's tender breaſt,
For brave Orlando; great was either's zeal
To learn what chance the virtuous earl befel.

At length they came, where, 'midſt the lonely grove,
The fair ingrate had carv'd the notes of love.
The ſpring diſturb'd; the trees and cave they view'd;
Thoſe lopt and rooted, this in fragments hew'd.
And ſoon the knight's abandon'd arms they knew,
The cuiraſs, ſhield, and helm of ſable hue.
They heard a courſer in the woods conceal'd
Repeated neigh, and now advanc'd, beheld
Where Brigliadoro graz'd the verdant plain,
While from his ſaddle hung the looſen'd rein.
They Durindana ſought, and ſoon they found
The ſword, unſheath'd, lie uſeleſs on the ground;
And ſaw the ſurcoat, which, in pieces ſtrow'd,
The wretched earl had ſcatter'd through the wood.

With Iſabella now Zerbino gaz'd
In ſad ſuſpenſe, while every object rais'd
A ſecret fear, yet little they divin'd
(Howe'er they weigh'd the ſigns with anxious mind)
Orlando from his better ſenſe diſjoin'd.

And

And now a ruſtic hind with headlong pace
Approach'd, deep terror on his bloodleſs face,
Who late in ſafety, from a rock's tall height,
Beheld the wretched madman's frantic might.
He certain tidings to Zerbino gives,
Who, fill'd with wonder, ſcarce the truth believes,
Though clear the proofs—the ſhepherd's tale he hears
With pitying heart, and leaves his ſeat in tears.
He lights to gather from the woodland ground
The warlike relics widely ſcatter'd round.
With him the gentle fair her ſteed forſakes,
And from the ground the arms and veſtment takes;
When, lo! appears a dame in looks diſtreſt,
Sighs frequent burſting from her mournful breaſt:
'Twas Flordelis, who rov'd with anxious pain,
To find her abſent lord, o'er hill and plain;
Who late forſook (at friendſhip's ſacred call
To ſeek Orlando) Paris' regal wall:
All parts ſhe ſearch'd, ſave where, eſtrang'd from home,
He liv'd, in old Atlantes' magic dome;
Where, with Rogero, Brandimart detain'd,
Where, with Orlando, ſtern Ferrau remain'd.
But when Aſtolpho, with his wondrous blaſt,
Had driven the ſorcerer from his ſeats aghaſt,

To Paris Brandimart again return'd,
Unknown to her, who ſtill his abſence mourn'd.
Too well ſhe Brigliadoro knew, who ſtray'd
Without his lord, and, ah! with grief ſurvey'd
Each cruel object, while ſhe heard relate
The dreadful ſequel of Orlando's fate.

Zerbino now the arms together drew,
And fix'd them on a pine in open view,
A trophy fair! and, left ſome venturous knight
(Native or ſtranger born) on theſe ſhould light,
The verdant rind this brief inſcription bore:

THESE ARMS THE PALADIN ORLANDO WORE.

As if he ſaid—Let none theſe arms remove,
But ſuch as dare Orlando's fury prove.

This pious taſk perform'd, the prince with ſpeed
Prepar'd to part; but, ere he rein'd his ſteed,
Fierce Mandricardo came, who, when he turn'd
And ſaw the trunk with thoſe rich ſpoils adorn'd,
He aſk'd from whence, and who ſuch arms diſpos'd;
To whom Zerbino, all he knew, diſclos'd.
The Pagan king o'erjoy'd, no longer ſtay'd,
Approach'd the pine, then ſeiz'd the ſword, and ſaid.

Let raſhly none preſume my deed to blame,
This fatal blade by law of arms I claim:

Long, long ere now this gallant ſword was won,
And ſtill, where'er I find, I claim my own.
Orlando, fearing to defend his right,
Has feign'd his madneſs but to ſhun the fight:
Then wherefore ſhould I now forbear to take
What coward baſeneſs urg'd him to forſake?

Raſh knight, refrain—nor think (Zerbino cries)
Without diſpute to ſnatch the glorious prize.
If ſuch thy claim to Hector's arms, then know
'Twas theft, not valour, did thoſe arms beſtow.

No more was ſaid; for each with equal heat,
And equal courage, ſprings his foe to meet.
Scarce is the fight begun, when echo'd round
A hundred blows their poliſh'd arms reſound.
Where Durindana threatens from on high,
Zerbino ſeems a rapid flame to fly
The falling ſtroke, whene'er to ſhun the ſteel
Light as a deer he makes his courſer wheel.
Behoves him now his utmoſt ſkill to employ,
Since, from that edge, accuſtom'd to deſtroy,
One wound might ſend him to the dreary grove,
Where love-lorn ghoſts through ſhades of myrtle rove.
As ſingled from the herd, the nimble hound
Invades the boar, and cautious circling round,

Shifts

Shifts every ſide, but ſtill maintains the field,
By turns aſſaulting, and by turns repell'd.
So brave Zerbino, as the ſword deſcends,
Or threats aloft, with varieſt heed attends.
Thus he; while fiercely as the Pagan foe
Whirls his dread ſword, and gives or fails the blow,
He ſeems a whirlwind that from heaven deſcends,
And 'twixt two Alpine hills the foreſt rends;
Now bent to earth the trees deep groaning bears,
Now from the trunks the ſhatter'd branches tears.
Though oft Zerbino turn'd aſide, or fled
The trenchant blade, at length the Pagan ſped
A downward ſtroke, that with full force impreſt,
Between the ſword and buckler, reach'd his breaſt.
Strong was the corſlet, ſtrong the plated mail,
With texture firm; yet all could nought avail
Againſt the blade, that thundering from above,
Through plate and mail, and ſhatter'd corſlet drove.
The ſword fell ſhort, elſe had the ſtroke deſign'd
Cleft all the knight, yet reach'd ſo far to find
The naked part, whence from the ſhallow wound,
A ſpan in length, the warm blood trickling round
Stray'd o'er his ſhining arms, and ſtain'd the ground.

So

So have I ſeen a ſilken floweret ſpread,
And dye the ſilver veſt with bluſhing red,
Wrought by her ſnowy hand with matchleſs art,
That hand, whoſe whiteneſs oft has pierc'd my heart.
Ah! what avails the good Zerbino now
Courage to dare, or ſtrength to urge the blow,
Though maſter of the war?—Here virtue fail'd,
Where ſtronger arms and ſtronger nerve prevail'd.
Slight was the wound, though by the crimſon hue
Not ſlight it ſeem'd, but, ſtartled at the view,
Pale Iſabella's heart, with fear oppreſt,
All cold and trembling, ſunk within her breaſt.
Zerbino, fir'd with generous thirſt of fame,
With deep reſentment ſtung, and conſcious ſhame,
Rais'd both his hands, and with redoubled might
Struck on the helmet of the Tartar knight.
The ſtaggering Saracen the weight confeſs'd,
And to the ſaddle bow'd his haughty creſt:
Th' enchanted caſque made every weapon vain,
Elſe that dire ſtroke had cleft him to the brain.
Impatient for revenge, the Pagan lord
Againſt Zerbino's helmet rais'd the ſword.
Zerbino, who the foe's intent beheld,
Swift to the right his well-taught courſer wheel'd;

Yet not ſo ſwift, nor could he ſhun ſo well
The biting edge, which on his buckler fell,
But through the plates from ſide to ſide it went,
And deep beneath his mailed gauntlet rent;
Laid bare his arm, then glancing downward found
His ſteel-clad thigh, and deep impreſs'd a wound.
Now here, now there, Zerbino ſtrikes in vain;
The foe's tough arms, unhurt, the ſtroke ſuſtain:
Each paſs he tries; no paſs the plates afford,
But harmleſs from the ſurface bounds the ſword.
Not ſo the Tartar king—his fiercer might
With ſuch advantage urg'd the unequal fight;
Seven times his ſteel has drunk Zerbino's blood,
Has pierc'd or cleft his ſhield, his helmet hew'd.
By ſlow degrees life's iſſuing current drains
His ebbing ſtrength, but dauntleſs he remains:
His vigorous heart, ſtill nouriſh'd with the flame
Of inbred worth, ſupports his feeble frame.
Sad Iſabella, now with fears diſtreſs'd,
To Doralis her earneſt ſuit addreſs'd;
By every power adjur'd her to ſuppreſs
The battle's rage, and turn their ſtrife to peace.
Courteous as fair, and doubting yet th' event
Of combat, Doralis with glad conſent

To

To Iſabella yielding, ſoon inclin'd
To friendly truce her valiant lover's mind.
Not leſs Zerbino calm'd his vengeful heart
For her he lov'd, conſenting to depart
Where'er ſhe led; and, at her powerful word,
Unfiniſh'd left th' adventure of the ſword.

But Flordelis, who ill-defended view'd
Unbleſt Orlando's falchion, weeping ſtood
To wail the chance; and oft ſhe wiſh'd that fate
Had brought her lord to ſhare the dire debate;
And, parting thence, from morn till eve again
She ſought her Brandimart, but ſought in vain.

Though ſcarce Zerbino now his ſeat maintains,
So faſt his blood has flow'd, ſo faſt it drains,
Yet, ſelf-reproach afflicts his noble mind,
For Durindana to the foe reſign'd:
His pains increaſe—and ſoon with ſhortening breath
He feels the certain chill approach of death.
Th' enfeebled warrior now his courſer ſtays,
And near a fountain's ſide his limbs he lays.
Ah! what avails the wretched virgin's grief?
What can ſhe here to yield her lord relief?
In deſert wilds for want ſhe ſees him die,
No friend to help, no peopled dwelling nigh,

Where ſhe, for pity or reward, may find
Some ſkilful leech his ſtreaming wounds to bind.
In vain ſhe weeps—in vain with frantic cries
She calls on Fortune, and condemns the ſkies.
Why was I not in ſurging waters loſt,
When firſt my veſſel left Galicia's coaſt?
Zerbino, as his dying eyes he turn'd
On her, while thus her cruel fate ſhe mourn'd,
More felt her ſorrows, than the painful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling on the verge of life.
My heart's ſole treaſure! may'ſt thou ſtill (he ſaid)
When I, alas! am number'd with the dead,
Preſerve my love—think not for death I grieve;
But thee thus guideleſs and forlorn to leave,
Weighs heavy here—O! were my mortal date
Prolong'd to ſee thee in a happier ſtate,
Bleſt were this awful hour—content in death,
On that lov'd boſom to reſign my breath.
But ſummon'd now at Fate's unpitying call,
Unknown what future lot to thee may fall—
By thoſe ſoft lips, by thoſe fond eyes I ſwear,
By thoſe dear locks that could my heart enſnare!
Deſpairing to the ſhades of night I go,
Where thoughts of thee, left to a world of woe,

Shall rend this faithful breaſt with deeper pains
Than all that hell's avenging realm contains.
At this, ſad Iſabella pour'd a ſhower
Of trickling tears, and lowly bending o'er,
Cloſe to his mouth her trembling lips ſhe laid,
His mouth now pale like ſome fair roſe decay'd;
A vernal roſe, that, cropt before the time,
Bends the green ſtalk, and withers ere its prime.
Think not (ſhe ſaid) life of my breaking heart!
Without thy Iſabella to depart:
Let no ſuch fears thy dying boſom rend;
Where'er thou go'ſt, my ſpirit ſhall attend:
One hour to both ſhall like diſmiſſion give,
Shall fix our doom, in future worlds to live,
And part no more—when ruthleſs death ſhall cloſe
Thy fading eyes—that moment ends my woes!
Or ſhould I ſtill ſurvive that ſtroke of grief,
At leaſt thy ſword will yield a ſure relief.
And, ah! I truſt, reliev'd from mortal ſtate,
Each breathleſs corſe will meet a milder fate;
When ſome, in pity of our hapleſs doom,
May cloſe our bodies in one peaceful tomb.
Thus ſhe; and while his throbbing pulſe ſhe feels
Weak, and more weak, as death relentleſs ſteals

Each vital ſenſe, with her ſad lip ſhe drains
The laſt faint breath of life that yet remains.
To raiſe his feeble voice Zerbino try'd—
I charge thee now, O lov'd in death! (he cry'd)
By that affection which thy boſom bore,
When, for my ſake, thou left'ſt thy father's ſhore,
And, if a truth like mine ſuch power can give,
While Heaven ſhall pleaſe, I now command thee, live:
But never be it from thy thoughts remov'd,
That, much as man can love, Zerbino lov'd.
Fear not but God, in time, will ſuccour lend,
From every ill thy virtue to defend;
As once he ſent the Roman knight * to ſave
Thy youth unfriended from the robber's cave:
As from the ſeas he drew thee ſafe to land,
And ſnatch'd thee from th' impure Biſcayner's hand:
And when at laſt all other hopes we loſe,
Be death the laſt ſad refuge that we chooſe.
Thus ſpoke the dying knight; but ſcarce were heard
His latter words, in accents weak preferr'd.
Here ended life——the light ſo drooping dies,
When oil or wax no more the flame ſupplies.

* Orlando.

What

What tongue can tell how mourn'd the wretched maid,
What plaints ſhe utter'd, and what tears ſhe ſhed,
When in her arms her dear Zerbino lay,
All icy cold, a lump of lifeleſs clay!
Prone on the bleeding corſe herſelf ſhe threw,
Claſp'd his ſtiff limbs, and bath'd with tender dew:
She rav'd ſo loud, that all the plains around,
And woods, re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound:
Nor her white breaſt nor blooming cheeks ſhe ſpares,
But cruel that ſhe ſtrikes, and theſe ſhe tears;
She rends her golden locks, that know not blame,
Invoking, vainly, oft the much-lov'd name;
And, little mindful of Zerbino's charge,
His ſword had ſet her frantic ſoul at large,
But, lo! a hermit, wont each ſtated day
To the clear fount to bend his lonely way,
Came from his neighbouring dwelling, timely ſent,
By Heaven's high will to oppoſe her dire intent.
This reverend man, in whom at once were join'd
A ſage experience and a gentle mind,
Whoſe hallow'd wiſdom all examples knew,
And brought, as in a mirror, theſe to view;
Now, with a pious healing hand, addreſs'd
The balm of patience to her wounded breaſt,

And many a woman bright in virtue nam'd,
In either volume's * ſacred text proclaim'd.
He rais'd her thoughts above this vale of ſtrife,
To dedicate to Heaven her future life.
Yet would ſhe never baniſh from her mind
Zerbino's love, or leave his corſe behind;
Reſolv'd through all her pilgrimage to bear
With her the relicks of a form ſo dear.
Then, by the hermit's aid, who ſhow'd in age
A ſtrength of limb his years could ill preſage,
Zerbino on his penſive ſteed ſhe plac'd,
And travers'd many a mile the dreary waſte.
The hermit means to reach Provence, where ſtood,
Near fam'd Marſeilles, a holy houſe, endow'd
With wealthy gifts, whoſe ſpacious walls contain'd
Of heaven-devoted dames a ſaint-like band.
Awhile their ſteps a friendly caſtle ſtay'd,
Where, in a ſable coffin clos'd, they laid
The ſlaughter'd knight, and ſlowly thence convey'd.
Thus they; while diſtant far the Tartar lord,
Proud of his ill got wreaths and conquer'd ſword,
His courſer from the reins and ſaddle freed,
And turn'd him looſe to graze the flowery mead.

* Old and New Testament.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the fair retreat, his limbs he laid
Beſide the ſtream beneath the cooling ſhade;
But lay not long, ere from a diſtant height
Deſcending to the plain, appear'd a knight:
Him, ſoon as Doralis beheld, ſhe knew,
And pointing out to Mandricardo's view,
Unleſs the diſtant ſight deceive my eyes,
Lo! yonder comes fierce Rodomont (ſhe cries)
Rage for my loſs, affianc'd to his bed,
Has drawn down all his vengeance on thy head.

As the bold hawk a fiercer mien aſſumes,
Lifts his high head, and ſpreads his ruffled plumes,
If chance ſome birds of houſehold breed he ſpies
(The ſtarling, duck, or dove) before him riſe:
So Mandricardo, well aſſur'd to bear
From Rodomont the bloody palm of war,
With joy exulting, mounts his ſteed again,
His feet the ſtirrups preſs, his hand the rein.

And now the wrathful chiefs approach'd ſo near,
That each the other's threatening words might hear.
The king of Algiers ſhook his haughty head,
Wav'd his right arm, and thus aloud he ſaid:
Soon ſhall I make thee rue thy fatal joy,
Who for a ſhort-liv'd gift, an amorous toy,

Haſt dar'd to inſult a prince, whoſe powerful hand
Shall wreak the vengeance that ſuch wrongs demand.
Then Mandricardo thus—In vain he tries
To ſhake my courage who with threats defies.
Women and boys are ſcar'd with ſeeming harms,
Or thoſe that ne'er were bred to uſe of arms:
Not ſuch am I—whoſe ſoul no terror knows,
The hour of combat is to me repoſe:
On foot, on horſe, diſarm'd or arm'd, I dare,
In the cloſe liſt, or open field of war.
Rage follows rage, and threatenings threatenings breed;
Their ſwords are drawn, and thundering ſtrokes ſucceed.
Like winds that firſt but whiſper through the brake,
Next the high tops of elms or beeches ſhake;
Then whirl the gathering duſt aloft in air,
Sweep cots away, and lay the foreſt bare;
In tempeſts kill the flocks that graze the plain,
And whelm the veſſels in the howling main:
Theſe Pagan knights, whoſe like could ne'er be found
Through all the realms for deeds of arms renown'd,
With dauntleſs hearts, and many a dreadful ſtroke,
Purſu'd a fight that well their race beſpoke.

With horrid clangor oft their falchions meet;
Earth ſeems to groan and ſhake beneath their feet;
While, from their batter'd armour, frequent fly
The fiery ſparks, aſcending to the ſky.
On either ſide alike the knights aſſail
The plates to ſever, or to rend the mail.
Each inch of ground they guard with equal care,
And in a narrow orb contract the war.
Amidſt a thouſand aim'd, the Tartar bends
A ſtroke, that driven with both his hands deſcends
On Sarza's front—the many-colour'd light
Now ſkims in miſt before his dazzled ſight.
Back fell the African, of ſenſe bereav'd,
The crupper of his ſteed his helm receiv'd;
He loſt his ſtirrups, and his ſeat had loſt,
Even in her ſight whoſe love he valu'd moſt:
But as a bow of temper'd ſteel, conſtrain'd
To yield reluctant to a potent hand,
The more it bends, the ſtronger, when releas'd,
It ſprings, and ſends the ſhaft with force increas'd:
Again the Pagan riſing from the blow,
Return'd redoubled vengeance on his foe.
Where late himſelf the hoſtile weapon felt,
Stern Rodomont on Mandricardo dealt

The furious blade: the blade no entrance found;
The Trojan caſque ſecur'd the knight from wound:
But ſcarce the Tartar, with the blow bereav'd
Of ſight and ſenſe, the day from night perceiv'd.
While Rodomont repeated ſtrokes beſtow'd,
And on his helmet laid the furious load;
The Tartar's courſer, that beheld with fear
The hoſtile ſteel which hiſs'd aloft in air,
With his own fate his rider's ſafety bought:
For while to ſhun the fearful noiſe he ſought,
Full on his neck deſcends the weighty ſword,
And gives to him the wound deſign'd his lord;
He wanted Hector's helm his head to ſhield,
And hence he fell—but inſtant from the field
Rais'd on his feet, again with fearleſs look
Bold Mandricardo Durindana ſhook:
Rage ſwell'd his breaſt to view his courſer ſlain;
While Rodomont on him with looſen'd rein
Impell'd his ſteed; but Mandricardo ſtood,
Firm as ſome rock amidſt the billowy flood;
When ſudden with his lord extended low
Fell the proud courſer of the Sarzan foe.
And ſwift the king of Algiers left his ſeat,
On equal terms the Tartar's arm to meet.

But,

But, lo! an envoy came from Afric's bands,
With numbers more diſpatch'd thro' Gallia's lands,
Back to their banners every chief to call,
And private knight, when need requir'd them all:
For he *, whoſe arms the golden lily bore,
Within their works beſieg'd the Pagan power;
And, did not ſpeedy aid retrieve their fame,
Deſtruction ſoon muſt whelm the Mooriſh name.

The truſty herald, as he nearer drew,
By arms and veſtment well the warriors knew;
But more he knew them by their force in field,
And weapons, which like theirs no hands could wield.
He dares not ruſh between their wrathful ſwords,
And truſt the privilege his name affords;
To Doralis he haſtens firſt to tell
What deep miſchance the Saracens befel;
How Agramant, Marſilius, and their train,
With Stordilano join'd, a ſiege ſuſtain
From Chriſtian Charles; and will'd her to relate
To either combatant their ſovereign's ſtate.

He ſaid—the damſel with undaunted breaſt
Between them ſtept, and in theſe words addreſs'd.

I charge ye, by the love which both profeſs,
For nobler ends your martial warmth ſuppreſs:

* Charles.

Go

Go where the Saracens beſieg'd, await
Your ſaving arm, or ſome diſaſtrous fate.
The herald then his embaſſy reveal'd,
And letters gave to Ulien's offspring *, ſeal'd
From king Troyano's ſon; when either knight
Agreed to calm his wrath, and ſtay the fight;
And fix the truce, till ſome propitious hour
Should raiſe the ſiege, and free the ſuffering Moor;
While Pride and Diſcord now indignant view'd
The flame of ſtrife by ſtronger love ſubdu'd.
The truce confirm'd by her whoſe ſovereign ſway
Compell'd each hardy champion to obey.
One warlike ſteed they miſs'd, for in the fight
Lay dead the courſer of the Tartar knight;
When thither gallant Brigliadoro ſtray'd,
That cropt, beſide the ſtream, the verdant glade;
Him Mandricardo ſoon with joy deſcry'd,
Whoſe welcome preſence well his loſs ſupply'd.
Meantime Rogero left the fatal well,
Where ſunk the buckler, wrought by magic ſpell,
And many a mile he rov'd with cares oppreſs'd,
Love ever preſent in his bleeding breaſt;
At length his courſer gain'd a riſing ground,
With pendent rocks and caves encompaſs'd round,

* Rodomont.

A narrow

A narrow ſtony path before him lay,
And up the mountain led his weary way;
Where Agriſmont, a ſtately caſtle, ſtands,
Which Aldiger, of Clarmont's race, commands,
Who night or day, what chance might e'er befall,
Here guards with care his lov'd paternal wall.
Here Richardetto came, in arms approv'd,
A brother of Rogero's beſt belov'd:
Theſe Aldiger receiv'd with courteous grace,
And gave each warrior welcome to the place:
Though now his gueſts he met not with that air
Of cheerful greeting he was wont to wear,
Inſtead of glad ſalute, with heavy look,
Young Richardetto firſt he thus beſpoke.
Alas! my kinſman—hear me now diſcloſe
Unwelcome news, to ſpeak our kindred's woes.
Know Bertolagi, ſprung of cruel ſeed,
Has with Lanfuſa, ruthleſs dame! agreed
Large wealth in ſums of countleſs gold to pay,
For which the dame our brethren ſhall convey,
Vivian and Malagigi, to the hand
Of Bertolagi, and his impious band.
Ere ſince Ferrau ſubdu'd their arms in fight,
In priſon has ſhe kept each hapleſs knight,

To-morrow's

To-morrow's ſun the priſoners, with a guard,
She ſends to Bertolagi, where prepar'd,
Near fair Bayona, he with gifts of coſt
Shall buy the deareſt blood that France can boaſt.
Ill Richardetto this advice receiv'd,
Which, grieving him, no leſs Rogero griev'd,
Who dauntleſs thus—Compoſe each anxious breaſt,
With me alone this enterprize ſhall reſt;
Amidſt a thouſand drawn, this faithful ſword
Shall timely ſuccour to your friends afford.
He ſaid; his words the kindling warmth inſpire,
Each liſtening warrior caught the noble fire,
And now the knights with joint conſent agree,
Without more aid to ſet the captives free.
Good Aldiger, by riſing hopes reliev'd,
With welcome due his noble gueſt receiv'd;
And at his table plac'd, where plenty pour'd
Her well-fill'd horn, he honour'd as his lord.
The hour approach'd, when ſleep prepar'd to cloſe
The eyes of lords and knights in ſoft repoſe,
All ſave Rogero's; in whoſe anxious breaſt
Corroding thought repell'd approaching reſt.
The ſiege of Agramant, which late he heard,
Engroſs'd his thoughts; he knew each hour deferr'd

To join his lord, muſt fully his fair fame,
Nor could he, but with deepeſt ſenſe of ſhame,
Aſſiſt his ſovereign's foes, and own the Chriſtian name.

He dares not yet to Agramant depart,
Without her leave, the ſovereign of his heart.
Each thought by turns his dubious boſom ſways;
Now this prevails, and now more lightly weighs.
And now he calls to mind his firſt deſign,
At Vallombroſa's walls his love to join,
His virgin-love, who there might well expect
His fight in vain, and blame his ſlow neglect.

He quits his bed—and pens and light demands:
The ready pages, with officious hands,
Each need ſupply—and firſt, as lovers uſe,
He greets her fair, then tells th' unwelcome news.
He bids her think, on him what ſhame muſt wait,
Should death or bondage be his ſovereign's fate:
That ſince he hop'd her huſband's name to gain,
No ſlighteſt blemiſh muſt his honour ſtain;
As nought impure muſt her pure love enjoy,
Whoſe ſoul was truth, refin'd from all alloy.
And as he oft had vow'd, he thus once more
His vows confirm'd; the fated ſeaſon o'er,

For

For which he to his lord muſt keep unſtain'd
His loyal truth; he then, if life remain'd,
By every proof would all her fears relieve,
And Chriſtian faith with open rites receive;
And from her ſire, her brother, all her train
Of kindred friends, her hand in marriage gain.
Firſt will I raiſe (he ſaid) with thy conſent,
The ſiege by which my ſovereign lord is pent,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, while Agramant maintain'd
His proſperous ſtate, Rogero firm remain'd;
But now for Charles ſince Fortune changes hands,
He ſpreads his ſtandard with the victor's bands.
I aſk no more, and all my future life
I give to thee, my miſtreſs and my wife.

The letter clos'd, he clos'd in ſlumber deep
His heavy lids o'er-watch'd—the Power of Sleep
Stood near his couch, and o'er his members threw
The peaceful drops of Lethe's ſilent dew.
He ſlept, till in the eaſt a breaking cloud
With blended hues of white and purple glow'd;
Whence flowers were ſtrow'd o'er all the ſmiling ſkies,
And, thron'd in gold, the morn began to riſe.

When now the birds, from every verdant ſpray,
With early muſic hail'd the new-born day,

Good

Good Aldiger (Rogero thence to lead,
With Richardetto, where their venturous deed
Muſt ſet the brethren free from captive bands,
Condemn'd to impious Bertolagi's hands)
Was firſt on foot; and with him either gueſt,
Who heard the ſummons, left his downy reſt.
In meet array, and cloth'd with armour bright,
The gallant youth*, and either Chriſtian knight
Now reach'd the deſtin'd place; a field that lay,
Of wide extent, expos'd to Phœbus' ray:
No laurel there, no myrtle's fragrant wood,
Nor oak, nor elm, nor lofty cypreſs ſtood;
But thorns and brambles chok'd the barren ſoil,
That felt no ſpade, nor own'd the ploughman's toil.
The three bold champions check'd their courſers' rein,
Where ſtretch'd a path extending o'er the plain;
When drawing nigh, a warrior they behold,
Array'd in coſtly arms that flam'd with gold,
In whoſe fair ſhield of vivid green appears
The wondrous bird that lives a thouſand years.

* Rogero.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

INDEX.

INDEX

TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

The Letters denote the Book, the Figures the Verſe.

A.

AGRAMANT, the king of Africa, muſters his forces, vi. 1. Attacks Paris, 265.

—— is defeated in a general battle, and retreats with his army into the works, vii. 357.

Alardo, youngeſt brother to Bradamant, meets her, x. 495.

Alcina, account of that enchantreſs, iii. 89. Welcomes Rogero to her palace, 330. Is deſerted by him, 543. Her fleet defeated by Logiſtilla, 706.

Aldiger, of Clarmont, entertains Rogero and Richardetto at his caſtle, xii. 605. Sets out with them to deliver his kinſmen, 704.

Aleria, wife to Guido, aſſiſts her huſband to make his eſcape from the Amazons, ix. 980.

Almonio, friend of Zerbino, v. 882.

—— with Corebo brings Odorico bound to Zerbino, iii. 1.

Amazons, land of, ix. 372. Terrified at Aſtolpho's horn, 1004.

Andronica, one of Logiſtilla's train, receives Rogero, iii. 702.

—— conducts Aſtolpho in his voyage from India, viii. 11.

Angelica flies from the camp. Meets Rinaldo and Ferrau, i. 62. Her interview with Sacripant, 230. Flies, 505.

Angelica is taken while aſleep, and given to be devoured by a ſea-monſter, iii. 826. Delivered by Rogero, 878 *to the end.*

—— leaves him, iv. 1.

—— arrives at the palace of Atlantes, v. 465. Departs, 505.

—— finds Medoro wounded; falls in love with him; marries him; and departs with him for India, vii. 655 *to the end.*

Anſelmo, father of Pinabello, condemns Zerbino to death wrongfully, xi. 440.

Aquilant, the black, brother to Gryphon, their combat with Orilo, viii. 283.

—— departs from Jeruſalem in ſearch of Gryphon, and meets Origilla and Martano. Carries them bound to Damaſcus, ix. 1 to 102. Takes ſhipping with Aſtolpho and the reſt, 296. With them in the land of Amazons, 372.

—— made priſoner in Pinabello's caſtle with the other knights, x. 192.

Arbantes, ſon of Cymoſco, killed on his wedding night, iv. 515.

Argalia, his ghoſt appears to Ferrau, i. 152.

Ariodantes, his love for Geneura, i. 651 *to the end.*

—— is married to her, ii. 126.

—— his actions in battle, vi. 860, 890, 926, 1000.

Ariodantes, in battle, vii. 267.
Aſtolpho transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, iii. 49. Recovers his ſhape, and is carried to Logiſtilla, 603.
—— his voyage from India to the Perſian gulph, viii. 1 to 102. His adventures with Caligorant the giant, 131; and Orilo the magician, 265. Viſits the Holy Land, 413.
—— goes with Sanſonetto to Norandino's jouſts, ix. 103. In a ſtorm, with the other knights, caſt on the land of Amazons, 296. Attempts to eſcape, is left by the reſt terrified with his horn, 1004.
—— is decoyed into the palace of Atlantes. Diſſolves the ſpell, and obtains the griffin horſe, x. 1 to 138. Takes his flight, 459.
Atlantes, the magician, fights with Gradaſſo and Rogero, ii. 236. Is overcome by Bradamant, and his caſtle deſtroyed, 568.
—— his palace again deſtroyed by Aſtolpho. He flies, x. 75.

B

BATTLE between the Chriſtians and Pagans, vi. 794 *to the end.*
—— vii. 1 to 356.
—— between Rogero and the Orc, iii. 910.
—— between Orlando and the Orc, v. 173.
Beatrice, mother of Bradamant, welcomes her to Mount Albano, x. 596.
Bireno in love with Olympia. Delivered by Orlando from priſon. Marries her, iv. 417 *to the end.*
—— forſakes her, v. 1.
Bradamant unhorſes Sacripant, i. 314.
—— meets Pinabello. Hears his ſtory, ii. 176. Is deceived by him, and falls into Merlin's cave, 340. Meets Meliſſa, and is inſtructed how to deliver her lover from Atlantes, 410. Deſtroys the caſtle, and ſets Rogero at liberty; who is carried away from her on the winged horſe, 522 *to the end.*
Bradamant gives her ring to Meliſſa to deliver him from Alcina, iii. 414.
—— hears that he is again priſoner by Atlantes. Is decoyed herſelf into his palace, iv. 112 to 215.
—— recovers her liberty, and departs with Rogero, x. 139. Arrives with him at the caſtle of Anſelmo, 180. Kills Pinabello, 276. Loſes herſelf in a wood, 397. Meets Aſtolpho and Alardo. Arrives at Mount Albano, and ſends Hippalca to Rogero with his horſe Frontino, 429 to 551.
Brandimart, the friend of Orlando, leaves Paris to go in ſearch of him, iv. 310.
Brunello conducts Bradamant to the caſtle of Atlantes, ii. 554.
—— in the review of the Pagan forces, vi. 44.

C.

Caligorant, the giant, overcome by Aſtolpho, viii. 131.
Charles, or Charlemain, takes Angelica from Orlando, and gives her into the hands of Namus, i. 53. Is defeated, 65. Sends Rinaldo on an embaſſy to England, 563.
—— his exemplary conduct at the attack of Paris, vi. 275.
—— in the battle hears of the ſlaughter made by Rodomont in the city, 1044 *to the end.*
—— goes with his Paladins to attack him, vii. 1 to 120. In the battle, 354. Defeats the Pagans, and compels them to retire

retire to their entrenchments, 369.
Clarence, duke of, in the battle, vi. 937, 945.
Cloridano, the friend of Medoro, accompanies him in his nocturnal expedition, vii. 389. Is killed, 643.
COMBAT of Rinaldo and Ferrau, i. 114.
—— of Rinaldo and Sacripant, i. 463.
—— of Orlando and Ferrau, v. 575.
—— of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, viii. 283.
—— of Aſtolpho and Orilo, viii. 356.
—— of Orlando and Mandricardo, xi. 626.
—— of Zerbino and Mandricardo, xii. 243.
—— of Mandricardo and Rodomont, xii. 503.
COMBAT IN THE LIST, between Rinaldo and Polineſſo, ii. 68.
—— between Marphiſa and the champions of the Amazons, ix. 545.
Corebo, friend of Zerbino, wounded in defence of Iſabella, v. 905.
Cymoſco, king of Frizeland, Olympia's enemy, the inventor of the gun, iv. 445. Killed by Orlando, 703.

D.

Dalinda, maid to Geneura, ſaved from death by Rinaldo, relates the ſtory of Geneura, i. 635 *to the end.*
Damaſcus, wealth and beauty of that city, viii. 532.
Dardinello in the review, vi. 74. In the battle, 504, 854.
—— his valour, 213. Kills Lurcanio, 253. Is himſelf killed by Rinaldo, 284.
DEATH of Polineſſo, ii. 70.
—— of Cymoſco, iv. 709.
—— of the ſea monſter, v. 234.
—— of Lurcanio, vii. 253.
—— of Dardinello, vii. 330.
—— of Duke Labretto and his lady, vii. 483.
—— of Cloridano, vii. 643.
—— of Pinabello, x. 276.
—— of Zerbino in the arms of Iſabella, xii. 340.
DISCORD found in a monaſtery, and ſent to the Pagan camp, vi. 359.
—— meets with Rodomont, vii. 122.
Doralis, betrothed to Rodomont, is carried off by Mandricardo from her guards, vi. 123 to 264.
—— parts the battle between him and Rodomont, xii. 583.
DREAM of Orlando on the loſs of Angelica, iv. 230.

E.

Ebuda, cruel law obſerved in that iſland, iv. 357.
Elbanio, of the race of Hercules, arrives at the land of the Amazons, ix. 775.
Eriphila, a gianteſs, overcome by Rogero, iii. 266.

F.

Ferrau, a Spaniſh knight, fights with Rinaldo for Angelica, i. 114. Purſues her, 136. Sees the ghoſt of Argalia, 152.
—— in the enchanted palace of Atlantes, v. 441. Fights with Orlando, 591. Finds Orlando's helmet. Returns to the camp, 639.
—— in the review, vi. 26. In the battle. His valour, 958.
—— in the battle, vii. 195.
Flordelis leaves Paris to go in ſearch of her huſband Brandimart, iv. 315.

Flordelis lights on Zerbino and Isabella, and hears of Orlando's madness, xii. 197.
FOUNTAINS, two in the forest of Arden, of hatred and love, i. 429.
FRAUD, in the monastery, vi. 385.

G.

Gabrina in the cave of the outlaws with Isabella, v. 772. Flies, 983.
—— meets Marphisa. Clothed by her in the dress of Pinabello's wife, ix. 1109 *to the end.*
—— committed by her to the care of Zerbino. Her conversation with him, x. 586 *to the end.*
—— her wicked life related by Hermonides, xi. 67 to 346. She accuses Zerbino of the death of Pinabello, 427. Met by Mandricardo, who takes away her horse's bridle, 686.
—— comes into the power of Zerbino. Her death, xii. 112.
GARDENS and palace of Logistilla, iii. 716.
Geneura, princess of Scotland, her love for Ariodantes, i. 651 *to the end.* Preserved from death by Rinaldo, ii. 1.
GHOST of Argalia appears to Ferrau, i. 160.
Gloucester, duke of, in the battle, vi. 943
GOLDEN LANCE unhorses the knights with a touch, ix. 210.
—— left by Astolpho with Bradamant, x. 455.
Gradasso, king of Sericane, imprisoned in the castle of Atlantes, ii. 239. Delivered with the rest by Bradamant, 712.
—— in the enchanted palace of Atlantes with Rogero and others, v. 441.
Grandonio in the review, vi. 13.
GRIFFIN HORSE described, ii. 602. Carries away Rogero, 720.
—— leaves him, iv. 59.
—— falls into the hands of Astolpho, x. 115.
Gryphon, the white, brother to Aquilant, their combat with Orilo, viii. 283. Departs in search of Origilla, 447. Meets her, and is pacified, 480. Is victor of the jousts at Damascus, 599. Betrayed by Martano, and disgraced, 784. Is revenged, 934—and reconciled to Norandino, *to the end.*
—— sees his brother Aquilant return with Martano and Origilla prisoners, ix. 79. Another tournament, 103. Departs with the other knights for France, 296. In the land of Amazons, 416.
—— taken prisoner with his companions by Pinabello, x. 192. Unhorsed by Rogero, 339.
Guido Savage, champion of the Amazons, fights with Marphisa, ix. 486. Entertains her and her company that night, 625. Relates the history of the Amazons, 674. Is terrified with the rest at Astolpho's horn, and escapes on board the ship, 1060.
—— taken with the rest at Pinabello's castle, x. 192. Struck down by Rogero's shield, 347.
GUN described, first invented by Cymesco, iv. 445. Thrown into the sea by Orlando, 760.

H.

HERMIT meets Angelica, and parts Sacripant and Rinaldo by magical illusion, i. 513.
HERMIT comforts Isabella after the death of Zerbino, xii. 436.
Hermonides, a knight, meets Zerbino,

bino, and challenges him, xi. 1. Relates the wicked life of Gabrina, 67 to 347.
Hippalca, Bradamant's maid, is ſent to Rogero with his horſe Frontino, x. 512. Meets with Rodomont, who takes the horſe from her, 552.
HORN, enchanted, given to Aſtolpho by Logiſtilla, viii. 31.

I.

JEALOUSY, with Pride and Diſcord, meets Rodomont, vii. 122.
Jeruſalem, Sanſonetto viceroy there, viii. 421.
JOUSTS in Damaſcus deſcribed, viii. 583 to 763.
Iroldo, a knight, in the caſtle of Atlantes, ii. 715.
Iſabella, princeſs of Galicia, found by Orlando in the outlaws cave, v. 747. Relates her ſtory, 784. Delivered by him, 935 *to the end.*
—— ſees Zerbino going to be put to death, xi. 172. They are made known to each other, 545.
—— entreats Doralis to part the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, xii. 322. Her lamentation over her dead lover, 422.
Iſolero in the review, vi. 10. In the battle, 862.
KNIGHTS of Arthur's round table, i. 580.

L.

LADIES of Alcina, two accoſt Rogero, iii. 212. Conduct him to Alcina, 324.
LADIES of Alcina's court, three endeavour to ſtop Rogero's flight, iii. 619.
Logiſtilla, ſiſter to Alcina, her character, iii. 125. Entertains Rogero, and defeats the fleet of Alcina, 706. Inſtructs him to guide the flying horſe, 760.
Logiſtilla gives Aſtolpho a wonderful horn and book, and ſends a galley with him from the Indian ſeas, viii. 22.
Lurcanio, brother to Ariodantes, accuſes Geneura of incontinence, i. 915.
—— fights with his brother, ii. 7.
—— in the battle, vi. 933, 999.
—— his valour, vii. 182, 210. Is killed by Dardinello, 253.

M.

MADNESS, the gradual progreſs of Orlando's madneſs deſcribed, xi. 721 *to the end.*
Malagigi, a magician, couſin to Rinaldo, xii. 630.
Mandricardo, ſon of Agrican, his character, vi. 95. Goes in ſearch of Orlando, 115. Finds Doralis encamped on a plain, and carries her off, 123 to 264.
—— finds and fights Orlando, xi. 569.
—— meets with Zerbino. Fights with him for Orlando's ſword, xii. 223. Fights with Rodomont, 465. Their combat broke off at the requeſt of Doralis, 583.
Marphiſa, a female warrior, meets Aſtolpho and Sanſonetto. Accompanies them to the jouſts at Damaſcus, ix. 110. Challenges her armour. Great tumult on the occaſion, 163. She is pacified. Sets out in company with the knights for France, 284. Caſt on the land of Amazons, 415. Fights with and kills nine of their champions, 482. Engages the tenth, 545. Is entertained by Guido with the reſt, 625. Terrified with the others at Aſtolpho's horn. Eſcapes on board the ſhip,

1059. Meets Gabrina. Unhorſes Pinabello, 1109 *to the end.*

Marphiſa unhorſes Zerbino, and conſigns Gabrina to him, x. 586.

Marſilius, king of Spain, reviews the troops, vi. 1.

Martano, the gallant of Origilla, is met in her company by Gryphon, viii. 480. Goes with him to the jouſts. His cowardice, 633. Steals Gryphon's horſe and armour. Uſurps the honours of the day, and with Origilla leaves Damaſcus, 784 to 910.

—— is met by Aquilant, carried priſoner to Damaſcus, and puniſhed, ix. 1 to 92.

Medoro goes with Clordano in the night to ſeek his maſter's body, vii. 389. Kills many of the Chriſtians, 481. Is ſurpriſed by Zerbino, 543. Wounded. Healed by Angelica, who marries him. Accompanies her to India, 624 *to the end.*

Meliſſa, a propheteſs and enchantreſs, meets Bradamant in Merlin's cave, ii. 415. Inſtructs her how to free Rogero from the power of Atlantes, 492.

—— borrows her enchanted ring to deliver him from Alcina, iii. 414. Reproves Rogero in the likeneſs of Atlantes. Aſſiſts him to eſcape, 469.

—— tells Bradamant that Rogero is again a priſoner, and inſtructs her once more how to deliver him, iv. 120.

Merlin, his ſpirit addreſſes Bradamant from the tomb, ii. 446.

Michael, the archangel, is ſent in ſearch of Silence and Diſcord, vi. 319. Finds Diſcord in a monaſtery, 360. Finds Silence in the houſe of Sleep, 416. Conducts the Chriſtian army under Rinaldo to the relief of Paris, 445.

MONSTERS, a crew of, attack Rogero, iii. 186.

MYRTLE warns Rogero againſt the frauds of Alcina, iii. 49.

N.

Namus, duke of Bavia, Angelica given into his keeping by Charlemain, i. 53.

—— at the defence of Paris, vi. 673.

NET, the work of Vulcan, uſed by the giant Caligorant to catch travellers, viii. 221.

Norandino, king of Syria, gives ſplendid jouſts at Damaſcus, viii. 556. Is deceived by Martano, 800. Receives Gryphon into favour, 1004 *to the end.*

—— welcomes Aquilant, who brings Martano and Origilla priſoners, ix. 79. Proclaims new jouſts, 103. Reſents the action of Marphiſa in ſeizing the armour, 175. Allows her claim, and entertains the knights honourably, 272.

O.

Oberto, king of Ireland, invades the iſland of Ebuda. Deſtroys and ſacks the place, v. 266. Falls in love with Olympia, 321. Revenges her on Bireno, and marries her, 375.

Odorico, the friend of Zerbino, betrays his truſt with Iſabella, v. 872.

—— is brought bound to Zerbino, xii. 1. His ſentence, 124.

Olivero, the marquis, couſin to Orlando, with the Paladins attacks Rodomont, vii. 51. In the battle, 355.

Olympia tells her ſtory to Orlando, iv.

iv. 417. Reſtored to her poſſeſſions and married to Bireno, 589.

Olympia forſaken by him on a deſert iſland, v. 1. Expoſed to be devoured by a ſea monſter, 166. Delivered by Orlando, 274. Married to Oberto, 387.

Olympio, a youth, favourite of Ferrau, ſkilled in muſic, ſlain in the battle, vi. 964.

Orc, a ſea monſter, killed by Orlando, v. 144.

Origilla, account of her, beloved by Gryphon. Her falſehood, v. 453. Meets Gryphon, and deceives him, 478. Joins with Martano to betray him, 784.

—— is carried bound with Martano by Aquilant to Damaſcus, ix. 1.

Orilo, an enchanter, his ſtrange fight with Gryphon and Aquilant. Cannot be killed by any wound, viii. 265. Is killed by Aſtolpho, 357.

Orlando arrives at the camp of Charles, where Angelica is taken from him, i. 45.

—— his dream of Angelica. He leaves Paris to go in ſearch of her, iv. 266. Hears of the cruel cuſtom of Ebuda, 351. Is introduced to Olympia. Hears her ſtory, 393 to 589. Kills Cymoſco, and reinſtates her in her poſſeſſions, 599 to 757. Throws the gun into the ſea, 758.

—— his ſtrange combat with the Orc, v. 144. Delivers Olympia, 274. Is decoyed to the enchanted palace of Atlantes, 403. Sees and purſues Angelica, 499. Fights with Ferrau, 591. Defeats two bands of Pagans, 669. Finds Iſabella in a cave of outlaws, 751. Hears her ſtory, 784 to 932. Delivers her, 935.

—— delivers Zerbino, unjuſtly condemned to death, xi. 463. Fights with Mandricardo, 569. Arrives at the grotto where Medoro and Angelica uſed to meet, 721. Diſcovers their love, and loſes his ſenſes, *to the end.*

OUTLAWS keep Iſabella in their cave. Puniſhed by Orlando, v. 935.

P.

Paris, city of, beſieged by Agramant, vi. 265 to 723. Relieved by Rinaldo, 724.

Pinabello, ſon of Anſelmo, is accoſted by Bradamant. Gives an account of the caſtle of Atlantes, and the loſs of his wife, ii. 188 to 297. Deceives Bradamant, and lets her fall into a pit, 340.

—— is unhorſed by Marphiſa, ix. 1127.

—— makes Gryphon, Aquilant, Guido, and Sanſonetto priſoners, and compels them to the obſervance of a law which he had made, x. 192. Is known by Bradamant, and killed, 276.

Polineſſo ſlanders Geneura by the help of Dalinda, i. 651 *to the end.*

PRIDE in the monaſtery, vi. 357.

—— with Jealouſy and Diſcord, meets Rodomont, vii. 122.

R.

REVIEW of the Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch forces, raiſed for the aſſiſtance of Charles, iii. 782.

—— of the army of Agramant and Marſilius, vi. 1.

Richardetto, brother to Bradamant, meets Rogero at Aldiger's caſtle, xii.

xii. 617. Sets out with them to reſcue Vivian and Malagigi, 704.

Rinaldo quarrels with Orlando for Angelica, i. 53. Purſuing his horſe, finds her. Fights with Ferrau, 73. With Sacripant, 421. They are parted, 523. He is ſent on an embaſſy to England, and caſt on the coaſt of Scotland, 571. Learns Geneura's danger, 603. Saves a damſel from aſſaſſins, and hears the ſtory of Geneura, 635 *to the end.*

—— enters the liſt with Polineſſo. Kills him, ii. 34. Obtains aid from the king of Scotland, 140. From the regent of England, 162.

—— the forces raiſed by him reviewed, iii. 782.

—— is conducted by the angel Michael and Silence to the relief of Paris, vi. 445. His ſpeech to the army, 750. His valour, 796, 1001.

—— Kills Dardinello, vii. 282.

RING, enchanted, ſtolen by Brunello from Angelica, which makes the wearer inviſible, and fruſtrates all enchantments, ii. 496. iv. 1.

Rodomont, king of Algiers and Sarza, in the review, vi. 61. His valour at the aſſault of Paris. Leaps the foſſe, and makes an incredible ſlaughter, 542.

—— is attacked by Charles and his Paladins, and at length compelled to leave the city, vii. 32. Hears of the rape of Doralis. Goes in ſearch of Mandricardo, 120.

—— meets Hippalca, and takes Frontino from her, x. 552.

—— finds his miſtreſs and fights with Mandricardo for her, xii. 471.

Rogero, his love for Bradamant, ii. 177. Made priſoner with Gradaſſo by Atlantes, 250. Delivered by Bradamant. Carried away by the griffin-horſe, 716 *to the end.*

—— alights on Alcina's iſland, iii. 1. Finds Aſtolpho turned into a myrtle, 49. Warned by him of Alcina's ſnares, 75. Fights with a crew of monſters, 176. Conducted by two of Alcina's damſels to a delicious palace and garden. Overcomes the gianteſs Eriphila, 210. Arrives at the dwelling of Alcina. Is detained by her allurements, 324. Reproved by Meliſſa, 469. Leaves Alcina's palace, 543. Eſcapes to Logiſtilla, 611. Departs from her on the flying horſe, 756. Sees the forces review'd in England, 782. Delivers Angelica from the ſea monſter, 822 *to the end.*

—— is left by her. Loſes his flying horſe and ring, iv. 1. Is decoyed to the enchanted palace of Atlantes, 74.

—— is with the other priſoners releaſed by Aſtolpho, x. 85. Meets with Bradamant, 139. Arrives at Pinabello's caſtle, and jouſts with his knights, 180. Loſes Bradamant. Goes in ſearch of her, and throws his ſhield into a well, 364.

—— is entertained by Aldiger at his caſtle, and undertakes to deliver Vivian and Malagigi, xii. 605.

S.

Sacripant laments the abſence of Angelica, i. 230. His meeting with her, 291. Is unhorſed by Bradamant, 314. Finds Bayardo, and fights Rinaldo, 391 to 504.

Sacripant in Atlantes caſtle, and delivered by Bradamant, ii. 712.
—— in the enchanted palace with Orlando, Rogero, Ferrau and others, v. 442. Sees Angelica, 499, and purſues her, 509.
Sanſonetto, regent of Jeruſalem, entertains Aſtolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, viii. 421.
—— accompanies Aſtolpho to the jouſts at Damaſcus, x. 109. Departs with the other knights for France, and is caſt on the land of Amazons, 296. Terrified with the reſt at the magic horn, eſcapes on board the ſhip, 1081.
—— made priſoner by Pinabello, and ſworn to obſerve his law, x. 192. Unhorſed by Rogero, 260.
Serpentino, knight of the ſtar, in the review, vi. 21. Beat down in the battle by Rinaldo, 1018.
SHIELD, enchanted, uſed by Atlantes, ii. 280, 620.
—— poſſeſſed by Rogero, uſed in his eſcape from Alcina, iii. 684. Againſt the ſea monſter, 948.
—— ſtrikes down Pinabello's knights, x. 345. Thrown into a well, 368.
SIEGE of Paris deſcribed, vi. 508 to 723.
SLEEP, his dwelling deſcribed, vi. 417.
SILENCE, in the Houſe of Sleep. Conducts the Chriſtian forces under Rinaldo to the relief of Paris, vi. 433.
Sobrino, friend and counſellor to Agramant, in the review, vi. 58. Before the walls of Paris, 503. In the battle, 850, 1030. Attempts with the other chiefs to ſtop the panic of the troops, vii. 363.
Stordilano, king of Granada, father of Doralis, in the review, vi. 19.

T.

TALE of Geneura, i. 651 *to the end*.
—— of Olympia, iv. 393 to 588.
—— of Iſabella, v. 768 to 932.
—— of the Amazons, ix. 674 to 905.
—— of Gabrina, xi. 67 to 347.
TEMPEST deſcribed, ix. 304 to 371.

V.

VOYAGE of Aſtolpho from the Indies to the Perſian Gulph, viii. 39.

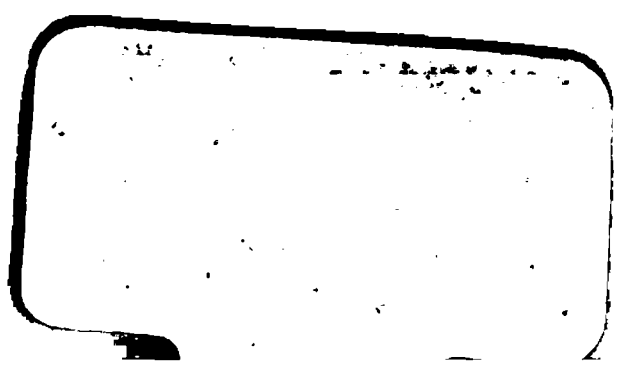
Y.

York, duke of, in the battle, vi. 943.

Z.

Zerbino, prince of Scotland, in the review, iii. 804.
—— his love for Iſabella, v. 804.
—— is in Rinaldo's army, vi. 840. Unhorſed in the battle, and in danger of being ſlain, 888. Reſcued by Rinaldo, 999. His valour, 1023.
—— in the general battle, vii. 352. Chaces the enemy. Surprizes Medoro and Cloridano, 543. Purſues the knight that wounded Medoro, 637.
—— meets Marphiſa with Gabrina. Is unhorſed by Marphiſa, and receives Gabrina in charge, x. 590 *to the end*.
—— meets Hermonides, and unhorſes him in defence of Gabrina, xi. 1. Hears the ſtory of her wicked life, 67. Finds Pinabello killed. Is accuſed by Gabrina of the murder, 379. Saved from death by Orlando,

Orlando, 460. His meeting with Iſabella, 545.

Zerbino ſees Odorico brought bound to him by Almonio and Corebo. Gets Gabrina into his power, xii. 1. His ſentence on her and Odorico. 124. Finds Orlando's arms, and makes a trophy of them, 165. Fights with Mandricardo to defend Orlando's ſword. Is wounded in many places, and dies in the arms of Iſabella, 223.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.